

THE
SPIRIT
OF THE
PUBLIC JOURNALS
FOR
1801.

BEING
AN IMPARTIAL SELECTION
OF THE MOST EXQUISITE
ESSAYS AND JEUX D'ESPRITS,
PRINCIPALLY PROSE,
THAT APPEAR IN THE
NEWSPAPERS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

WITH
EXPLANATORY NOTES.

To be continued Annually.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

FOR the delay that has taken place in the publication of this FIFTH VOLUME, it may be proper to account to our Readers by stating, that the exorbitant price of printing-paper at the beginning of this year would have rendered it impossible to have defrayed the expenses of publication without increasing the price of the book. It was, therefore, considered as a preferable measure, to wait for more favourable circumstances, and then to deliver the Work to the Public at the price of the former volume.

The contents will, the EDITOR assures himself, be found to comprise an unusual and pleasing variety, and to have been selected with perfect impartiality: and he pledges himself strictly to observe the same unbiaſſed conduct in the further prosecution of the Work.

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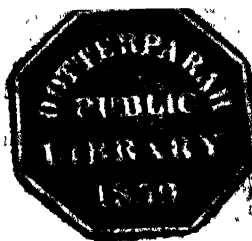
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THE

SPIRIT

OF THE

PUBLIC JOURNALS.

THE TEMPLE OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

A VISION.

[From the General Evening Post.]

RUMINATING the other evening upon the numerous discoveries which the ingenious are daily making in philosophy, I was led by a train of thought to an anticipation of the future fame of our sages and literati. While I continued absorbed in these reflections I fell asleep, and a wonderful vision presented itself to my imagination.

Methought I found myself travelling on a wide road, accompanied by several persons of both sexes, whose looks betrayed ardour and impatience. As they proceeded, I found by their conversation that they were going to visit the Temple of Modern Philosophy, to receive from the Goddess the reward of their services. I felt an inclination to turn back, from a con-

sciousness that I had done nothing to merit her favour; but my companions excited my curiosity, by describing the magnificence of the Temple, and the benignity of the Goddess, inasmuch that I resolved to proceed.

We soon arrived at the entrance of the Temple, which was grand beyond description. Triumphal arches, adorned with festoons, and dedicated to the honour of Voltaire, Bolingbroke, Shaftesbury, Rousseau, Hume, and Gibbon, led to the portico, which was supported by most magnificent columns of white marble: they were of the elegant Corinthian order; but what appeared to me very singular, they were inverted! The portico was open, emblematic of the philanthropy of the *new* philosophy, who unfolds her mysteries to the contemplative mind.

My companions, who had disputed during our journey, with all the eagerness of competition, were now silent. A sacred awe seemed to pervade the assembly, as we slowly advanced into the body of the Temple. A vast azure curtain of silk, bespangled with diamonds, reflecting the rays of several lustres which illumined the lofty dome, was suddenly raised, and we beheld Philosophy seated on a throne of gold, adorned with gems, *in all the hues reflected light can give*. She was a majestic figure; her countenance exhibited the delicate bloom of youth, dignified with the intelligence of riper years, and enlivened by a seductive smile that fascinated the beholder. Her robe was purple; she wore a crown of gold, inscribed with the words *Necessity, Reason, Virtue*, in the three primitive colours of nature. On her right hand sat *Pride*, adorned with jewels, and inflated with the idea of self-importance; on her left, *Vanity* appeared in a garment of many colours, continually varying her posture, and viewing herself with smiles in a mirror.

Before the throne stood *Sophistry*, whose robe changed its hue every moment; an insidious smile played over
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her

her features, and she held in her right hand a cup filled with intoxicating nectar. *Fashion* stood beside Sophistry, with her eyes turned alternately on the Goddess and her votaries.

The wall of the Temple behind the throne was composed of one entire prismatic substance, through which the most enchanting perspective view delighted the eye. Shady groves, sunny glades, trees bending with fruitage, flowers of variegated bloom, clear fountains, sprightly cascades, embellished with sunshine from an unclouded sky, presented a most inviting paradise.

We gazed with mute admiration; the Goddess waved her silver sceptre, and instantly the Temple was filled with harmony. The music was quite in the modern taste, of that lively kind which excludes the strong passions, and excites to mirth by a gentle titillation. Philosophy again waved her sceptre, the music ceased, and while our bosoms were thrilling with pleasurable sensations she thus addressed us :

“ My beloved votaries ! welcome, thrice welcome to all the delights of wisdom ! You shall all participate the bounty of Philosophy ; but the metaphysician, and most profoundly versed in my *arcana*, is entitled to the most distinguished honours. Sophistry ! lead the venerable KANT to my throne ; I long to reward a veteran who has so often contended against my enemies.”

The sage was led forward by Sophistry, who presented her cordial to his lips. Having taken an exhilarating draft, he thus addressed Philosophy :

“ Great Goddess, who hast been adored in every age under different names, behold an aged man, who, for a series of years, has studied thy mysteries. Like thy adorers among the ancients, I have described thee as the child of nature ; and by inculcating the doctrine of *necessity*, I have demonstrated that it is to thee alone we are to look for the development of the human

human faculties: that under thy influence the morals of society are in a state of progressive improvement towards that *perfectibility* which is attainable by reason.—The simplicity of this system excludes future retribution, and I have imperceptibly induced numbers of profelytes to consider thee as *the first and only fair*. Convinced of the propensity of the human mind to superstition, and aware of the charms of novelty, I denominated thy doctrine the *Critical Philosophy*, as one that investigated the imperfections of all other institutions. Finally, O Goddess! I have argued, that with thy aid the generations of mankind will attain perfection.—Thy handmaid, Sophistry, has often visited and inspired me with *sublime and profound* ideas; and, with the aid of the witty who have become profelytes to thy system, I hope to establish thy dominion over mankind. Myriads of *Illuminati*, of both sexes, irradiate the Continent, and the people of Britain seem well inclined to the adoption of thy precepts. It must be the study of thy disciples to effect a revolution in morals; and, by indulging the human passions and appetites, persuade the nations that pleasure is the reward of thy votaries.”

When the Philosopher ceased, the Goddess smiled with ineffable affection, and, extending her right hand, the Sage kissed it with the utmost devotion. Sophistry then led him to a seat on the right side of the throne, when he immediately sunk into slumber.

The next person singled in the crowd was the redoubtable Dramatist KOTZERUE. There was a wild and impetuous ardour in his eye, the effect of an effervescent genius. He came forward with a confident look, like a man of the world who considered effrontery as a proof of his good breeding. Sophistry offered him her newly-replenished cup, but he declined it, and with an arch smile whispered, “No, my dear friend, I have so long been accustomed to quaff your nectar,

nectar, that it has become insipid to me; but I have persuaded thousands to drink so deeply of it as to produce complete intoxication."

He then looked up to Philosophy with a vivacious air, and thus expressed his pretensions to her favour:—"All-beauteous idol, behold thy warmest advocate, who comes to lay the wreath of genius at thy feet. 'T is to thy irresistible influence, O Philosophy! that I owe the success of my endeavours to *immoralize* Europe. I have disseminated thy doctrine among the higher classes of mankind, many of whom have adored thee as their tutelary divinity; by my ridicule of religion, and the artful exhibition of sensuality, under the guise of nobleness of mind, I have at once effected the depravation of taste and morals. In Germany, France, and England, my dramas have, in co-operation with Deism and Atheism, turned the current of popular opinion in thy favour. In France I found but little difficulty to establish my sentiments, as that nation has ever preferred pompous processions and extravagant ideas to simplicity and good sense; but in England I met, and still continue to meet, with several obstacles, among a people who have hitherto been accustomed to consider the passions as the auxiliaries of Virtue. The genius of my translators, however, has partly triumphed over the obstinate taste of their countrymen, and prejudice is vanishing before thy effulgence."

The Goddess replied, "My dear Kotzebue, thou hast been an active and indefatigable servant—receive thy reward." She then touched him with her sceptre, and his raiment was suddenly changed to a purple robe, bespangled with brilliants. Fashion then led him to a seat below that of his countryman.

Several other candidates for reward now came forward, among whom I recognised PAINÉ, and a celebrated modern Lyrist. The Goddess gave them all

most gracious reception, but she conferred particular honours on the facetious Bard.—“Welcome,” said she, “my witty, my incomparable son; to thy genius am I indebted for the progress of my power in Britain. Thy more than Orphean lyre has transformed many who were formerly discreet into satyrs of dissipation. Fashion, crown thy favourite Poet with his well-earned laurel, and let the wreath be sufficiently thick to defend his venerable head from the cane of an insolent adversary. Place him beside his illustrious compeer Kotzebue.”

A whimsical-looking individual, apparently intoxicated, now approached the throne. I discovered that he was a *Senator*, who had written a *Romance* which was prejudicial to the cause of virtue. The Goddess beckoned to Sophistry, who conducted him to a seat beside the Poet.

A party of females now entered the Temple.—Their dress was in the extreme of the mode; each wore a wig, and seemed to take a pride in the exposure of the neck and bosom. One of the train bore a Standard, with this inscription, *EQUALITY OF THE SEXES*. The air of self-sufficiency, the broad and scrutinizing stare, the authoritative brow and masculine stride of these ladies, excited my surprise; and, although I did not see any offensive weapons, I fancied for a moment that they were a detachment of Amazons.

The Standard-bearer thus addressed the Goddess:—“We are come, O celestial Philosophy, to worship in thy Temple, to prefer our vows, and supplicate thy inspiration. We have formed a new class of intelligent beings, and are known by the denomination of *FEMALE PHILOSOPHERS*. Our enemies have stigmatized us with the name of voluptuaries, because we inculcate the unrestrained indulgence of the passions, and invite mankind to enjoy the pleasures of life; but the feeble opposition of our calumniators must sink into

into non-existence before the enchanting delights which thou hast prepared for thy votaries. To prove our claim to thy protection, we have disseminated thy principles by every means which wit could suggest or genius promote. We have written Poems, Romances, and Novels, for this purpose, and translated every work that we conceived would tend to inflame the heart and corrupt the morals of others, and we have been successful beyond our most sanguine hopes. It remains for thee, O beloved Philosophy, to reward us according to our respective merits; and when each claimant has detailed her labours in thy service, there is little doubt but that thou wilt *at least* place us upon an equality with the other sex, and realize our long wished for love of power."

When this fair orator concluded her speech, another female advanced with a most graceful and theatric air; but she was prevented from the exertion of her eloquence by the Goddess, who expressed her approbation of the party with smiles of triumph. "Glorious æra!" she exclaimed, "when Woman has assumed her natural equality, and demonstrated that *the love of pleasure and the love of sway* predominates in every exalted female mind. Yes, my beautiful votaries, you shall be placed upon an equality with your admirers, who sit at my right hand. There is ~~no~~ necessity for each of you to mention her claims; for, though I have long been convinced of the eloquence of the sex, and doubt not that your orations on this occasion would fill a folio volume, I would recommend it to you to reserve your rhetoric to persuade your husbands, lovers, and mankind at large, of my superior title to their devotion."

Although the Ladies seemed disappointed at not being permitted to speak successively, yet, when Sophistry conducted them to a seat equally elevated with that of the Male Philosophers, and when they fur-
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veyed the superb canopy above their heads, I could observe their eyes sparkle with pleasure.

These distinguished Female Philosophers being seated, Sophistry addressed the motley throng which filled the area before the throne, and whom I discovered, by their discourse, to be Pamphleteers, who had written in favour of the Goddess.

"Beloved auxiliaries!" cried Sophistry, "none of you shall go unrewarded. Philosophy is ever beneficent to her adorers. You shall ————" Here she was interrupted by a confused noise from without, and a female called Terror, rushed into the Temple, vociferating, with frantic gestures, "The enemy is coming! The enemy is coming!" These dreadful sounds produced dismay throughout the assembly. Even the Goddess trembled on her throne, and all her worshippers seemed thunderstruck. A vivid splendour now illumined the portico, and the next moment RELIGION entered. Her stature was tall, her countenance majestic and serene; a diadem of the three hues of the rainbow surrounded her head, and her robe was light azure of the most delicate tint of the celestial regions, whence she had descended; on her right appeared her faithful attendant Truth, who held a burning-glass in her left hand, and a fiery sword in her right. The other attendant of Religion was Morality, who appeared on her left, clothed in white, and holding in her left hand a Bible, into which she looked with reverential love.

Religion now approached the throne of her enemy, and, with a voice at once melodious and impressive, thus addressed the assembly:—"Unhappy beings, your enmity against me has effected your own destruction. By embracing the delusive pleasures of *Sensuality*, whom you misnamed *Philosophy*, your minds are incapacitated for the enjoyment of my simple but permanent delights; it only remains, in obedience to the
dictator

dictates of immutable Justice, that you should be punished for your impious writings, which have misled such numbers of your fellow-creatures. Advance, O Truth! my faithful attendant, and with thy resistless sword destroy these *soul-destroyers*, and let their influence cease from this moment."

Truth instantly touched the throne of the NEW PHILOSOPHY with her fiery sword, and a wonderful metamorphosis took place throughout the Temple. Philosophy fell from her throne, and was changed into a viper; the metaphysician was transformed into a mole; the dramatist into a goat; and the other sages into monkeys of different kinds. The female philosophers were changed into parrots, and the pamphleters who surrounded me shrunk into the form of toads.

My heart fainted with horror as I gazed on these prodigies, and I every moment expected some dreadful change would befall myself for my temerity in visiting this odious place. While I stood speechless and trembling, Truth touched the floor with her sword, and a sudden concussion overturned the Temple from its foundation. The throne vanished in a thin vapour; the vitreous wall disappeared; and beyond, where it had expanded its deceptive medium, instead of a rich landscape, I beheld a blasted heath overgrown with thorns and thistles.

At this scene of desolation my fears increased: I turned towards Religion, and was going to prostrate myself before her; when Morality prevented me, and putting the Bible into my hand, whispered, "You are now safe; that book will direct you to the Temple of Religion, which is on the road to Salvation." My spirits were revived, and a new hope animated my heart as I clasped the treasure of divine knowledge in my hands. Religion turned upon me her majestic eyes, beaming with philanthropy. "Fear not,

not, O man!" said she, "I will ever be thy guardian while thou pursuest the path pointed out by revelation. Go, feeble mortal, reform thy manners; correct thy passions by the vigilance and authority of reason; remember that Christianity is the *true philosophy*; and that happiness consists in piety to thy Creator, and universal benevolence."

While Religion was speaking, I found unusual transport animate my heart, inasmuch that I awoke, and beheld the sun just rising. The vision of the night enlightened and purified my soul, and incited me to that activity in the performance of the social virtues, which alone can render the life of man valuable to himself, and beneficial to his fellow-creatures.

J. C.

A SERVANT OUT OF PLACE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

AS you are frequently so kind as to admit advertisements from persons wanting places, I shall esteem it a great favour if you will insert my case.

I was originally born and bred in this country, and held a good place, which I was allowed to fill with credit, until a few years ago, when I obeyed an invitation to go abroad, and take the management of a gentleman's house in France, who did not, however, keep me long. Liking however the country and people, to whom I vainly thought my services would not be unacceptable, I got into several other places; but my masters proved to be of such fickle dispositions, that I never could remain for any great length of time. They required me to dress in such fantastic shapes, and
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be subject to such whims and vagaries, that I became heartily tired of serving people who did not know what they would be at. Nay, Sir, you will scarcely believe me, but I assure you it is matter of fact, that they even committed horrid acts of cruelty, and laid them at my door.

You may be sure I was happy to escape from such a people, and return to my native country: but, alas! I found that my character had been so blasted here by the foul reports spread of me abroad, that I could get in no where; all respect for me was gone. I was eyed with suspicion, and haunted with jealousy; my oldest friends had given me up. I may say, without vanity, that there was a time when my very name had a charm in it, and when my true character was so cherished and adored, that men would have died to promote my interest. Now they will scarcely hear me mentioned with patience, and my name is a hugbear even among the illiterate. Indeed I am so disfigured by report, that if it were not for inward consciousness, I should not know myself. Yet I should not have minded what my open enemies chose to do, if I had not been ill-treated by my pretended friends, who have even gone so far as to lock me up in close confinement, by way of preserving me, as if I were not able to preserve myself as ever I was.—Spreading a report that I was become a lunatic, they have taken from me the conveyances of my little freehold, which has been in the family since the year 1688, and have made so many alterations in the clauses, that I vow and declare I am no better than a tenant at will. You may suppose I feel all this, but complain I dare not; they will scarcely let me open my mouth, and have even lately refused me the use of pen and ink, unless I will consent to write, not what I think, but what they please. In a word, Sir, from being a maid of

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all work, and at one time fit for the management of the largest houses, I am reduced to a mere cypher.

It has been said, I know, that when I was abroad, I took to drinking. It is a great falsehood, Sir: I do not indeed deny that my masters were then frequently intoxicated, and often abused me most grossly; but it was no fault of mine: and if by your kind means I should get into favour again, my employer will find that my real character and principles are too deeply fixed and soundly compacted, to be hurt by what madmen or fools may do, or even by the contrivances of those wonderful conjurors who think that the best way to lengthen my progress is to shorten my limbs, and have no idea of securing a building but by cramp-irons. Left to myself, I have made some folks *what* they are, and placed them *where* they are; and I defy them to bring a just charge against me. I am aware there are impostors who have done mischief, under pretence of being authorized by me, and others who are in the practice of taking my name in vain, and prostituting my principles: but all this is no business and no blame of mine. It has even been said that I am an enemy to religion. Sir, excuse my warmth; but this is a slander as foul and abominable as it is ridiculous. It will not bear one moment's examination. If it had not been for me, I can prove clearly, from authorized written and printed records, that one and all of you would at this time have been kissing the Pope's toe; and I believe there are many, now making a fuss about religion, whose covert purpose is to reduce you to kifs that, or any thing else he may present.

As to an idea now prevalent, that there are whole nations fighting for me, it is a gross mistake. It is not my way to set people a-fighting, unless for self-defence; and then the case is too plain to require my advice. As to those nations, if there are any such, who
may

may be fighting for me, they may be left to discover their error; for, if what I have heard be true, they know very little about me, and at the conclusion of the business the victors may probably acquire as little of my spirit as the vanquished.

And now, Mr. Editor, permit me to hope that this statement of my case will meet the eyes of my real friends, who, I am convinced, are not few in this country. Where else, indeed, am I to look for support? I never gained much by quarrelling; and I wish to be at peace with all mankind. I plainly see I can get nothing by going abroad; and if I am to be buried, I would fain lay my old bones in my native country. But I have better hopes: I shall not enter into flattering encomiums on my own character. Suffice it to say, "I have done the state some service, and they know it." My demands are not unreasonable; the prejudices against me are, I trust, dispelling; I admit of no licentious proceedings, although I know I have been falsely accused of that. People have affected to do many things for me, who never knew me in their lives. I have met with much ingratitude; I have helped many fair-spoken young men into places, who were the first to turn their backs upon me; but I will not indulge either censure or complaint. I wish for a quiet habitation in this country, and, although naturally averse to confinement, I will consent to be prohibited from going abroad, unless I can travel in peace. Indeed I have no reason to be fond of gadding: I never got any thing by it but hard thumps and an ill name. I could say a great deal more, but shall conclude. I write rather a cramp hand, but it is at your service;

Being ever yours,

LIBERTY.

CRIM. CON.

[From the Albion.]

AT THE SITTINGS AT WESTMINSTER HALL, BEFORE LORD
K——N.*John Bull versus the Right Hon. William Pitt.*

THE Counsel for the Plaintiff, who is a *tradesman*, opened the case with stating, that in the year 1688, his client was married to *Miss Nassovia Liberty*, who was of poor but honourable *Dutch* extraction: that from the day of their marriage to the hour in which the defendant unhappily became acquainted with *Mrs. Bull*, she supported the character of a chaste and blameless wife: that the defendant, whom *Mr. Bull* had vainly imagined to be his *friend*, had insinuated himself into his family, under the specious pretext of REFORMING the domestic concerns of *Mr. Bull*; and in particular, he had undertaken to manage *Mr. Bull's* estates in the BOROUGH, which he affirmed had gone to complete decay by the CORRUPT management of some preceding stewards: that the defendant never seriously meant to perform these engagements, but had only used them for a cover to procure access to *Mr. Bull's* house, that he might colleague with his servants, and corrupt his wife: that the plaintiff had from time to time missed large sums of money, which were SECRETLY made away with, with the connivance of the defendant—(Here *Lord K——n* interposed, and observed that these allegations were irrelevant to the cause, and might more properly become the ground of a CRIMINAL PROSECUTION). The learned counsel proceeded to state, that his client, from undoubted evidence, was prepared to shew that an adulterous intercourse had subsisted between the defendant and

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Mrs. Bull, ever since the year 1784, about which time the defendant had crept into the family of *Mr. Bull*: that being a well-spoken gentleman, he had insinuated himself into the favour of the lady, by flattery and FINE SPEECHES: that in the year 1793, the defendant, the better to cloak his wicked designs against the honour of *Mr. Bull*, had the address to persuade his client, that a FRENCH GENTLEMAN maintained a criminal intercourse with *Mrs. Bull*; and with the assistance of an IRISH GENTLEMAN, a *Mr. B—rke*, who took uncommon pains to instil the slander, for which he received a handsome allowance out of the defendant's *peculations*, finally prevailed upon the plaintiff to enter into a *prosecution at common law* against the *Frenchman*, in the progress of which suit, from the extortion of attornies, and the difficulty of proving the charges alleged to the satisfaction of the Court, he had incurred very heavy charges, and was brought to the verge of bankruptcy, *the suit yet depending*. The learned counsel then called several witnesses to prove that certain liberties had passed between the defendant and *Mrs. Bull* (the detail of which, though highly curious and interesting, and leaving no doubt of the guilt of the defendant, could not fail of being offensive to our readers; for which reason we omit to give it); and, finally, one witness deposed, that a year or two back the defendant inveigled *Mrs. Bull* out, under pretence of taking an airing, and conveyed her in a coach to a SOLITARY HOUSE in COLD BATH FIELDS, where having first GAGGED her, and shut out the light, he in conclusion prevailed upon her to submit to his unlawful embraces—this witness, whose name was Ar—s, was observed to *prevaricate* a good deal; but the evidence on the whole was so clear and explicit, that the *counsel* for the *defendant* was instructed to admit the fact in its fullest extent, but *prayed to be heard in mitigation of damages*. Here he went into

a long and laboured train of proof, that *Mrs. Bull* had always borne the character of a light woman; that she had been suspected of various criminal intercourses from the beginning of her cohabitation with *Mr. Bull*, particularly with the late *Earl of Orford's* father, with *Lord Bute*, &c. That the defendant being satiated with the possession of her charms, and justly suspecting her of inconstancy, had since voluntarily made a surrender of her person to *his own* chairman! that in all these transactions the plaintiff had basely connived at his wife's dishonour; that he had suffered the defendant to take liberties with her in his presence; that one day, at the suit of the defendant, he wantonly tore the MARRIAGE DEEDS OF SETTLEMENT, and gave the scraps into the unlimited possession of the defendant; that, induced by violent animosity against the *French* gentleman, and desirous at any rate of carrying his suit against him, he had listened to the overtures of the defendant, *who had been a lawyer*, and, to engage him to her cause, had (with the joint consent of his wife) invested the defendant with the right to all that part of *Mrs. Bull's* estates which were contiguous to *RUNNYMEDE*; in short, that *Mr. Bull* (whom the learned counsel, with infinite humour, and repeated bursts of laughter from a crowded court, described to be a *truc-born Englishman*, who cared not what happened at home, so long as he could keep out *Popery*, *Frenchmen*, and *wooden shoes*) had been accessary to his own disgrace. All these allegations were clearly and satisfactorily proved by competent witnesses, one of whom declared upon oath, that the plaintiff, partly by threats, and partly by wheedling, had induced an *Irish* lady to enter into an adulterous UNION with him, and introduced her into the company of his own wife: all which evidence being attentively heard by the court, the learned counsel humbly prayed for a *mitigation*, &c. *Lord K—n* summed up the whole of the evidence on both

both sides with his usual sententiousness and gravity, and after a speech of *three hours length*, in which he, as usual, took occasion to expatiate upon the vices and immoralities of the age, the levity of fashionable women, the great guilt of adultery (which he proved from reason and revelation), the heinous and base offence of the treacherous friend, who ungratefully stings the bosom which cherished him, and the no less base and unmanly practice of husbands, who, from motives of covetousness, or other indirect ends, connive at their wives' infidelity; after many suitable reflections upon the divine institution of marriage, and pertinent observations upon *gaming, late hours, watering-places, and illegal insurances* (all which his Lordship expressed his full intention of punishing, *at some convenient opportunity*, with all the rigours of the law), he concluded a solemn and affecting speech with directing the Jury to find—**A PENNY DAMAGES.**

A TREASURY SOLILOQUY.

RESIGN, or not resign!—that is the question.
 Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
 The PEOPLE's hate, and scourge of OPPOSITION,
 Or to take shelter from the cares of office,
 And by resigning end them!—Resign—disgrace,
 No more:—but, by resigning thus, to end
 The head-ach, and the thousand threat'ning shocks
 I daily suffer—'t is a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. Resign—Disgrace!
 Disgrac'd, perhaps IMPRACH'D—ay! there's the rub.
 For when impeach'd—what proofs of guilt may rise
 When I have shuffled off this dangerous charge,
 Must give me fearful pause—there's the respect
 That makes my ministry of so long life;
 For who would bear the hate, the scorn of man,
 The multitude's reproach, the secret curse,
 The wit of Sheridan, the fire of Fox,

18. OUT AT LAST; OR, THE FALLEN MINISTER.

The keen quick eye of Grey, and all those threats
That from their party I have daily ta'en;
When I might instant my quietus make,
With barely giving up? For who would bear
To groan and sweat under my present horrors,
But that the dread of WESTMINSTER'S High Court,
That awful great tribunal, from whose bar
I should not come acquitted—plagues the will,
And makes me rather bear my present ills,
Than, by resigning, bring my NECK in danger!

OUT AT LAST;

OR,

THE FALLEN MINISTER.

PETER PINDAR to a very humorous Poem under this title, has the following Introduction:

SOME time ago the LYRIC PETER,
With much sublimity of metre,
Did prophesy a MINISTER would tumble!
To verify the POET'S ode,
Behold it pleaseth MAN and GOD,
In anger, his HIGH MIGHTINESS to humble!
Poor man! but not the MAN of ROSS!
He's down! *prostratus humi* hoc.

How like unto a crow, or rook,
Shot near his nest (a mortal wound),
He hung and bled, with downcast look,
Before he tious'd at last to ground!
Yes! like those *black buds*, much too long *we saw*
The culprit hanging by a single claw.

What a vile bramble he has been
May now with half an eye be seen.—
Look at us!—What poor shiv'ring sheep, alack!
Naked and lank—most closely shorn!
This hooking, dragging imp has torn
The healthful, warming fleece from ev'ry back!

Cone!

CHARACTER OF A LATE MINISTER.

Gone! gone, some good-for-nothing ribs to treat;
But woe to that poor sheep that dares to *blat*!

Sing, HEAV'NLY MUSE, to whom our wool all goes:—
To warm DUNDAS, LONG, WINDHAM, CANNING, ROSS;
Old L———L and CUB, with each compeer—
While *they* carousing swill'd their toast and sack,
We bit, in anguish, musty bread and black,
And writhing got the gripes from dead small-beer.

“Try PITT again,” some fools exclaim.
He has been *tried*, and *tried*, and *tried*—
The hobbling NATION, still more lame,
Has now nor crutch, nor als to ride.
“He ’ll mend,” they roar.—*He mend!* the MUMMER—
Ay, mend just like sour ale in summer.

Lo, then, our sad STATE-CARPENTER dismiss'd!
No longer now his bungling *art* befools:
Yet from the service when the man was hiss'd,
Why leave behind his BUZZET and his TOOLS?
Glad as a bird that 'scapes the kite, I 'll drop
The lamentations of poor JEREMIAH,
Of gay PINDARIC open a fresh shop,
And pour the song of triumph with ISAIAH.

CHARACTER OF A LATE MINISTER,

SUPPOSED (FROM INTERNAL EVIDENCE) TO BE WRITTEN
BY HIMSELF.

[From the Morning Chronicle]

TO characterize a man whose talents were so diversified would be difficult if brevity were imposed, and would be nugatory if panegyric were admissible. If genius be the power of invention, we cannot name a man whose share is equal; if what he said be compared with what he did, it will be impossible to estimate the grandeur of his conceptions, or to illustrate the

the imbecility of his execution. Of all the moderns, he had studied our language with most unceasing assiduity, and enlarged its powers beyond the limits of comprehension. Copious, rather than select, in his words; unambitious to be understood; and averse to a meaning, rather than courting its simplicity, he at once engaged the attention, and confounded the memory. Accustomed to mystery, he disdained the plain, the perspicuous, and the intelligible; and therefore what was heard with eagerness was retained with difficulty, and might be forgot without injury. In contending with the objections of the doubtful, the interrogations of the querulous, and the demands of the ignorant, he opened no new stores of information; he officiously anticipated no man's conjectures; he invaded no man's ignorance—what was sought in his harangues could not be found; and what was found exceeded comprehension. Still such was his felicity of diction, and such his choice of expression, that he seldom failed to convince those whose minds were prepared, and who were not so fastidious as to require satisfaction where none could be given, or to look for reasons where none were meant. An early disciple of Harpocrates, he was silent from principle, and reserved upon system; he knew not the rashness of a communicative disposition, and soared above the level of intelligible intercourse. His tenacity of motive was astonishing, and he acquired it by an irreconcilable difference betwixt the means and the end. Whether he laid down a plan, or answered an inquiry, he had at once the faculty of speaking much and saying little. When, matured in official situation, he found silence impossible or inconvenient, he made language subservient to all the purposes of taciturnity. He practised inversions unknown to former grammarians, and studied ambiguities which modern skill could not resolve. Although sometimes unguarded in debate, and sometimes

sometimes betrayed by casualty, his most solemn avowals were clothed in impenetrable darkness, and his explanations were calculated to elude the grasp of the watchful and the curiosity of the inquisitive. Yet such was the secret charm of his eloquence, that his hearers became enamoured of obscurity, and preferred the submission of ignorance to the rudeness of unbelief.

At what time he began to study "human nature" cannot now be ascertained. All that we can affirm with truth is, that he announced the completion of his studies near the close of his life; and that, not in the profundity of a deep thinker, but in the more familiar character of an humble spectator. As such he gave advice where advice was not wanted, and suggested remedies where the cure was impracticable. About this period it is supposed that his knowledge of cause and effect became perplexed; the connexion between motive and end, seldom intimate in his thoughts, and never defined in his words, was now dissolved for ever. It is probably owing to this that historians have remarked, that what he executed he seldom designed, and what he designed was certain to fail.

Of the disorder which occasioned his departure, much is not known. That it was violent may be believed from its effects: but that it was exasperated by religious scruples, may be denied without the risk of contradiction. However averse to satisfy the scruples of other men, he was himself a stranger to hesitation. It has been reported that his memory has failed. This at least has not been confirmed. In the extremity of departure, he might surely have trusted to a faculty over which he had acquired the most extensive power. To his facility of recollection or forgetfulness, he was indebted for his early rise and his future fame: and could he have communicated a faculty so tractable to
the

the world at large, we should not now have had to lament that fatal stroke, "which has eclipsed the gaiety of placemen, and impoverished the flock of public pensioners!"

A STATE INSCRIPTION.

[From the Morning Post.]

SIR,

AS an ardent admirer of Mr. Pitt, for the *unparalleled* state of prosperity to which my country arrived under his administration, I have been shocked at the apparent indifference with which the news of his resignation has been received throughout the kingdom;—no addresses of condolence have been presented, no subscriptions to purchase an annuity, nor any lamentations for our irreparable loss. Sad encouragement this for other great and virtuous men to dedicate themselves to the public service!—I am, however, happy to find there is one set of worthy men, who have resolved to manifest their gratitude for the services he has rendered their country. The honourable Society of Stockbrokers and Dealers in the Funds, who are now building a new Stock Exchange, intend to erect a handsome monument within it to his ministerial memory; and a friend of mine has favoured me with a copy of the intended inscription, which I send you herewith for the gratification of the friends of William Pitt, and for the information of that public which has derived such permanent benefits from his administration.

Yours, &c.

OMNIUM.

Sacred to the Ministerial Memory of
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM PITT,
 Who, when he became
CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,

Found

A STATE INSCRIPTION.

23

Found the British nation
In peace with all the world;
When he went out of office he left the British nation
At war with all the world;
When he came into office the public debt was only
TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY MILLIONS;
When he went out of office he had increased it to the
glorious amount of
FIVE HUNDRED MILLIONS!
When he came in, the taxes paid by the people of Great
Britain were less than
SIXTEEN MILLIONS;
Before he went out, he raised the annual taxes to
FORTY MILLIONS!
When he came in, France possessed only her ancient
territories, and about
TWENTY-SIX MILLIONS OF SUBJECTS;
When he went out, France possessed the Netherlands, Savoy,
the County of Nice, all of Germany to the left of the
Rhine, the navigation of the Rhine, the Maes, and the
Scheldt; she had dominion over Holland, Switzerland,
and Italy, in addition to her ancient territory, and
SIXTY MILLIONS OF PEOPLE!
When he came in, France was
IN A STATE OF BANKRUPTCY,
Unable to support her peace establishment;
When he went out, the French funds were
As high as the English Three per Cents.
THE STOCK-BROKERS,
And Jobbers in the British Funds, truly grateful for the
benefit he has conferred
UPON THEM,
By his loyal and patriotic augmentation of the
NATIONAL DEBT,
And the increase thereby occasioned in the beneficial
practice of
STOCK-JOBGING,
Have erected this Monument in perpetual remembrance of
THEIR BENEFACTOR.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER INSCRIPTION.

[From the True Briton.]

AN opposition paper, a few days ago, contained an Epitaph on the ministerial demise of the late **CHANCELLOR** of the **EXCHEQUER**, written by the pen of Malignity; in consequence of which we present our readers with another, sketched by the hand of **TRUTH**.

Sacred to the Ministerial Memory of
The Right Honourable **WILLIAM PITT**,

The lineal representative of

The genius, the eloquence, and the virtue, of the ever
VENERATED CHATHAM;

Who, succeeding to the station, and inheriting the wisdom of his illustrious father, like him, retrieved the errors of preceding administrations, and realized the hopes of his country, by raising it to the highest pitch of

HUMAN GLORY.

At the early age of twenty-two years he became
CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,
And equally astonished his countrymen, and Europe, by his eloquence as an orator,

And his wisdom as a statesman.

Formed by nature for an exalted office, and trained by his immortal parent to fill it, he supplied the deficiencies of experience and years, by the extraordinary cultivation, extent, and accuracy of his perceptive powers.

Overleaping the distance between youth and experience, he grasped the wisdom of riper years; and in the earliest struggles of his administration exhibited a mind so luminous, sagacious, and enriched, that even his eloquence was considered as secondary to his judgment.

When he came into office, he found the British nation deprived of an empire in the West.

When he went out of office, he left the British nation in possession of a new empire in the East.

When he assumed the management of its finances, he found an exhausted treasury, a declining revenue, a decaying commerce, and a mass of floating debt, which, with the unprovided means of liquidating past burdens, threatened the extinction of public credit.

When

When he resigned the management of its finances, he left its revenue improved, its commerce reanimated, its exports tripling their amount in the most brilliant days of peace, and its debt, which former statesmen had predicted to threaten the constitution, provided for by a fund destined, not merely to expunge the expenses of his own administration, but to realise the bolder conception of crushing the mass of its taxation, by extinguishing within the probable period of less than forty years,

THE WHOLE NATIONAL DEBT.

Posterity, in deriving the benefit of this financial measure, will admire the genius, and revere the memory of the Minister, who, living less for his own age than after-times, could thus, by so grand an operation, secure to them unimpaired, the blessings of

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION,

Without the burdens that it cost preceding ages to preserve it.

When he came in, France possessed the blessings of a regular government, an immense revenue, an extensive commerce, a powerful navy, rich colonies, and the esteem and respect of Europe.

When he went out, France exhibited what may be termed a blank in the map of civilization. Her altars and her rights equally the sport of Atheists and Usurpers; her soil stained by the blood of their victims; her people drooping over the loss of their trade, their credit, their capital, their colonies, their navy, and their liberties; and her government, and principles, alike the scorn and detestation of the

CIVILIZED WORLD.

France, in her misery, was left a monument of the folly and wickedness of her rulers; Great Britain, in her increased prosperity, remained an example of the superior wisdom and virtue of her Minister.

READER!

These were his services. His crimes were great, in the eyes of a few. He taxed the people, and saved the constitution. He aroused the virtues, and armed the energies of his country against the moral pollution of its shores. His enemies charge him, that in the sacred cause of religion, and social order, he would not surrender the British

ANOTHER INSCRIPTION.

nation to atheism and impiety; but, that in the fall of surrounding nations, and the wreck of civil society, he preserved it, undefiled, from the dominion and contagion of France. The Jacobins reproach him with extinguishing the torch of sedition in Great Britain, and quenching the flames of rebellion in Ireland. They allege, he beat down the enemy with a bold and victorious arm; and that, braving the Northern League, he successfully asserted the maritime rights of the United Kingdom, against a confederated world in arms. And finally, they assert, that, after having extended its fame, its commerce, and its empire, and fenced its laws, its liberties, and its religion, within the folds of triumphant banners, by the destruction of the trade, the annihilation of the navy, and the seizure of the most valuable possessions of the enemy; in duty to the honest conviction of his mind, on a great state question, he resigned his station in preference to relinquishing his opinion, exhibiting thereby an elevated example to the present, and to future ages, that in him, the love of power and of station was subordinate to his reverence for public virtue, and his sense of public duty. These are the reproaches of his enemies; but his countrymen, more just, admire the sacrifice, and trace his glory, where they charge his shame.

On his retreat from office, unlike to former Ministers, he shrunk from the fence of Faction, and kept within the pale of his principles, supporting as zealously his successors, out of office, as he had strenuously opposed his antagonists, when in power; thus clearly evincing that the love of his country, and not the lure of situation, was the ruling passion

OF HIS HEART.

A Nation

Saved from anarchy and desolation

by

The genius and intrepidity

of

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM PITT,

Raises this fragile Column,

In testimony of its gratitude to the Preserver of its Liberties and Constitution; until the future historian shall erect

a more

a more durable monument to perpetuate his renown, by recording his name on his imperishable page, and classing him with those illustrious Statesmen whose actions have adorned the annals of the world.

POLITICAL THEATRICALS.

[From the Morning Post.]

IN consequence of a mutiny among the performers, who attempted to control the Manager, most of the principal actors and actresses have been discharged. They thought the Manager could not represent plays without them, and that he would submit; but he has placed some of the second and third rate performers in the first walks, and hopes to please the town by the change. The old actors know their successors cannot stand; and, fearful that others of real ability should be brought from distant parts, they prompt and support those at present employed, in hopes the Manager will be at last so disappointed and dissatisfied, that he will recall his old servants.

The *Hero* of the company, who is to perform all the principal parts, has just made his *debut* in *The Lottery*, but without that success which the Manager and his friends expected. He did not *draw money* enough; and if he goes on so, the Treasury will be empty.

Young Mr. Jenky has undertaken to represent the *Lovers* courting the continental dames; but he has paid his addresses so feebly to Madame Gallia, that he has made no impression on the public.

The *Old Women* are still performed by Mrs. Duke, who was one of the old company, and, having long been a *stroller*, would not resign her engagement in the metropolis.

An Actor from *Chatham* keeps possession of the *Walking Gentlemen*; viz. those characters which ap-

pear on the stage just on purpose to say *aye* or *no*, or to make up a number;—for this cast he is qualified—but his salary is much too high.

The *Fathers* have been offered to Mr. Scott, but he has declined accepting this *cast*, unless he has a conversation with the Manager.

The only actor of real merit in the new company is Mr. Jervis. He never fails to fill the Treasury when he performs the part of a *rough tar*.

The other parts are represented by performers of but little note.

The first piece the company brought out was the farce of *A Negotiation*, which being got up in too much haste was imperfectly represented, and coldly received. The tragedy, *The Baltic in a Blaze*, has attracted more notice; and a piece on the stocks, called *The Conquest of Egypt*, excites much expectation. The farce of *The Green Bag* is suspected to be a plagiarism from old pieces, and is little spoken of except by the performers whose work it is; but the chief dependance of the proprietors of the Theatre rests upon a piece that will be performed in a few weeks, called "*The Ins turned out*."

April 5.

VIRGIL'S EIGHTH ECLOGUE IMITATED.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

AID me, ye Muses, to recount the strains
Two Statesmen sung to Britain's hungry swains,
Sublime as Pybus;—Candles' ends for these,
And sav'ry parings of untasted cheese,
See Windham leave. Lord Grenville, too, struck dumb,
With one boot off, like fam'd Prince Volscius, come;
No patient hearer, erst full prompt of speech—
E'en Wilberforce himself forgets to preach.

O Thou,

O thou, who, borne on Glory's eagle wings,
 To nine long years hast stretch'd *the war of kings*,
 Whether thy sapientest counsels to the Bay
 Of Quiberon or Holland point the way,
 O Pitt, complacent to thy bard attend—
 With thee began my song, with thee shall end!

Just as the waggons, with their pond'rous freight
 Of British specie, reach'd Vienna's gate,
 Wak'd from his slumbers, Thugut thus began:—

“O most munificent and godlike man,
 Though, while Germania bled at ev'ry pore,
 For gold I ask'd not, thou hast sent us more;
 Still to this tune our Croats shall advance—
 Pipe thou the same, and I will ever dance!

“Unlike a general, though expert to wield
 The martial blade, and dauntless in the field,
 Prince Charles, lamenting, counts our thousands slain,
 And fancies blood ill recompens'd by gain!
 Better might griffins at our mangers eat,
 Than *Emp'ors* with a *Consul* deign to treat!!!
 Protect us from such horrible mischance—
 Pipe thou the same, and I will ever dance!

“Till, by the magic of thy accents won,
 Half-way advancing, prompt to be undone,
 The wealthy Matron of Threadneedle-street
 Had pour'd forth all her riches at thy feet,
 We fondly deem'd those riches had no end,
 Accumulating fast as thou couldst spend!
 See her exhausted state this boon enhance—
 Pipe thou the same, and I will ever dance!

“But, since Moreau victorious threats our walls,
 And ev'ry tongue for peace, not guineas, calls;
 In thy proud island while Despondence reigns,
 And Taxes leagued with Famine waste her plains,
 As a *speflator* though thou bid us fight,
 In terms which wise St. Stephen's race delight,
 Our golden visions seem for ever past—
 Thou sure hast pip'd, and I have danc'd my last!”

He ended; and with speed a courier bore
 Pitt's dolorous reply from Albion's shore:—

" In pray'r and fasting first we tried our strength,
 With pious execrations at full length,
 Denouncing yon apostates, the disgrace
 Of Christendom, an arrant atheist race.
 John Bull's weak intellects no further reach;
 To make him rave there only needs a Speech:
 ' No peace with vile republicans,' I cried;
 ' No peace,' with one assenting voice replied
 Each Bishop and each military Peer—
 Hawkebury the bold and Watson the sincere!
 To my own Cinque-port Cavalry I'll sing,
 ' From Mittau Gallia's peerless Sovereign bring.'
 " No exercise more wholesome than to fight;
 It makes corn cheap, if Reverend Brand say right;
 While D'Ivernois and Barrucably shew
 France shou'd have broke at least six years ago:
 Yet thus it is—this island, overspread
 With calculators, wants the staff of bread!
 Though all may yet be well again, if spring
 From Mittau Gallia's peerless Sov'reign bring.
 " Monarchs and priests this glorious war began,
 Till into *arm'd neutrality* it ran:
 At such a crisis dangers thicken round,
 And each well-paid confederate proves unsound!
 Let not my friend's congenial spirit grieve.
 If for a while the public stage I leave,
 And bring Malvolio forth, to strut his hour—
 The substitute of my departing pow'r:
 Thus unconcern'd the stallion pricks his ears,
 And leaves some feeble hackney in the gears!
 But dreams mislead me, or, on Zephyr's wing,
 From Mittau hastens Gallia's peerless King!"

March 6.

L. L.

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

THE following Ode was sent to Mr. Ad——n, at a
 very critical moment indeed, when he was ex-
 tremely agitated, and tremblingly hesitated whether he
 should or should not resign the Chair.

The

The author now enjoys the conscious satisfaction of having determined him, by these lyrical and persuasive strains, to obey the commands of his most gracious sovereign, and gratify the wishes of a loyal, devoted people, by his acceptance of the seals, with a modest and becoming reluctance.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

May 27.

AN EXPOSTULATORY AND PANEGYRICAL ODE,

Address'd to the R. H. H. A—D—G—N.

Quem virum, aut herosa, lyra vel acri

Tibia tumes celebrare Clio?

Quem deum? cuius recinet iocosa

NOMEN IMAGO.

HOR. CAR. 12. l. 3.

AH! why resign yon splendid chair,
 Where you preside with solemn air,
 Of *Ages* and *Noes* recorder?
 Your wig in flaxen tresses twines,
 And flowing gown with lustre shines,
 To keep the House in order.

Hatfield's wife laws with winning art
 You gravely state, and touch the heart
 By your pathetic chat:

What can escape your sage owl * eyes?

'Mid Fox's speech the mandate flies—

“Bar! Bar! take off your hat!”

Yet, faith, you have no other choice;
 Cheer'd by your King and country's voice,
 O'erleap the shackling pale:

* “The owl bends both his eyes on the object which he observes, and has thence acquired the name of the bird of wisdom.” Darwin on Female Education.

With

They tell what traitors think or say,
 Whether they nod *, give toasts, or pray,
 Or in their cups are merry;
 And vote Horne Tooke a Consul's chair,
 Or, to reform the church with care,
 The see of Canter-berry.

See sixty thousand canting tykes,
 With text-scrawl'd daggers, holy pikes,
 Headed by old Methus'lem,
 For Brothers's Millennium roar,
 And join with *half a million* corps,
 To fight for new Jerus'lem †.

Left Jacobins the Crown affair,
 No *Habeas Corpus*, and no bail;
 Give martial law instead ‡.

While

This prophecy has been applied most traitorously and wickedly by the Jacobin prints, to our two great luminaries of State, the Burleigh and Walsingham of England. Sir J. S——, the present C——, is the only enlightened expounder of prophecies. He foretold the fate of the East India bill, from the Revelations; and the condemnation of Horne Tooke and Hardy, from the celebrated act of Edward III. His brother, Sir William, if we may venture to judge from his profound and mysterious elucidatory comments on ordination and marriage, may be joined in this sacred office.

* "Insurrections among the manufacturers of different parts of Lancashire. This was to be done by associating as many as possible under the sanction of an oath, which, with an account of the *secret sign* which accompanied it, has been transmitted from various quarters to Government, and laid before your committee." Committee of Secrecy Report, page 13.

† "Jerusalem. A Society appears to have been formed in part of Yorkshire, under the title of New Jerusalemites, whose leaders have inspired them with a belief of the pretended prophecies of Brothers, and who look under his guidance for the speedy commencement of the Millennium." Second Report of the Committee of Secrecy, page 14.

‡ "They (*i. e.* the traitors) were not insensible of the proceedings of Parliament on the subject of the martial law bill in Ireland, which they were apprehensive might be applied to the suppression of their enterprises here." Nothing can save this country but a similar bill; and I hope it will be the concluding auspicious act of this first session of the Imperial Parliament.

Copies

While trade, and wealth, from taxes spring,
And well-fed peasants gaily sing,
Rebellion roars for bread.

Sydney, no more your treaty boast,
The French are caught on Egypt's coast,
Horse, camels, foot, and gunners :
So thieves are *nabb'd* (a dang'rous corps) ;
If they break in, we lock the door,
Then send for Bow-street runners.

Ceylon a shower of nutmegs flings,
O'er Britain shakes her *all spice* wings,
And winnows cloves and mace ;
Let Belgium * Austria's sceptre own,
Peace yield Nassau Batavia's throne,
And crown the Bourbon race.

Lo ! pious kings, with joyful eyes,
See the Bastile with lustre rise,
While nuns and friars kiss ;
The church waves high her holy hand,
Tithes, titles, corvees, sow the land
With future crops of bliss.

Minto will smoothe the Consul's frown,
By Corfic's † abdicated crown,
And make him blithe and hearty ;

We'll

* Copies of Lord Cornwallis's and Mr. Pitt's letters, and justificative manifestos, addressed to the Roman Catholics of Ireland (exhorting them to keep the peace, and persevere in their allegiance), were made out for the inspection of the Committee of Secrecy, and presented by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the House of Commons."

* The restoration of the Netherlands, and the re-establishment of the Stadtholder, must be the sine qua non of Lord Malmibury's second negotiation for a peace. The island of St. Domingo, which has already cost us twenty millions, and forty or fifty thousand lives, may be ceded (when conquered), as some sort of equivalent to the House of Bourbon ; if the atheistical republicans still refuse to acknowledge Louis XVIII.

† It must flatter the pride and vain ambition of the usurping Corsican, to have the same diadem bestowed on him by Lord Minto, which

We'll vote him of the Brunswick line,
H—s—y will preach his right divine,
And hail king Bonaparte!

Who check'd the Gaul's Egyptian flight *?
D—nd—s, renown'd for *second fight*,
To war's great science bred;
Hence British valour wins the coast,
Where their lov'd chief, the soldier's boast,
Conquer'd like Wolfe, and bled.

O Add—ng—n! thy sterling praise,
Stamp'd by Paul's bard in golden lays,
Shall future ages view;
See how thy honey'd rhet'ric drops,
And for a *recipe* of hops,
No Willis equal you.

At Britain's Bank let traitors rail,
Her paper treasures ne'er can fail,
Valu'd as gold by law;
Though Sparta's coin from iron rose,
What mint can e'er exhaust old clothes,
Or mines of rags and straw?

While you enjoy unhop'd for bliss,
Give P—tt the fond fraternal kiss,
As earnest of the steerage;
The coronation oath deface,
And promise him your power and place,
For pension, and a peerage.

was accepted by his Lordship for his British Majesty; and the coronation oath taken by the royal representative of the monarch, and the oath of allegiance administered to the representatives of the Corsican nation.

* This unanswerable and triumphant reason may be assigned for not permitting the French to evacuate Egypt, namely, the opportunity it has given the British troops to display an intrepidity, spirit, and discipline, which has never been excelled. Our wise and prudent war minister, therefore, acted with his usual sagacity, by providing for this glorious event.

From

ANOTHER ODE.

From you the humble Bishops pray,
To light the Church, one sacred ray,
Clouded by Popery's vapours;
They preach in no mysterious tone,
That Ministers betray the throne,
Who spread seditious papers.

Courage, great Sir, the chair resign,
Your oily eloquence will shine,
And lull the storms of state;
Quir melting scenes of nuptial life—
For frowns, hard words, and bitter strife,
In many a sharp debate.

So Regulus, by Horace * sung,
Though babes and wife around him clung,
Display'd the Roman still;
At Carthage cask'd 'midst pointed nails,
Such rage in Jacobins prevails!
They roll'd him down the hill.

ANOTHER ODE,

Address'd to the Right Hon. H. Add—n.

[From the Morning Chronicle, April]

Ultima Cœmæ venit jam carminis ætas;
Magnus ab integro scelerum nascitur ordo.

VIRGIL.

LO, Daniel tells, in prescient strain,
The glories of our monarch's reign—
Your high and splendid station!
Though P—t has play'd a shameful part,
The Prophet tunes *your* loyal heart
To notes of adulation!

* Fertur pudicæ conjugis osculum,
Parvoque natos, ut capitis minor,
Ab se removisse et virilem,
Torvus humi posuisse vultum.

HOR. CAT. 5 LIB. 3.

ANOTHER ODE.

Let modest Hawkesbury declare
Your shining talents for the Chair,
Which M—t—d will ensure us:
When on that sacred tripod plac'd,
E'en *be*, with godlike virtues grac'd,
Ex ligno fit Mercurius!

Whene'er a Treasury note you sing,
The Senate to your accents cling;
E'en frigid Pitt you fire
To taste the joys of am'rous life!—
He longs for boys, and girls, and wife,
And envies *spouse* and *fire* *!

You trim the lamp of peace with care,
For ever set yon Northern Bear—
Dundas's constellation:
Malignant, pestilential ray,
That led poor P—l—d's dupes astray,
And shed war—and starvation!

Wise Daniel saw the fatal hour
That ends Pitt's long-protracted power
E'en while he stronger waxes:
Still unimpeach'd for blood and battle—
Persuasive, too, his pittle prattle,
To raise propitious taxes!

Great *Daniel's Chancellor*, be stout,
And, now you 're in—keep old friends out;
Ne'er swerve from golden rules;
Like carwig A—k—d twist and twine,
And swear, with him, the word *resign*
Proves Ministers are fools!

Cling to the Throne, trust royal grace;
If clamour drive you from your place,
Like Walpole you 'll prevail:—
To Paradise thus Brahmins fly
By *faith*, and grasping, when they die,
A cow's anointed tail †!

* "When I consulted the feelings of a husband and a father."—
Chancellor of the Exchequer's Speech on Mr. Grey's Motion.

† Bartolomen's Voyage to the East Indies.

MEDALLION OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY ADDINGTON.

[From the Morning Herald.]

HIS manner is dignified and majestic: his eloquence flows with such an impressive grandeur, as commands attention, and secures admiration: it is never sullied by arrogance or ill temper, nor is it ever degraded, by levity, by spleen, or by rancorous personality. It was this lofty strain of attractive, but unoffending eloquence, most beautifully blended with a manly diffidence, that procured him, in the early period of his parliamentary career, the esteem of all parties. An accomplished scholar, regularly bred to the bar, deeply versed in the laws and constitution of his country, a strenuous supporter of that glorious and matchless fabric, he was chosen by the great body of the Commons to the very arduous, but highly honourable situation of presiding in their Chair as Speaker. He was elevated, too, to that distinguished pre-eminence at a most interesting period; and he so ably filled the Chair for nearly eleven years, that when he was commanded by his Sovereign to relinquish it for an office of greater trust, though not of greater dignity, he descended from it with the warm regard, but with the deep regret, of the whole House! His knowledge, his assiduity, his temper, his conciliation, his impartiality, his politeness, and the dignified mode in which he conducted himself while in that Chair, never were excelled, and perhaps never equalled. In this high office, by the admirable manner in which he fulfilled all its duties, he gained the peculiar favour of his Sovereign: and he is by no means the ephemeral favourite of a day; for his talents, his probity, his equanimity, and his virtues, have endeared him for many years to his Majesty, who reveres him as a gentleman that would confer honour

● MEDALLION OF THE RIGHT HON. H. ADDINGTON.

on the greatest post that he had the power to bestow. His worth and his merits having been the more distinguishedly ascertained, the more that maturity unfolded them to the Representatives of the People, no wonder that the sagacious Monarch should seize the first great opportunity of elevating their chosen and tried pilot to steer, with equal skill, the grand and imperial vessel of the State—he who so successfully guided the Commons House of Parliament throughout the impending hurricanes of anarchy and ruin—he whose conciliatory tongue tended so sweetly to sooth the asperity of party—he whose vivid and impartial eye beamed with equal warmth on each side of the House, to animate its eloquence, and to give the most unbounded scope to all the embellishments of classic reasoning! This is the man that is now summoned by his Sovereign to exert all his energies in a new sphere of action, that he may promote the glory of his prince, and the happiness of his people. In the splendid and solid resources of his own mind, he is blessed with every requisite to qualify him for such a task; and when to these is added the experience he has acquired in that House over which he has so long and so greatly presided, all must acknowledge that he is amply stored with talents to afford as much satisfaction on the Treasury Bench as he formerly did in the Speaker's Chair. If the waters of anarchy be not still out—if the cheering landmarks of social order be reappearing—if the Gallic deluge be rapidly receding—he will waft, with an ardent promptitude, and a humane sincerity, the British olive to afflicted France. He will shut the temple of Janus; he will open the temples of Concord and of Peace—and while he feels all the faculties of his soul grandly expand by a prince's love and an empire's confidence, the vast objects of his ambition will be, next to a secure and honourable peace, to diminish national expenditure,

penditure, and to ameliorate the condition of a most loyal and patriotic people, by adopting every prudent measure that can tend to reduce the price of the indispensable necessities of life, and promote the public welfare. In such glorious pursuits, he will be honoured by the House, at all times, with the same attention and respect as when he so worthily filled the Chair; when he used to point out, with the most delicate propriety, any deviation from order; or when he occasionally interfered in a debate, and had a listening Senate hanging on his tongue. They will be eager to cherish the magnanimous views of their former President; they will be proud to support their favourite delegate, when now delegated by the Sovereign to preside over their constituents, as well as over themselves, in the more enlarged capacity of being the Great Steward of the British empire; they will revere the Premier on the Bench with the same cordiality as when he presided in their Chair; for they have already perceived, that, with his integrity, no change of place can mould down talent, can blemish virtue, or wound their confidence: and the nation at large will soon hallow the penetrating eye of the Sovereign, that had the wise discrimination to appoint such a man, at such a crisis, to be his steady and his skilful

July 7.

PALINURUS.

POLITICAL POETRY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

IN your paper a few days ago I saw with surprise a paragraph, containing an illiberal reflection on the poets of the present day, as either negligent or incapable of sounding the praises of statesmen. I could have wished, Sir, that the author of that para-

graph had adverted to the great change in Administration which has thrown a gloom over the regions of Parnassus, and reduced the whole tribe of poets to the irregularity of the ode, or the dulness of blank verse.

The cause of the change of Administration has been said to be without reason. I am sure, Sir, it is without *rhime*. When you blame the sterility of the poets, why not consider that they are deprived of subject and matter? In the last Administration we had names dear to the lovers of *rhime*. What a variety of rhimes in the monosyllabic *Pitt*, and the dissyllabic *Dundas*? These were men whose deeds could be hitched with equal propriety in iambs and in trochaics; but who can make any thing of *Addington*? What regular measure is *Hawkebury* capable of? Whose ear is not offended with *Castlereagh*? Who can scan *Sir John Misford*, or match *Lord Westmorland*? What can come in contact with *Lord Glenbervie*, or echo the praises of Mr. *Charles Abbott*? People seem to think that poets are a kind of mechanics that work without *tools*. See what kind of *tools* they have to work with, and learn, Mr. Editor, a little more candour. Ask Mr. Small Pybus (and no man handles a bad subject better) what he would do with such names? No, Sir, our new Ministers may be good politicians; but they are sworn foes to prosody: look at them individually, can you versify a man of them? Look at them as a body; what long syllables and short syllables; what a mixture of *trochees* and *spondees*; here a long line and there a short one; here a foot too much, and there a foot too little. What lame, hobbling rhimes must he make who expects regular measures from such subjects?

The age of poetry is *not* gone, Mr. Editor; but poets cannot work without materials; and if Ministers are chosen that have not a *name*, it is not our fault if they must be excluded from the honours of poetry,
and

1

GRAND MEETING OF THE OPPOSITION.

and if we must deny even Lord Hawkebury, who has so often talked of a *march*; if, I say, we must deny even him,

"The long majestic march, and energy divine."
No, Sir, we might as well attempt to epigrammatize Baron *Haugwitz*, or find rhymes for *Czartorinski*, *Dzierzenowski*, Count *Raslopfchin*, or the beauties of *Hildburghausen*.

I am, Sir, for self and brothers,

Your humble servant,

April 13.

TIMOTHY TAGG.

GRAND MEETING OF THE OPPOSITION.

[From the Times.]

IN consequence of summonses sent round by Mr. Secretary D—nif—n, a grand meeting was yesterday held of all the members of the Minority who are now in town, at the house of a Noble Earl in *St. James's Place*, in order to take into consideration the line of argument to be employed this day upon Mr. G—y's motion in the House of Commons; and to define and select the species of opposition to be adopted against a Minister who, during the two days since his return to Parliament, has brought forward no measure whatsoever.

We have no pretensions to be informed accurately of the *particulars* of the discussion, or the *opinions* of the individuals who took part in it. But we have been assured that the following resolutions passed *unanimè contradicente*:—

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this meeting, that an act of pardon and oblivion do pass for all and each of the crimes, misdemeanours, and misfortunes of the late Ministers, in order to attack with increased vigour and a *greater number of votes*, whatever merit may be discovered in the new ones.

Resolved,

Resolved, That the act of resignation is in itself a full and complete bar to every species of retrospection; and that it is essentially the *present Minister*, whoever he may be, that it is the bounden duty of this meeting to attack, depose, and annul in his turn.

Resolved, That the present Ministers, not having had time to bring forward a single measure, be violently attacked for having traitorously dared to put themselves in a situation which their predecessors so *honourably* abandoned.

Resolved, That upon the resignation of any Ministry, their offices devolve and descend by just right and immemorial custom to the chiefs of the Opposition for the time being: and that it is a high crime and misdemeanour in any collateral person to intrude, or in any person to accept the King's confidence, other than the said lineal heir—the Opposition.

Resolved, That although it is the undoubted prerogative of the Crown to choose its own Ministers; it is nevertheless bound, whenever and as often as it is abandoned by Ministers of its own choice, to choose the choice of the Minority.

Resolved, That no hostility can be more efficacious at the present moment, than representing the Administration as puppets and instruments in the hands of the seceders.

Resolved, That notwithstanding the preceding resolution, they be boldly attacked for their *presumption* in endeavouring to carry on the government independently, by their own counsels and ability.

Resolved, That if two arguments are contradictory, they be both employed in order to ascertain which is the best, and to be sure of not omitting the true one.

Several other resolutions, we are informed, passed the meeting upon subjects too delicate for us to mention, as long as they shall be unauthenticated by the Noble

Noble President of, the Meeting. The *next Administration* was settled upon the plan just sketched at the Thatched-House, *although* with alterations, and room for the accession of several nominees from C—n House, Went—h House, and Thomas's Hotel. Lord M—a, it is said, is to be First Lord of the Treasury; and it was justly observed, that a more *promising Administration* was never formed.

The thanks of the meeting were unanimously voted for the able, upright, and impartial conduct of the Chair.

March 25.

THE FARMER IN TOWN.

[From the Albion, May 27.]

A COUNTRYMAN, though neither fool nor clown,
 Weary of viewing mountains, hedges, ditches,
 Wishing to see the mart of joy and riches,
 Saddled his Dobbin, and came up to town.
 Arriving there, he sought a cousin out,
 A very thriving genius, no doubt,
 Who, lately visiting his native place,
 Had us'd to brag, bounce, puff, romance, and vapour
 About his vast amount of wealth—*on paper*,
 And raise aloft the self-important face.
 The farmer knock'd—was quickly usher'd in—
 Bowing, though not indeed in courtly style,
 The Londoner receiv'd him with a smile,
Secundum artem, called a knowing grin;
 Or, in face-rhetoric, thus: "Ye silly clown,
 Denime! I'll shew you how we live in town."
 The feast how splendid, and the wine how good,
 How loyal or how witty ev'ry toast,
 The muse, unused to terrestrial food,
 Leaves to the City and the Cit to boast.
 Next morning, shaking off the ev'ning's dose,
 The Citizen and Farmer rose,
 To view the wealth and splendour of the City;
 Which not t' have seen or shewn had been a pity.

Each

Each thing to honest Hobinol was strange;
 "This is the Mansion House, and that the 'Change;
 That there, Sir, is the Bank, topful of gold!
 What countless wealth their chests and collars fill!"
 "I wish," quoth Hob, "an' one might be so bold,
 They'd spare a little then to pay their bills."

The Cit, astonish'd, roll'd his vacant eye,
 And though he thought the Farmer quite a brute,
 Not being well provided with reply,
 Kept mute,
 And hurried Hobinol away to see
 The monuments of British charity.

In frequent piles the massy buildings rise;
 "And are these hospitals?" the Farmer cries;
 "Wounds! cousin, why, methinks we've seen a score."
 "Why, man!" says cousin, "we've as many more,
 To feed the wretched, and restore their health:
 Now, what d'ye think of London and its wealth?"

"One tale," quoth Hob, with accent fly and cold,
 "They say is good until another's told;
 And you a mighty curious method, cousin,
 To shew your wealth, by hospitals, have chosen:
 Rich were the founders, rich enough, odd-rabbit 'em,
 But, Lord! I'm such a country elf,
 I can't help thinking to myself
 How poor you are that find folks to inhabit 'em."

"Well," thought the Citizen, "as I'm a sinner,
 I wish I had the Farmer home at dinner;
 I'd drown him in Port, Burgundy, Champagne,
 But, d—n me, if I shew him fights again."

VICTORY OVER THE FRENCH IN EGYPT.

[From the Oracle and Daily Advertiser, May 8.]

SIR,
 I BEG leave to lay before you and the Public those
 INVINCIBLE REASONS which have entirely satisfied
 me, and a great many worthy men with whom I am
 wout

went to converse, that the British forces in *Egypt* have been utterly defeated, and all the hopes of that grand expedition blasted.

1. It is certain that they *might* have failed of success, even in circumstances the most favourable; therefore it is but *fair reasoning* to conclude, that, where so many difficulties were against them, they *must* have failed.

2. Fortune never gave to any but *republican* Frenchmen an uninterrupted series of successes; therefore, as we were successful in the *Baltic*, we cannot but meet with disaster on the coast of *Egypt*.

3. Bonaparté is so wonderfully fortunate, and has set his heart so much upon success in *Egypt*, that he, undoubtedly, will be there successful, even while represented by Abdallah Menou.

4. It is well known, that *one* Frenchman can, at any time, beat *four* Englishmen. According to this proportion of strength and courage, Sir Ralph Abercromby had not at all a sufficient force.

5. Not only have whole myriads of Frenchmen penetrated through the *Deserts* of *Africa* to Menou's assistance; but a convoy of *air-balloons* was, some time since, sent off with 20,000 men on the same errand. Those famous birds, the *rocs*, celebrated in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, were pressed into the service, for the carriage of the baggage and artillery.

6. We have succeeded in no attempt at invasion, since the beginning of the present war. How, then, should we succeed in the present?

7. There are a band of worthy *democrats* in this country, whom the successes in the *Baltic*, the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, and the *Seditious Meeting Bill*, have, of late, exceedingly mortified. It is not in the nature of things, that there should not be a cup of consolation in reserve for them. Now, what

what else can this cup be, but the total overthrow of a British army in Egypt?

8. It is certain that some English lives were lost in the landing. Now, we well know, that an Englishman never fails to cry "Mercy!" and runs as soon as he sees his own or his neighbour's blood, in the field of battle.

9. The modesty of Bonaparté makes him slow to boast of victory. His generosity is unwilling to insult the fears and the despondency of this country. Hence only is it, that he does not too suddenly declare those news of Egyptian victory which have certainly reached his ear.

10. He is in high favour with his friend *Death*, to whom he has sacrificed innumerable victims in the course of the war. At his request, *Death* dispatched the pestilential disease that lately ravaged *Andalusia*, to destroy the British in *Egypt*. It had, at the same time, strict orders to spare the French.

The united force of all these reasons is, I should hope, Sir, irresistible. I claim no praise on account of them. Ingenious men, members of a great assembly, coffee-house orators, newspaper writers, and *sprits-forts* of the *Wig-Club*, are their authors. Mine is but the humble task of collecting them into one garland. I am, Sir, yours,

SOLOMON SHREWD.

*Wits Corner, Chapter Coffee-house,
Thursday Evening.*

M. TALLIEN IN LONDON.

[From the Times.]

SIR,
AS Mons. Tallien, whilst in London, engrossed a considerable part of the public attention, and as curiosity seems not quite gratified in particulars relating

ing to him, I hope the following authentic anecdotes may be found agreeable :

He seldom appeared in public, without being honoured by the attendance of 3-658 parts of the House of Commons. This was the more pleasing to him, as it was the *last thing* in the world which he expected : whereas a deputation, which he was led to believe would wait on him from the magistrates assembled at Bow-street, never appeared. The *great man* bore this insult with much temper, consoled, no doubt, by the voluntary offers of his unhopèd-for attendants.

He was desirous of seeing the Banqueting-house, but on hearing it was converted into a chapel, he appeared mortified, and would not enter it ; he however recovered his good humour, in walking about Whitehall, just before it. Speaking of the decapitation of Charles, he said, that it was a pity execution should have taken place so *near* the King's prison. " We paraded Louis," said he, " from the Temple to the Place de la Revolution—*Le coup d'œil en était superbe!*" —However," he added, " though your affair was not sufficiently marked, it was not on the whole without its merits."

Whilst he was in the Gallery of the House of Commons, he offended many of the best patriots by interrupting their compliments or explanations with " Where's Pitt? Which is Pitt?"—" *Fi donc, Citoyen!*" Mr. J. replied, " you ought only to attend to the Opposition members—the *Patriots!* Here's Mr. S. and there's Mr. T. and that's Mr. G. and here am I."—" Oh!" said the Citizen, " I see *that* ; but where's Pitt?"—" Egad," says his instructor, " he has no idea of my importance ; *I must ask him to dinner!*"

He was much struck on entering Portland Place. He observed it was "*admirable pour les fusillades.*" So regular, so good for the aim! and then the open

passage for the balls! It was, he said, one of the most magnificent streets he ever saw: "*Mais*," he added with a sigh, "*jusqu'ici, magnificence inutile.*"

It has been invidiously said, that it was Citizen C. John Gale Jones who treated him at his hospitable table. This is a misrepresentation: first, as we never heard that Citizen had a table of any kind; and, secondly, that we are informed it was a gentleman of the same name, who resides in Portland Place, who performed this office of humanity to the exiled regicide.

After dinner, a celebrated wit delicately alluded to his activity at Bourdeaux, by asking him to hob and nob in his favourite liquor, "*Vin rouge de Bourdeaux.*" Tallien bowed and said, "*Monsieur a beaucoup de politesse et encore plus d'esprit.*"

He very much admired the Thames. "*Ah!*" he cried, "*ça fait penser au Rhône et à la Garonne. Si Paris en avait en comme ça, qu'elle aurait fait des moyades superbes!*"

At the Society of Arts in the Adelphi, one of his company (a Member of Parliament, it is said) wished to shew him some curious agricultural machines: "*Comment donc*," says Tallien amazed, "*vous vous amusez à ceux.*" Here he recollected himself, and added, "*We never invented ploughs in France; our Hymn told us—Qu'un sang impure abreuve nos sillons; Croyez moi, Citoyens, c'est ainsi qu'il faut fertiliser les champs!*" The exhibitor looked amazed in his turn: "*Patriæ ceridere manus.*" He made no reply!!!

Monsieur Tallien was however but little pleased when shewn into the room where Mr. Barry's inimitable and sublime picture of *Retribution* is placed; he complained of it as a personal insult, and left the house rather abruptly.

When Dr. Johnson went to *Pidcock's* in Exeter Change, it was thought a good joke, that a bear who

who growled at every body else, admitted his carelessness. This odd sympathy between men and brutes of the same disposition is confirmed by Tallien's visit to the same menagerie. - The moment he entered, the fiercest of the tigers was very much agitated, and during his stay, seemed, as the keeper said, to be affected in the same manner it always was at the sight of one of its own species.

Tallien, when at *Pidcock's*, desired that the beasts might be fed, and seemed disappointed that the meat was thrown to them ready killed. However, to remedy this, he bought a dog from a boy in the Exchange, and threw it to the tiger; who, already satisfied, we suppose, took no notice of the trembling animal, who was thereupon taken out *alive*, to the great vexation of the company.

M. T. expressed a frequent wish to visit the *Tower*; but as he constantly found all his acquaintance unwilling to accompany him thither, he was obliged to forego his desire.

We have heard, but we know not how truly, that before he left town he wished to ensure his life, but could not get it done on any reasonable terms. It is also said that he begged his generous, hospitable, and magnificent entertainer to lend him 50 guineas, for which he offered Bank of Egypt security; but he was refused!

GRAND DINNER GIVEN TO M. TALLIEN.

[From the Times.]

CITIZEN JOURNALIST,

A SPURIOUS and mutilated account having reached your paper, respecting the dessert and dinner I had the honour to serve up at the civic fête in Portland Place on Saturday last, I throw myself upon your candour to insert a few more particulars of that celebrated

34 GRAND DINNER GIVEN TO M. TALLIEN.

entertainment, which I have the vanity to hope will form an epocha in the revolution of this country.

I am, Sir, &c.

JOSEPH LE BON-DON,

Confectioner to his Majesty the People.

At the Sugar-plant,
Hatchet Lane, Black Street,
New Execution Dock.

N. B. This *chef-d'œuvre* shortly will be shewn to the public in the Exhibition Room now occupied by the portrait of General Bonaparté.

Price of admittance *One Crown*.

GRAND HISTORIC DINNER AND EMBLEMATICAL
CONFECTIONARY, &c.

ACT, OR COURSE THE FIRST.

Soups at top and bottom, served in *grande-coupes*, boats, and false decks, in *macaroni*.—Republican marriages, finely executed in *pistache vermicelli*.

Cods' and calves' *beads*.

Pigs à la guillotine.

Hares and rabbits *à la maitre-bourreau*. Currant jelly, and red wine sauce.

Centre, plateau balustraded *à la lanterne*. Little bishops and farmers-general suspended—hay and straw in their mouths, of fine barley-sugar wire. In the middle, M. Tallien basso relievo, pulling off his livery to receive the robe in the study of an attorney (livery-frosted sugar, laced with orange-peel); gown, black currant jelly.

SECOND SERVICE.

Guiana-fowls, chickens and gibier, *à la sauce-piquante*, heads and gIBLETS *à la Montagne*. Creams and custards *à la noyade*. Centre, grand plateau *à la regicide*. Superb mechanical guillotine, played by smiling cherubs; macaroon body, water wings, blue eyes of painted jelly; fingers delicately bloody—*raspberry jam*. In the centre, *Autel de la patrie*, M. Tallien writing libels against

against the crowned heads, which the beautiful little angels ingeniously roll under his feet.

Between the *entremets*, consisting of *heads* of asparagus, spinach *à la chauffeur*, red cabbage, &c. were dispersed emblematical temples, pavilions, tribunes, and groups—Majesty of the people, *whip syllabus*—Justice of the people, barberries and bitter almonds—*à la Septembre*—*à la Versailles*—*à la Bourdeaux*—*à la Fenêtre Nationale*, &c. In these tribunes were represented Justice *à la Septembre*; Justice *à la Vendémiaire*; Justice *à la Versailles*; *à la Bourdeaux*, &c. and from hence were shot those diabolinis and cardamoms, which have been so much admired for their happy illustration of the mitraille and fusillades. It is true, that they were performed by *enfants de la patrie* of fine pastry through muskets of angelica, but your informant spitefully omitted to mention my grand contrivance of serving all the wine at table from the throats of the victims. They bled freely, and the hero observed that *Barnave* would have not said, *Le sang qui saule n'est pas si pur*. In the centre of the plateau M. Tallien, in *blanc-mange*, representing Innocence, whispering *Fouquier Tinville*, in *ice*, astonished at finding himself melt for the first time.

I forgot to say that amongst the pavilions were placed delicious prison scenes and conspiracies. All the *chemises-rouges* were of the best *quince marmalade*.

It was not till the fruit that I introduced the marriage of M. Tallien with the most lovely and faithful of republican spouses. Her hesitation between the altar and the guillotine is thought to be the best piece of fret-work ever displayed at a gentleman's table. Her tears were of the finest *trifle*, and her handkerchief of *sponge-biscuit*.

I also introduced a fine likeness of *Abdalla Menou*, forcing him on board the corvette, and the tears of the French army at being left behind; but I must be

excused from giving any farther particulars, lest it should rather satiate than create the curiosity of the public for grand exhibition.

J. LE BON-PON.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF MANTUA.

THE city of Mantua, found in mind, though somewhat indisposed in body, considering the frailty of all human things, and convinced that what has a beginning will have an end; and though she flatters herself that the succours of art and the resources of nature may yet deliver her from the French trenches by which she has been burdened for some time; yet not willing to run the risk of dying without having made her will, disposes of her property, both acquired and conquered, in manner following: that is to say, She gives to those that accompany her to the grave, the only dutchy which remains to her, and her other possessions, guaranteeing to them a lawful and entire property; revoking and annulling, and making void all other dispositions.

She leaves, by way of legacy, to the different kings and princes of Europe the following pictures, as a token of remembrance:

To the Sovereign Pontiff Pius VIth—A picture of Matthias, at the moment when, indignant at the abomination of the Pagans, he takes up arms and makes a great carnage. *Raphael d'Urbino.*

To the Emperor—A large picture of the Day of Judgment, when the dead rise again, and the bones resume their former place. *Michael Angelo.*

To the republic of Venice—Hercules spinning at the feet of Omphale. *Paul Veronese.*

To the King of Spain—The Tower of Babel, with the confusion of tongues. *Peter of Cortona.*

To the King of Naples—A sketch of Don Quixote armed

armed at all points, who, hearing the crowing of a cock (*Gallo*), lets his arms and money fall. *Albert Durer.*

To the French republic—A picture on wood, representing the Giants, who are endeavouring to place Pelion and Olympus upon Ossa, and are destroyed by Jupiter's thunder. *Rubens.*

To England—The Argonauts hastening to the conquest of the Golden Fleece. *Simon Gercoet.*

To the Empress of Russia—Nero playing on a lyre upon a tower, by the light of a conflagration that is about to lay Rome in ashes. *Vandyke.*

To the present King of France—The Prodigal Son in misery. *Anon.*

To the Duke of Modena—A picture in a golden frame, representing David, at the instant in which, as an expiation for his sins, he is obliged to choose one of the three scourges, war, famine, and the plague. *Peter of Cortona.*

To the Archduke of Milan—Aurora. *Guerchino.*

To the Congress of Cispadana—A very old picture, in which are represented the death of the Centaur Nessus, and the shirt which he gave to Dejanira, and which worn by Hercules made him mad. *A Greek picture.*

To the Grand Duke of Tuscany—Cyrus, while a child, brought up by the Shepherds. *Guerchino.*

To the republic of Lucca—Vigilance holding out her hand to Fortune. *Peter Vesta.*

To General Bonaparté—A picture representing Polydemon overwhelmed by a rock which he is endeavouring to sustain. *Peter of Perugino.*

To the republic of Geneva—A picture a little damaged, representing Venus, who, having been unfaithful to several lovers, concludes by marrying Vulcan. *Sesso Ferrato.*

To

To the King of Sardinia.—A picture of the Trojans employed in receiving the wooden Horse within their walls. *Leonardo da Vinci.*

Moreover the city of Mantua gives as legacies the following statues :

- Folly to Venice.
- Courage to the French.
- Constancy to the Germans.
- Bad Faith to the Sardinians.
- Fidelity to the Hungarians.
- Frensy to the Cispadanians.
- Impotence to Tuscany.
- Duplicity to the Pope.
- Doubt to the King of Naples.
- Terror to the Duke of Modena.
- Blindness to the Genoese.
- Indifference to the Duke of Parma.

SPEECH AT A TAVERN SENATE.

[From the True Briton.]

I THANK you, good friends, as I always shall do,
 For expressions of zeal which you 're pleas'd to renew.
 For some time, you know, I've resolv'd to retire,
 As my enemies think, full of *splenetic ire*;
 But really because all my efforts were vain,
 No chance of e'er climbing to office again!
 But though in retirement I don't persevere,
 You can easily guess why I'm found once more here.
 The change in the ministry fill'd me with hope;
 There seem'd for the bent of ambition new scope;
 So I bustled to town, to conduct our old gang,
 And prepare for this meeting *the usual harangue*.
 But this, for ourselves; to the public, I say,
 That I came at the call of my friend Mr. Grey,
 In the new-modell'd Parliament taking my station,
 His inquiry to aid on *the state of the nation*.

For

For that worthy ally is still anxious to find
If the Commons go on with a confidence blind,
And will not be work'd to quite different ends,
By attending to me and my *franchised friends*.

But let me observe, that I mean not to blame
The conduct of those who to Parliament came,
While I in my studies sat quietly still,
Or sought rural delights by St. Anne's pleasant Hill.
No—let them attend, let them *move*, let them *bawl*,
If *matters grew ripe*, I was soon *within call*.
I consider'd the subject, and knew what to choose,
My *own mind* was satisfied with its *own views*.

There are other events, I acknowledge, indeed,
May happen my farther attendance to need ;
An event may occur of great int'rest to us,
And questions produce I feel bound to discuss.
I would not appear over-anxious and rude,
And therefore I 'll not to the subject allude ;
Yet should the occasion I hint at recur,
On my former opinions I shall not demur :
For time and reflection have done nothing more
Than confirm the ideas I utter'd before.
All wishes for such an event I abjure,
To say any thing more would be now *premature*.

With regard to the topic my friend Mr. Grey
Is about to bring forth in the *old party way*,
I will say a few words, and without any fuss,
I'll abide the result of the point we discuss.
My conduct in future on that must depend,
And whether I still shall the Commons attend.
If the question 's by Parliament slighted and cross'd,
I shall boldly affirm that the country is lost.
I mean, and to say it I care not a pin,
The country is lost unless we can *get in*.
The ills we so often foreboded, alas !
Have happen'd, and worse will, I fear, come to pass.
The danger increases, and still must increase,
Unless I and my friends can *negotiate a peace*.

As such is our state, we should measures espouse,
By additional efforts *the nation to rouse* ;

By the nation I always, you know, mean *the mass*.
 Who in all innovations should still bear a *bab*.
 But yet it depends on the Commons to shew
 An example of spirit to all folks below;
 As they shall decide, by our hope or our fear,
 I shall muse at *St. Anne's*, or shall *marshal* you here.
March 1801.

SPEECH AT THE WHIG CLUB.

TUESDAY, MAY 5.

[From the True Briton.]

THE plates all *lick'd clean*, and remov'd from the room,
 "Mr. Fox" was the toast from *wife* Alderman C—e.
 'T was drank with a roar; and, his thanks to declare,
 Charles arose, and *deliver'd* this speech from the chair.
 "As on many occasions, I've stated, my friends,
 My habits of thinking, my conduct, *my ends*;
 Upon public affairs, on our meeting this day,
 I confess I have now but a few words to say.
 "When I last had the pleasure to see you, you know,
 In this very same spot, about two months ago,
 I inform'd you, my wishes had then such a scope,
 That the change in the ministry gave us some hope;
 That perhaps too the House in this change might partake,
 And the measures it long had supported, forsake.
 At least I inform'd you, 't was my full intent
 To bring forth a discussion, *and try the event*.
 For since they were *gone out*, it was sure no great sin
 That I and my friends should attempt to *get in*.
 But we're still, my good friends, in a pitiful case,
 For I'm really in doubt, if a change has ta'en place.
 The discussion I thought 't was in vain to attend,
 As I then saw no chance of promoting our end;
 Yet, impell'd by our party, I went and *I spoke*,
 And all our experiment vanish'd *in smoke*.
 "But think not I mean, my good friends, to relax,
 On the least gleam of hope I'll renew my attacks;

For

For, however dispos'd I may be *to retire*,
When matters are ripe I will soon *fan the fire*.

"If no credit at all with the public I find,
'Tis with pride I acknowledge this Club still is kind,
It gives me its confidence still, and with reason
Believes I am waiting for due *time and season*.

"'T is a common delusion we see in mankind,
For what they prefer fair excuses to find;
Yet, I think I shall only declare what is true,
Unconscious *myself* of deceiving, or *you*,
When I say, in the Commons, to speak or to vote,
I can now for the Club *not one object* promote.

"Experience, alas! has too fatally shewn
The Commons no change in their sentiments own;
If *a change*, 't is in members of Administration;
The system 's the same, and approv'd by the nation.
With Britons so much does a monarchy suit,
It confirms the old tale of the King and *jack-boot*;
If he sent his *jack-boot*, as his proxy, to sway,
The Senate, he swore, should that proxy obey.
But loyalty now has a still deeper root,
For the nation will worship a *jack-boot's jack-boot*."

This true *Attic wit* with *reclat* clos'd the day,
And the Whig Club in thunders resounded "*Huzza!*"

ANOTHER SPEECH AT THE SAME MEETING.

"Mr. Erskine and Trial by Jury," the toast—
He arose, and his merits thus ventur'd to boast.

I THANK you, *my friends*, for combining *my name*
With the *Trial by Jury*, the best kind of fame;
I confess 't is a privilege I must adore;
My regret is profound, that it *now is no more*.
I lament the attacks *public freedom* sustains,
I lament that strong statutes *the press* to restrains.
I own there are times when the trial by jury
May well be suspended to curb rebel fury,

But

But now *no rebellion* is known in the land,
 I am sure in *conspiracies* none take a hand.
 I affirm, I declare, I maintain, I insist,
 I profess, I protest, *no commotions exist*.
 I am sure that our government now has no foes,
 No *persons suspected* our prisons enclose.
 Yet, resolv'd from right, justice, and reason to warp us,
 The ministry dare to suspend *Habeas Corpus*.
 I however shall still at the ministry hoot,
 Or, to borrow the wit of friend Fox, their *jack-boot*;
 I shall do on my small as he on his large scale,
 I a *minnow* in politics, he a *vast whale*.
 I'll now make an end, and I swear till I die,
 My *abilities* call for, and ready am I.

A VOLUNTEER SONG,

DEDICATED TO THE KNIGHT MARSHAL'S VOLUNTEERS,

BY SIR JAMES BLAND BURGESS, BART. K. M.

To the tune of "Cease rude Boreas."

— — —
 SLOW.

AT the social board thus seated,
 When I view you gay and free,
 As the song is oft repeated,
 List, brave Volunteers! to me.
 While our King and Constitution
 Claim each Briton as a friend,
 Let us form the resolution
 These for ever to defend *.

QUICK.

Dreadful is the foul endeavour
 Truth and loyalty to stain,
 Britons from their King to sever,
 That a lawless mob may reign.

* N. B. We shall see in the following article, that on a trifling occasion these Resolvers disbanded themselves.

A VOLUNTEER SONG.

Think what horrors would o'ertake us,
Should this base design succeed,
How rebellion's hand would shake us,
How our hapless realm would bleed!

SLOW.

Ev'ry glory, ev'ry blessing,
Which the freeman's bosom cheers,
All that makes life worth possessing,
All that kindred ties endears,
Precepts moral and religious,
All our rights from law which flow—
These our foes, with hand insidious
Undermining would o'erthrow.

QUICK.

See, where anarchy around us
Pours on ev'ry side her host,
Scatters poisons to confound us,
And proclaims her trait'rous boast.
Hark! her trumpet loudly swelling,
Breathes destruction on our isle;
See her, future woes foretelling,
Plant her tree on England's soil!

SLOW.

Gallant comrades! look around ye,
Your domestic bliss survey;
Think, oh think, what joys surround ye,
While you George's rule obey.
Who shall dare invade your treasure?
Who shall curb your honest will?
Be but just, and at your pleasure
Nature's bounteous law fulfil.

QUICK.

But our foes, who seek your ruin,
Urge you to subvert the throne;
Bid you, Gallia's course pursuing,
Religion and your law dethrone.

THE DEFENDERS OF THE COUNTRY

If, not mov'd by her example,
 You obey her fatal call,
 Your destruction shall be ample,
 Dreadful shall be seen your fall.

SLOW.

But reflect, how long our glory
 Has adorn'd th' historic page :
 Britain ever fam'd in story,
 Still with traitors war will wage.
 Would we have our King victorious ?
 Have we wife, or child, or friend ?
 Would we have Old England glorious ?
 Let us all our succour lend !

QUICK.

As for Frenchmen, need we heed 'em ?
 Here 's " Confusion to their arts !"
 We, already blest with freedom,
 Own her empire o'er our hearts :
 Liberty and bliss enjoying,
 Hail the source from which they spring ;
 And, our jovial hours employing,
 Drink, " Long life to George our King."

 THE DEFENDERS OF THE COUNTRY DISBAND
 THEMSELVES.

[From the Times.]

MR. EDITOR,

SIR James Bland Burgess has condescended to inform the public in a morning paper, that " he and his officers (in the Knight Marshal's Volunteer Corps) voluntarily resigned their commissions for causes which it is unnecessary for him to mention."

Sir James Burgess also informs the public, that he has been in the country, and that he is not induced by any personal feelings to state the fact I have just related. Now, Sir, as I am sure the public takes much more interest in the resignations of great men, than
 the

the worthy Baronet is aware of, I shall communicate the important circumstances which have led to this important and melancholy event, and which with so much modesty he has judged proper to conceal.

Under the apartments of the Secretary of State for the foreign department at Whitehall, you must know, Mr. Editor, there is a spacious room, which by the permission of Lord Grenville was occupied as a *place d'armes* by the Volunteers aforesaid. Their powder was deposited in this vault, and hither they repaired to polish their muskets, clean their leather breeches, crack their jokes, and drink to the health and fame of their gallant commander, who, you very well know, Sir, is the very first poet of this age, of the rank of Baronet! Now it unfortunately happened that the noble Lord who has succeeded Lord Grenville in this department, desirous, as it is rumoured, of saving the country an immense expense incurred by couriers, thinks proper to transact the public business in his office; and as these jokes and healths, and the clangour of arms, caused a great annoyance and distraction, it became absolutely necessary either that the Secretary of State should cede his office, or the Knight Marshal his cellar!

Thirteen letters and seventeen deputations were sent upon this interesting but unfortunate occasion. How many of them were read by his Lordship, I know no more, Sir, than of his conferences with Mr. Otto; but I do know upon this occasion at least the Minister was *firm*, and that he remains in possession. It will grieve you, Sir, and the public at large, to learn, that the worthy Baronet could not reconcile it to his feelings, that the corps should brighten their arms in any other spot in the whole metropolis, or crack a joke which should not be heard by Mr. Otto and Lord Hawkesbury. Not that I mean to insinuate that the jokes of men so ably disciplined and commanded, were

not worth their Excellencies' attention, or that I do not deeply feel the loss of the Martial Knight's brilliant services in the volunteering way. Indeed, that he should voluntarily cease to be a volunteer, gives me much concern; the more so, as his ever to be lamented resignation has evidently arisen in those which the country has so much deplored, and of which the memory and baneful consequences are thus cruelly renewed and exemplified. Had the late Ministers been still in office, Mr. Editor, the Volunteers would have disturbed no Secretary of State, and we might still have counted Sir Bland Burges, Baronet and Poet, amongst the bravest defenders as well as the brightest ornaments of the country.

I am, Sir, &c.

H. H.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

BY SIR J—B—B—, LATE K. M. (KNIGHT MARSHAL).

[From the Oracle.]

WE cannot commit the following admirable performance to the public, without acknowledging most gratefully the high sense we entertain of the flattering partiality with which this paper is peculiarly distinguished. We have taken the liberty of making some trifling emendations in the spelling, and have likewise ventured to add a few notes, by way of more fully illustrating its various and incomparable beauties.

THE ARGUMENT.

Lord H—— having thought fit to deny me and my Knights Companions the use of a room under the Secretary of State's Office, in Downing Street, under pretence that the cleaning
our

our arms, and other military exercises, disturbed the public business, I straight invoke the Muse.

RECITATIVE.

A FEW eves since, quite tir'd with noise and talk *,
 I pensive sought the lonely Birdcage Walk;
 The drill being o'er, the soldiers stood at ease †,
 Some play'd at chuck-farthing beneath the trees,
 Whilst others tempted to the leafy shades,
 To hear soft tales, the blooming nurs'ry maids.
 Thus all being still ‡, I call'd my valiant Knights,
 Who danc'd around me like so many sprites;
 All arm'd from top to toe, before, behind—
 Their nodding feathers quiver'd in the wind §;
 Thrice did I clear my pipes, which made the Park to ring;
 Thrice did I cough and sneeze; and, lo! I thus did sing ||.

AIR.

Oh, barb'rous man! Oh, H——, too severe,
 Behold these cheeks, bedew'd with many a tear;

* The familiar opening and easy language of this line cannot be sufficiently admired. What an image does it draw of a great man fatigued with business, and wearied with applications! The word "*Eves*" deserves particular commendation: "*Nights*," or "*Evenings*," would have been common and prosaic, but "*Eves*" is in the highest degree poetical.

† How ingeniously and unaffectedly does Sir James, in this and the three following lines, display his knowledge of military duty and amusements!

‡ We conceive this to be a license in which poets are allowed to indulge; for, how could *all be still*, when, three lines before, the soldiers are playing at chuck-farthing?

§ What wonderfully obedient men are these Knights! Bounce, they leap upon us, armed cap-a-pee, at the word of their commander, without our so much as knowing if they were within call.

|| Sir James has here improved upon Pope's Alexandrine verse. He doubtless thought it unjust for the last line to be longer than the one preceding, and has, therefore, with the strictest impartiality, manufactured them both of the same extent, so that now neither has a right to complain. But there is still a more striking beauty in these two lines: when the reader is breathless with expectation; when his impatience to know the consequence of all this preparation of *coughing* and *sneezing* is wound up to the highest pitch, how artfully and satisfactorily is he relieved by "*Lo! I thus did sing.*"

But, no! a warrior should be bold—
 By Mars! I'll weep no more:
 Though Bland by name,
 No longer I'll be tame,
 But growl, and curle, and scold,
 Ginn, storm, and chatter, gnash my teeth, and roar * †

CHORUS OF KNIGHTS.

H———, thou shalt have thy gruel,
 Dread the *baggonet* so bright,
 How couldst thou be so very cruel
 To such a brave *poetic* Knight ‡

RECITATIVE,

ACCOMPANIED BY FLUTES AND TRUMPETS

Thanks, thanks, my friends, companions of my toil,
 Your balmy praises feel like soothing oil,
 Which, gently trickling o'er the gaping sore,
 Allays the pain, and bid it throb no more †.
 'T is true we must, inexorable doom!
 Consent to lose our ancient favourite room;

(ALLEGRO)

But mind, attend,
 Each valiant friend;
 Hear what I vote,
 With gaping throat §:

* In the air, Sir James discovers a surprising versatility of talent. In the commencement it is charmingly *pathetic*; then, recollecting himself, he *reverts to arms*, the consequence of which is, *he grows to*, he is then induced to *curle*, and at last (like a man asserting a saddle) he reaches, step by step, the climax of *roaring*.

† Superficial minds may consider this chorus *low*, but it must ever please the reader of taste and discernment. It is written with a strict regard to what the painters call "keeping," for the same elegant language which suits an officer would sound unnatural from the mouth of a private. The poet has here embraced a fine opportunity of *praising himself*, without running the risk of being charged with *egotism*.

‡ Sir James exhibits both gratitude and surgical skill—Oil bidding a wound to cease throbbing, is a figure not less novel than pleasing.

§ The poet is here in earnest.

(FORTE.)

THE LAMENTATIONS OF A FINE LADY.

(FOURTH.)

Swear by your beards, your hands in contact join *,
To do a deed—I vote we all resign †.

FINALE.

FULL CHORUS—DOUBLE DRUMS.

Agreed! Agreed! Agreed!

The deed is done! Done is the deed ‡!

THE LAMENTATIONS OF A FINE LADY.

[From the Morning Chronicle]

MR. EDITOR,

BEAR with me for a few moments, while I give utterance to my sorrows. You will be deeply affected; but there is a pleasure in sympathy, and, if you are enabled to send me relief, your sufferings will be amply repaid.

Sir, for two months past I have not been able to produce any thing to excite admiration. I trust you do not take me for an authoress; no, Sir, I have gained great fame, but not in a way so ignoble. I would not for the world be supposed a candidate for that which may be acquired without rank, without fortune, and without connexions. I even hate all those who aim at distinction by such means; I shun their company, and do every thing in my power to bring them into contempt. Sir, I am a woman of fashion, I have one of the most splendid mansions in London, and my lord allows me 7000*l.* a year. During the last season my parties were more crowded than those of any of my rivals; it was upon me that forgeries were most frequently attempted; and such was the eagerness of people of fashion to be able to say they had

* A very solemn and impressive adjuration!

† See the article in p. 62.

‡ This finale, which defies criticism, contains a great and important fact, viz. "When a deed is done, it is done."

been

been at Lady ——'s, that had it not been for the constant attendance of Mr. Townsend, my house would have been often taken by storm. Nor is this to be wondered at. Had it been otherwise, the town would have shewn little discrimination. None ever found what they expected to find; and from the moment they cast their eyes upon the lamps above my door, till they again lost sight of them, all was novelty, splendour, and magnificence. I was constantly talked of; my porter received no less than *two* pots of beer for the list of my visitors; in short, I excited universal envy.

But, Sir, although my invention continues as fertile and my taste as refined, I am now able to do nothing. Why did I ever experience the pleasure of creating amazement, and of occasioning despair? Flowers are now exhibited at every window, peaches are as plenty as potatoes, and any one may purchase a pine-apple for half-a-guinea. What an enemy to happiness is an English autumn? Blessed the inhabitants of the torrid and of the frigid zone. During the whole revolution of the sun, the productions of cold are wanting to the one, and the productions of heat are wanting to the other. When the Governor's lady exhibits her ice at Calcutta, and the Vice-reine of Lapland sports her grapes, they are in no danger of being equalled by a paltry shopkeeper. That people of taste should remain in this country at present, is truly astonishing. May not the impossibility of distinguishing themselves in autumn, by gradually sinking their spirits, produce the dreadful disease which commits such havoc among our countrymen in the beginning of winter, dreaded under the name of the "*English Malady*?" I know that if things do not take a more favourable turn, long before November, I shall have put an end to my miserable existence.

You cannot say that I have sat down in sullen inactivity.

activity. About a month ago, at our villa, I had the honour of the company of H. R. H. —, the Duke and Dutchess of —, &c. &c. to breakfast. Well, I thought I was sure I should regain my *eclat*, as I had two dishes, by producing which I had at once violated the laws of nature and divers acts of Parliament. In the second course there appeared an omelet made of partridges' eggs, and a pair of roast moor-fowl. The dishes were, to be sure, in very great request, and I observed Lady — turn as pale as ashes, and the Hon. Mrs. — grow red with spite. But I had not enjoyed my triumph two minutes, when a gentleman observed that the omelet was much better than the one of the same kind at Alderman *Greensat*'s the other day. "Yes," replied he to whom he addressed himself; "and I think these moor-fowl fully as good as those he had from his friend in Argyleshire." I could have torn their eyes out. The dessert consisted of raisins and almonds, preserved ginger and tamarinds, Spanish grapes and Italian olives, juiceless oranges and half-rotten pears. Was there not a boldness in the thought, an originality, something that marked the superiority of great above vulgar minds? But so barbarous was the taste of my guests, that while some tittered and laughed, the rest, politely as they thought, lamented the lateness of the season, talked of the blight which had destroyed the blossom in spring, and exposed the absurdity of presenting fruit at table till it is thoroughly ripe.

Still I had a *corps de reserve*, which I trusted would have gained me the day. Between breakfast and supper I meant to give a dance, and the ball-room I had fitted up in a manner I thought certain to command admiration. At considerable expense I had got together a large quantity of evergreens, leafless shrubs, and artificial roses: with these I decorated the walls; and, to complete the effect, I made the daylight be excluded

excluded by the window-shutters; a large fire was lighted up, and the apartments were illuminated in the most brilliant style. No one would have imagined it a month after the King's birth-day. I had prepared a long succession of devices to keep up the delusion till a late hour in the morning, and I expected that the company would have been thanking Providence every moment that they were so comfortably sheltered from the biting cold and the pitiless storm.

How, then, was the company really affected when ushered into those regions of taste? The astonishment certainly was considerable, but before the first dance was finished, several ladies had fainted, and amidst praises of my genius, every one seemed anxious for an excuse to get away. So much more did they regard their bodies than their minds. At last some person proposed to go out to the gardens, and (will you believe it, Sir?) this Gothic proposal was carried by acclamation. Forth they accordingly sallied, and led up a dance upon the lawn. My vexation was now at its height—not a glimmering of hope remained. I cursed the age, and the country in which I had the misfortune to be born. However, I was determined that they should not see the supper I had prepared for them, and that their only feast should be their beauties of nature, (*the beauties of Nature in a July evening!!*) so I sent word that I had been taken violently ill, and they immediately dispersed. They could not complain of the *warmth* of their reception, nor say they had seen *nothing* which was *unseasonable*.

I have made various other attempts equally well planned, but as they had the same ill success, I shall not revive my mortification by recounting their history. You and every one who has read this letter, must be convinced that the fault lies not in me, but in the season, *the hateful season*. Nor are there any other reputable means of arriving at eminence. The day

day has been when a woman of spirit might distinguish herself by keeping *fashionable hours*. A gentleman, whom I lately asked to dine with a party at nine, returned for answer, that he was afraid it would not be in his power, as he was to breakfast at five with the lady of a West India merchant, and would probably be obliged to stay supper. When things have come to such a pass as this, ought not the legislature to interfere?—Could it be more worthily employed than in settling the length of time every one should be allowed to fast and watch according to his rank? Every porter should be compelled to breakfast by eight in the morning, and to be in bed before nine, and no one under the degree of nobility ought to be permitted to go without meat after two in the afternoon, or to be up after five in the morning. But these are times of insubordination and anarchy; all respect for birth is gone, and our most valuable privileges are *basely* invaded. I was lately reconciled to my husband, and we ever since live under the same roof. Our separation was the first thing that established my reputation; but so low had the fashion crept, that I am assured there were at the last Lady Mayorefs's ball no fewer than twelve, all of equal, some of superior, pretensions in this respect with myself.

If I remain in town, I find many who declare an equal antipathy to the country before December; if I go to a watering-place, a tallow-chandler's wife lives next door to me, and vies with me in splendour; if I retire to our seat in Berkshire, I see the houses of those things called *Nabobs*, rising in nearly equal magnificence to our own. Oh! the glorious days when a Lord's estate was a county, and all the inhabitants upon it were slaves; when all those for twelve miles round depended upon him for every comfort they enjoyed, and to displease him and to be undone, were the same!

Unless

Unless you, Sir, or some one of your correspondents, shall point out a better expedient, I am determined, as a last attempt to restore to its original lustre my waning fame, to give a grand fête in the style of the *twelfth century*. My Lord has an old Castle in Wales, which will answer admirably well as the scene. I shall purchase the colours of the Knight's Marshal and other disbanded volunteer corps*, and thus furnish out "a bannered hall."—From the wardrobe and armoury of the theatres, I shall procure dresses, decorations, arms, and accoutrements. I hope to be able to prevail upon the Laureat to be the bard, and that learned antiquary, the author to the Index to the Appendix to the Supplemental Apology, shall superintend the whole in the capacity of steward. But would not the effect be greatly heightened, were the tempest to be heard howling amid the tottering towers? I can at least produce the *appearance* of winter. Two or three hundred people shall be employed to strip the trees bare of every leaf, and when every thing about the Castle has been made desolate, the park and gardens shall be strewed with chalk, quick-lime, or some substance resembling snow. Now see the Knights cased in steel, and attended by their squires, approaching by the dreary avenue; and hear them asking the dwarf upon the battlements, if here lives the lady Evelina?

I am transported at the thought. Grant me two months of cold wet weather, and I will forgive thee, oh Fortune! the whole of thy past cruelty.

August 23.

E. B.

* See page 62.

REMARKS ON THE FOREGOING LAMENTATION.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

I READ, with considerable regret, in your paper a few days ago, the complaint of a female, a woman of fashion too, and a giver of routs, intimating how frequently she had been disappointed in establishing her fame, and distinguishing her entertainments by something peculiarly eccentric, wild, or unseasonable. It is much to be lamented that our ladies of ton should fail in objects apparently of such easy acquisition, and that, where absurdity is natural, it should not at the same time be various. That there is a dulness in mediocrity, a sameness in reasonable desires, and a commonness in indulging the mere wants of society, may be believed; but that invention should be exhausted, when it is confined by no laws, and that follies should be uniform when common sense is excluded, may be allowed to excite our surprise, and, under the existing circumstances of this case, our pity.

Men, Mr. Editor, are unreasonable beings, proud of a superiority which they are desirous to perpetuate at the expense of the fair sex. Not long ago our females fought fame in the walks of literature, and some obtained what they sought. A clamour was instantly raised against them, as invading the *rights of man*. History, philosophy, politics, poetry, and the drama, were menaced by authors in straw bonnets and muslin gowns. The legislature itself was not without its alarms. Such a revolution in genius might end in petticoat government. The bishops took fire: they foresaw piety in pattens. The lawyers trembled lest they should be out-talked, and the seat of justice occupied by *old women!* But in time the alarm subsided, and the ladies

of fashion at least, meditated to raise their reputation by other means.

To effect this, required a combination of talents which do not generally meet; and, although we have not often seen the good arising from alliances of discordant materials, we have lived to behold the common cause of routs, of breakfasts, and of suppers, ably supported by the carpenter, the lamp-lighter, and the gardener. The question is no longer about the superiority of genius, but the spacious dimensions of a suite of rooms; and no lady values herself for any productions but those of the hot-house. On such her fame depends, and her reputation rests. And is that ambition unreasonable which is bounded by the priority of peaches and the precocity of pines; which derives its lustre from a festoon of lamps, and its triumphs from the rattling of coaches, the sound of a knocker, and the disturbance of a neighbourhood? Who would envy the excellence that centres in a plate of peas, or a pottle of cherries? Surely *we* men have no right to interrupt a career of glory which centres in a fashionable confusion of the seasons, exciting perspiration in winter, and giving a party of friends the appearance of a mob, with all its inconveniencies and dangers. To heighten the scene, besides artificial flowers and the pleasant union of *Floreal* and *Frimaire*, even peace officers are hired to keep order, and give an idea of artificial pickpockets mixing in the crowd. I have been, indeed, somewhat afraid, lest when the virtues of the mind, and the accomplishments of education, are all sacrificed to the *vegetable system*, there may be danger of introducing an emulation of the more vulgar cast, and more besitting the ambition of Covent-garden market. I will allow the *eclat* that naturally arises from early peaches and melons, but there may be danger in contending for a priority of cabbages and carrots, because, early or late, these are things that give a
bourgeoise

bourgeoise appearance to a table, and have been known to decorate a city feast, even at a very unseasonable time.

More, I think, depends on the temperature of the rooms : and here people of fashion naturally place their chief excellence. A lady who can get up the thermometer to eighty degrees when the rest of the world is content with fifty, is entitled to a great share of respect, which however will be heightened by the addition of frequent swoonings and fainting-fits. It is impossible, indeed, to doubt the reputation of any route which gives us *Thermidor* in *Nivose*, and introduces *Fructidor* when other people are content with the tardy prospects of *Germinal*. Besides, therefore, the productions of the hot-house, it will always be necessary to introduce the degree of heat that forced them, and the more uncomfortable this is, it will make the better figure in a newspaper detail, where, after all, the final decision must be made, and the size of the cherries, and the number of the company, ascertain the comparative merit of the *giver*. To me it appears that the historians of routs have lately fallen into an uniformity of style which will soon level all distinction. It marks nothing, to hear of the same company, the same vegetables, and the same lamps. There must be a difference ; and whoever has studied either botany or lamp-lighting, must be aware that these are important distinctions. If all festoons were equally variegated ; all chandeliers equally brilliant ; if fruits were always uncommonly large, and geraniums equally odorous, one might as well let in the sun-beams, and wait for the natural growth of our delicacies. Besides, I suspect that there has of late been a contrivance to make all *porters' lists* of the same size ; the same *Lords*, the same *Ladies*, the same *Sirs*, the same *Misters*, the same *Mistresses*, and the same *Misses* ; names to be sure which we have seldom heard of before, but which

if obscure, can be more easily varied, especially as the Court Calendar is at hand.

The confusion of *hours* is still a resource which ladies may employ to distinguish their entertainments; and this has been very happily done by joining two days in one, breakfasting at the close of the first day, and supping at the commencement of the next. Dinner, somehow, has been entirely excluded, which may, no doubt, give a *tonish* appearance to things; but there is some risk that it may be thought to be borrowed from the practice of the vulgar, many thousands of whom have been habituated to go without dinner; although I do not find that they pride themselves upon it.

If these hints, Mr. Editor, can be serviceable, either as apologetic or promotive of female notoriety, I shall probably take the liberty to send you a supplement, in which I shall endeavour to prove that it is possible to reverse the order of nature, and revolutionize the manners of society in a more genteel and dashing manner than has ever yet been practised. But this discovery would be thrown away at present, as our people of fashion are in the country, and obliged to breathe the same air with the rest of the world.

Sept. 9.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

SUGGESTIONS TOWARDS IMPROVING THE WIT AND ELOQUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.

[From the Oracle and Daily Advertiser.]

SIR,

HAVING, after long experience as a bookseller, news-writer, and second-rate politician, retired to pass the evening of my life in a snug villa in Hertfordshire, I find it still necessary, from the force of old habits, to have both a morning and an evening paper sent me regularly from town. Disgust with a morning paper

paper I had been long accustomed to read, made me, about a twelvemonth since, order the *Oracle* instead of it. With the *Oracle*, Sir, I must own myself not ill pleased. I shall now give you a most substantial proof of my favour, by communicating *secrets* to which you seem yet a stranger, but by which alone it is possible to attain *true newspaper perfection*.

In the first place, Sir, let me, with the freedom of a friend, tell you you know nothing of that which constitutes the true *fine writing* for a newspaper. What have you to do with purity of style, delicacy of phrase, finical correctness in grammar, the elegant turn of periods, or justness and splendid felicity of metaphors?

You write for the multitude, and they are any thing rather than finical in their taste in literary composition. A man likes best that newspaper, which returns to his *eye* and *ear* the language he is himself accustomed to speak. Nay, he understands it best. To the tradesman, to the farmer, to the fine gentleman looking on no books but newspapers, and on newspapers only for sporting intelligence; your grammatical accuracy, and your classical phrases, are absolutely as odious, and almost as unintelligible, as Greek or Hebrew. No; you must catch the dialect of every trade and every province. Remember that London contains people from all parts of the British dominions: and if you only take care to give a preference to the favourite Cockney phrases; the more you dash your style with what are by the pedantry of criticism called provincialisms and colloquial barbarisms—why, so much the better. They may talk of your *slang*; but the coarsest *slang* is the truest eloquence, when it is adapted to the taste of the great body of English readers.

“But,” say you, “there are *ladies of taste*, and *coffee-house critics*, who demand fine composition in a morning paper.” True, there are: but are you yet

to learn, that long sonorous words, a dashing pomp and incongruity of mixed metaphors, now the quaint, and now the low familiar; at all times a copious infusion of the *cant words* of *fashionable conversation*, are the beauties which the taste of such readers chiefly admires? Are you a stranger to the success of the *Della Crusca* poetry? Don't you know what novels are the greatest favourites with the *ladies*? Have you never looked into the verses of the late *Mary Robinson*, or the prose of Mrs. *Piozzi*? What was it made *Gibbon* so much a favourite with people of fashion, and with coffee-house critics? Undoubtedly the *rumbling pomp* of his style; not at all, those classical and philosophical beauties, which some persons who know not better, may, perhaps, fancy they admire.

A *graceful negligence* is, in dress, in conversation, and in literary composition, ever one of the most attractive charms. Is any thing more disgusting than to perceive even a lovely woman remarkably solicitous to avoid *slips in grammar*? What more charming than *solecisms* from the lips of beauty? It is amazing, Sir, that you do not more attentively cultivate this excellence for a newspaper. You rarely give a specimen of it, and, when you do, your performance wants the grace of nature. You seem to be ungrammatical, with remorse, or by typographical accident, not with the felicity of native genius, nor of art practised till it has become a second nature; nor of a lively ignorance infinitely preferable to all the pedantry of knowledge. Does any thing excite pleasantry so successfully as a good *bull*? And what is a *bull*, but one of those solecisms which I recommend? If you can but make people laugh, it little matters whether they laugh at you or with you. Depend upon it they will like him who amuses them; and so much the better, if he make no pretensions to taste or understanding superior to their own. Besides, are not these the most conspicuous

cious beauties of those which have, somehow, obtained the character of being *leading prints*? If you would have your paper attain to their sale and their celebrity, follow their example.

In your *Reports* of the Debates in Parliament, I would have you to be especially on your-guard against being too strictly grammatical in your language. The public well knows, that in the hurry of political debate, many grammatical inaccuracies must unavoidably escape from the lips even of the most eloquent speaker. If, then, you give a report entirely free of such inaccuracies, what surer proof can there be that your report is *not faithful*? Besides, it is in the highest degree insolent and impertinent to pretend to put into the mouth of any man, words more correct or elegant than his own. Write *under* the reality, and you are safe. As you value success, dare not to write *above* it.

A newspaper should always have a good deal of wit in it. But then, what sort of wit? Not flights of fancy, nor unexpected combinations of ideas, nor exhibitions of ridiculous characters, such as were never known before, but are fresh from the mint of nature and of genius. No, no; such would never do. That sort of wit is only for critics and connoisseurs. Again, remember that you write and publish for the multitude. A *pun*, a *quibble*, a *stale joke*, a *conundrum*, a *rebus*, however some people may turn up their noses at them, never fail to please *nine* out of every *ten* newspaper readers. Such is the wit which sets the boxes of a coffee-house in a roar; such is that which every smart talker, in places of public resort, filches from the morning papers, to supply his expenditure of wit till evening, and from the evening papers, to bear him out till the morning shall again appear. Even those who affect to despise such wit, are nevertheless pleased with it. What matters it that a joke is stale, provided

it be good? You are sure to shine when you plunder *Jac Miller**; for jests which have pleased so long, must infallibly continue to please. It is much more prudent, therefore, to trust that manual, than to attempt new witticisms of your own. Another source of wit adapted to the humour and capacity of your readers, will be found in *Swift's Polite Conversation*. He made that collection with the superciliousness of a critic, to ridicule the favourite phraseology of fashionable conversation, and the wit which prevailed in all the genteel society of his time. He thought that nothing more was wanted to explode them for ever. How egregiously did he err! The very same wit, the very same conversational phraseology, are still almost exclusively in vogue. Let his book be compared with the prevalent style of wit and fashionable conversation, the truth will decisively appear to be as I relate. His book is therefore a monument against himself, that he knew not what sort of wit was the most congenial to the character of human nature. It is, at the same time, a complete treasury of that sort which you may use with best success. I advise you to use it freely.

The selection and translation of the news from the French and German gazettes and journals, are matters of no small importance in the compilation of an English newspaper. If you would shine in this branch of your business, be sure to keep in your translation as much as possible of the original. Travellers, ambassadors, and military officers serving on the continent, have contributed more to enrich the English language, than all our classical scholars and fine writers. Out of affectation or ignorance, or gentlemanly negligence, they embroidered their native English with a profusion

* Of which a new and improved edition has lately been published by James Ridgway.

of untranslated foreign phrases. Those phrases, once introduced, were gradually naturalized, and now compose a good deal of the most expressive and best sounding parts of our speech and writing. The gazettes and news-letters of the reign of Queen Anne, were more than one half French: and to them we owe the best of the settled phraseology of our military eloquence. Spite of the sneers of Johnson and other pedants, their example has been ever since laudably followed by news-writers, to the great improvement of our language in copiousness, and in anomalous variety. I contemplate with pride and satisfaction the success of the labours of English news-writers in this way since the æra of the French revolution. Once for all then, remember, that the more French and German in your translation, so much the better. Besides, should you make them too plain English, you might be too easily understood; you would not leave room sufficient for wonder and conjecture; you would want that happy ambiguity, without which, there is no denying what one says, nor claiming what one does not say.

Make a good use of these advices, and you shall not want for more.

April 10.

A. J.

SIR JEFFREY DUNSTAN AND THE ELEPHANT.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

HISTORY is perhaps never more usefully employed than in comparing eminent men with one another; and the comparison is still more beneficial when it is made between great living characters, and the illustrious dead. For this reason I have long been desirous to exhibit, as it were in one picture, the late Sir Jeffrey Dunstan,

Dunstan, of happy memory, and the present Mr. Edward K——e, broker and butcher, furnished the *Elephant*, not so much from his resembling that quadruped in sagacity as in size.

I am sensible of the extreme value of impartiality in a delineation of this sort, as well as the total impossibility of absolutely attaining it. Some lurking prejudice, some unaccountable, and perhaps unperceived bias, some instinctive sympathy, secretly impels the mind from its direct course. Who does not perceive, in the celebrated comparison between Cato and Cæsar, that Sallust involuntarily inclines towards the former? In the same manner, if by irresistible fate I incline towards the Elephant, as I fear I do, let me not be thought capable of meditating an injury to the *manes* of Sir Jeffrey.

One village gave them birth. Jeff was far the elder of the two; but, being short of stature, and his legs having that sort of bend which is vulgarly termed *knock-knee*, he was soon outstripped in growth by Ned. From their early youth they were both distinguished by a certain magnanimous and obstinate resistance to learning. Jeffrey, it is well known, would never eat gingerbread with letters on it; nor did he know one from another to the day of his death. Edward, it is true, can both read and write in a plain way. But in justice to him it ought to be mentioned, that he withstood the alphabet eight years, and was the death of two schoolmasters. The one burst a blood-vessel in beating the letter D into him with too much vehemence on a warm day; and the other, who was a very stout man, flogged himself into a consumption before Ned had got half through the letters. It must be confessed that Neddy's love of eating, which he has signalized so much in his riper years, and which was always eager, might have been a powerful auxiliary to the rod, if his
mental

mental faculties had not been duller than his digestive.

It is at this early period of life that the ruling passion so much talked of by Pope, is most easily discerned. Unhappy the biographer who would attempt to draw a character of his hero, if he knew him not while a boy. Thrice fortunate am I, who have not only such heroes, but who have seen the first workings of nature in them both.

The genius of Jeffrey was chiefly turned, like that of the heroes of Pindar, to horsemanship. The first halfpenny he ever had in his life he gave to a chimney-sweep for a gallop on the crupper of his jack-ass. This propensity led him to a roving independent kind of life, and produced that carelessness of attire, and bluntness of manners, which his best friends cannot altogether excuse. But it also contributed to his knowledge of the world, and procured him that high popularity amongst a certain class of the community, which advanced him with universal acclamation to the dignity of Mayor of Garratt, without bribe, treat, or promise. Yet such is the perverseness of men, that the attempts of the Elephant to procure applause, have generally failed. The world knows what eloquence he has shewn on the hustings at Guildhall, and been only derided. His finest gestures have been answered with a roar and a whistle. And on a late occasion, whilst he was offering the livery at the common hall every drop of blood in his body to distribute among the poor, if they would but agree to carry on the war, the scoundrels silenced him with a villainous horse-laugh.

But thanks to nature a thousand and a thousand times over, that those who are most liable to be laughed at, feel it the least.

Indeed, from the beginning of his life, the Elephant was more subject to bashfulness than shame. Neither did he seem desirous in his early years to acquire that
same

same which ambitious minds pursue, but wisely preferred the durable and substantial pleasures of the belly to empty applause. His unwieldy bulk and weight, which jack-ass could not sustain, and the awkwardness of his limbs, which were ill adapted to pedestrian motion, were circumstances unfavourable to his seeing a great deal, and perhaps inclined him the more to the amusement of mastication. But however that may be, certain it is that never halfpenny did he get which was not exchanged for black pudding. Not but that he would also eat gingerbread when it was given him; but it was nothing, he would say, to black pudding.

How delightful it is thus to trace great characters as it were from the very egg! Such is the feeling of the Roman poet when he follows the eaglet from his early attempts on lamb and mutton, to the exploits of his full strength against lions and dragons. It is the same craving of the gizzard which animates him throughout. And often, while I revolved such ideas in my mind, was my prophetic eye accustomed to glance from the youthful Neddy, with the black pudding in his list, to the mature Edward fighting his way amongst Aldermen for turtle and custard:

“Nunc inter reluctantes dracones

“Egit amor dapis —”

Nor has it been less my amusement to imagine what Sir Jeffrey might have been, if he had been endowed by nature with the vigorous appetite of the Elephant. Instead of spending his age with his ill-accounted jack-ass, vending his own *effigies* for halfpence in the street, he might have filled Guildhall with rice, to be sold in barrels to the poor, “and the profit, *if any*, to go to the *butchering account*.” He might have got a shop in Honey-lane market, without rent, and have sold beef for his amusement, and profit. He might have presided over the Constitutional Livery.

the King's Head in the Poultry : but still let me doubt whether he could have lent himself with proper grace and equal activity, as canvasser-general to every being without brains that would open a committee at the said King's Head. *Non omnia possumus omnes.* Be contented, ye friends of Sir Jeffrey, with his own praises, nor seek to fix a garland on his head, which the immortal Gods destined to flourish only on that of his rival.

Rival, alas ! I am constrained to say : for seldom is it the lot of great cotemporaries to pass through the world without strife. In vain did peace and mutual confidence gild their youth, and adorn their riper age. A dissension at length arose, from causes which historians are not yet well agreed upon. Some will have it that Sir Jeffrey discovered an intrigue between his consort and the Elephant. But this I know to be an injurious aspersion. Others blame envy, from which it is certain that great characters are not always exempt. They relate, that on the day of the inauguration of Sir Jeffrey as Mayor of Garratt, the Elephant, after qualifying and voting for his friend, took his station in the highest good humour amongst the crowd, to see the cavalcade pass by. But when he saw Sir Jeffrey in a clean dust-cart, drawn in triumph by six jack-asses, their heads decorated with green leaves, and hailed by the acclamations of the mob, his colour immediately changed, and his nostrils dilated exceedingly ; a faculty which he possesses in an eminent degree, and never fails to exert when the disaffected livery hits him on the huffings. His eyes rolled dreadfully ; and, in short, it was manifest that the Elephant's spleen had begun to swell. But, for my own part, I do not believe that the Elephant was so much smitten with envy, as with the disappointment of seeing Sir Jeffrey ride off without giving a dinner. This, at least, is the most characteristic supposition ; and we find accordingly, that since that time, the Elephant has taken especial

care never to vote or canvass for any man whatever, without first stipulating for a dinner of his own ordering.

This unfortunate affair, however, by no means broke off the habits of intimacy between the two great men. It only produced a coolness on the part of the Elephant. Sir Jeffrey, after the bustle of election, returned into his usual track of quiet life, probably unconscious of any offence; and when he met with the Elephant, they seemed as cordial as before. And the world, as well as themselves, might probably have forgotten the affair at Garratt, if it had not been for the treaty of Pilnitz.

The high contracting parties in that solemn league, having, for the glory of God, and the advancement of religion, agreed to dismember France of several provinces, and reinstate the legitimate king in the remainder under their own control; the Elephant, of course, as president of the Constitutional Livery, considered himself a party concerned. He naturally desired to have the concurrence of Sir Jeffrey in so important a transaction, and he accordingly invited him to smoke a pipe of Virginia at the Golden Lion in Camberwell. Sir Jeffrey, like other loyal subjects, hugely delighted in a French war, being fond of sea-fights and illuminations; but having little vital Christianity, he could form no idea how religion had any thing to do with the affair. So after hearing the Elephant at full length on the fine opportunity that offered of attacking France in its then enfeebled condition; Sir Jeffrey thought it scarcely fair play. "Mendoza," says he, "is a Jew, but damme he won't strike a man when he is on his back." The Elephant was staggered at this sudden retort; but speedily collecting himself, he answered, that he did not know what a boxer would do who had not the fear of God; but he knew that Deputy Birch, who made the best tur-
tle

the soup of any man in England, and other members of the Common Council, who were equally eminent for eating it, had all agreed that the war was just and necessary.—“But above all,” quoth the Elephant, “that great and religious man, Mr. Wilberforce, whom you have often heard me speak of by the name of my little friend *Nicodemus*, has positively declared it a just and necessary war.”—“The devil he has?” says Sir Jeffrey. “Humbug for *Nicodemus*.” The Elephant, in amazement, repeated the name of *Nicodemus* again and again; and each time he repeated it, O indignant reader, did Sir Jeffrey exclaim, *Humbug!*

The Elephant perceiving that he was possessed of the devil, deserted him forthwith. And often has he had reason to approve his judgment. For, like all the true and disinterested supporters of this most glorious and most successful war, he has found his income daily increase, while Sir Jeffrey, with the vile rabble, was speedily reduced to beggary.

Whether Mr. Wilberforce ever heard of this anecdote, I am not certain; but I rather think not, since he never made any motion about it in the House of Commons. Neither do I know whether Sir Jeffrey persisted in this injurious exposure of the sacred character of *Nicodemus*, which every day develops more clearly to the world; but much do I fear that the apprehension of Sir Jeffrey was to the last too carnal to perceive in their true colours the spiritual graces of a faintly politician.

After such transactions, it must appear an instance of singular forbearance in the Elephant and the Secretary of State, that Sir Jeffrey Dunstan was permitted to die in his own garret. He never was even mentioned in any green bag of treason, nor was ever taken to the prison in Cold Bath Fields. Nay, it is possible that if hunger had allowed him to live a few years

longer, the fatal breach which I have commemorated might have been repaired. Nicodemus, Sir Jeffrey, and the Elephant, leading their respective bands of saints, ragamuffins, and Constitutional Livery coming up at this critical moment, might soon have enabled the *hop doctor* to subdue the mania of France, and Mr. Secretary Hawkebury to plant his triumphant colours on the Consular palace.

The last time I ever saw Sir Jeffrey, I hoped for some union of this kind. It was at his usual station in the front of the Bank of England, some months before that well administered institution stopped payment. His faithful jack-ass was with him, and the eyes of both were fixed on the ground. Hunger seemed busy with each, and threw an air of solemn interest over their countenances. Sir Jeffrey looked like one inspired. His empty bag was thrown over his shoulder, the emblem, type, and forerunner of scarcity. It chanced to fall down; and when he took it up again, he gave it a shake with the mouth downwards, at the same time looking at the Bank, and then he shook his head. At this moment the Elephant, who had just been taking his luncheon at the King's Head, came up. He looked, as I imagined, with some tenderness on Sir Jeffrey, and put his hand in his waistcoat pocket; but as he pulled it out again, the halfpenny which he had between his finger and thumb, fell back into its place.

Unfortunate Sir Jeffrey! had thy proud heart but borne up against the frowns of fortune till the present time, and if at this moment thou couldst go to the shop of the Elephant in Honey-lane market, with money enough in thy pocket to buy a joint of beef, he would give thee several potatoes into the bargain. But then, Sir Jeffrey, thou must have acknowledged thyself a beggar, and have calmly endured the taunts which clumsy opulence knows so well to throw out upon the miserable.

miserable. For thou surely couldst not hope for charity with thy wild ungartered hose hanging over thy shoes; nor couldst thou think it hard if the Elephant refused thee a potatoe ticket, unless thou first consentedst to scrub those ears, though never before washed by human hands, and to clean that face, which was never wet but with water from Heaven.

But why do I repine? Thou wast not formed, Sir Jeffrey, for these times. Thy stubborn independence was not fitted to receive potatoes of the Elephant, or soup from the alms-shop. Peace be with thine ashes! A milder generation has arisen, which can bear with equal composure the curb of arrogance, and the lash of folly, the paw of the tiger, and the tooth of the rat.

April 10.

PHOSPHORUS GLASS: A POEM.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SIR,

MANY of your readers, who heard the lecture at the Royal Institution on Thursday night last, may remember not only the practical joke of sprinkling the ladies with phosphoric æther, but also a piece of philosophical wit, related of some ingenious German, whose name I have forgot, concerning Phosphoric Glass. The conceit was, that as all animals are convertible into phosphorus, and, of course, into glass of phosphorus, it would be paying a much greater tribute of respect to an ancestor or deceased friend, to convert him into this substance, than to bury his body, and only keep his picture; and that it would produce a much deeper and more lasting impression on the memory, to be in possession of the very person of him we loved, than to pursue a dubious resemblance of his features, in an outline which is seldom exact, and in colours which are always fading. As I am more of a moralist

than a chemist (if you will forgive so improper an expression, for I am neither), this idea took complete possession of my mind, to the utter exclusion of the new and old methods of composing the substance in question, or its union with others. The lecture closed, but the German philosopher kept his hold. As I returned home, I fancied I saw in the lamps the phosphorised bodies of departed watchmen, still lighting my steps, and providing for my security. I trembled as I held my glass to my mouth at supper; and surveyed the sideboard with the same reverence as if it was the inside of Westminster Abbey. In short, I went to bed in this vitreous humour; and had no sooner closed my eyes, than my imagination transported me at once into an immense manufactory of phosphoric glass.

My conductor, who was the proprietor, and, of course, the most obliging and intelligent man in the world, explained to me very much at large, not only the different utensils, for which different sorts of glass were required, but the different characters from whose bodies it was necessary to procure each sort. "All physiognomists," said he, "and some physicians, pretend to describe the temper of the mind, the former by observing the lineaments of the face; the latter by the constitution of the body; but it is to the phosphoric glassman that the human heart is really laid open; he only can discover, and that long after it has ceased to beat, by what passions it has been governed. Who can doubt, Sir," continued he, showing me a convex mirror, in which every limb appeared to be any thing but a member of the human body, "that this is a preparation of a censorious old maid? But the common signs of that character, a meagre form, and a pale and contracted visage, may be equally the effect of a colic, to which the most amiable and indulgent of people are no less subject." This old woman,

woman, however, had proved an excellent article for my friend ; for, besides the mirror, he had made a piece of coloured glass of her, which an eminent optician had bought of him for a considerable sum, in order to observe the spots in the sun. I had seen so hideous a figure of myself here, that I was glad to recover my shape by consulting a fine looking-glass which stood near me, and to find myself not so great a monster as the vitrified old lady had represented me. My conductor, who chose rather to follow than direct my attention, immediately advanced, with, I think, the clearest piece of what appeared to be plate glass, I ever saw. He told me they were from the same subject ; that he had not such another piece in his shop, and never had above half a dozen like it since he had been in business. " Good glass," says he, " is as scarce as good people. Observe, Sir, how this pure substance admits the rays of light, and illuminates the objects on the other side, without distorting them : observe how other rays strike on the surface of the mirror, and are reverberated with increased brightness—apt emblems of the untainted purity, the manly sense, the strong judgment, and quick discernment which were the light and ornament of the world while it conversed among men under the form of Eugenio."

It was not till he had finished this eulogium that he had observed, with surprise, that my eyes were bearing testimony to the truth of it. Eugenio had been my dearest friend ; I had lost him two years ago ; and now almost fancying I had recovered him, I eagerly inquired the price of the mirror and the plate, both which I determined to purchase at any rate ; when my generous conductor, seeing by the meanness of my appearance that I was going to sacrifice my prudence to my affection, said he could put no price upon Eugenio, and made me a present of both. It would be endless to tell you, Sir, what lively strokes of satire
and

and what noble lessons of morality escaped from the mouth of this man while he was simply describing to me the articles which furnished his shop. I saw heaps of physicians and apothecaries returning to their stibles, and to the chambers of the sick, in the shape of vials ; nervous ladies in snelling-bottles ; rich heirs blown into decanters, with their fathers ground into the unthankful capacity of stoppers, soon laid aside ; and a man whom I had formerly known, but who, for some years before his death, had fallen into universal contempt for behaving ill to a young lady whom he had engaged to marry, I recognised in a piece of cut glass. Galileo hung up in a room, secure from the Inquisition, and no longer an astronomer, but a telescope ; Lewenhock, in the microscope which had been made out of him, might have seen a thousand animalcules in the least of the embryos he discovered in the milt of a cod-fish : and I saw a parcel of boys taking shocks and sparks out of an electrical machine, which, upon inquiry, I found to be the great Cavallo himself. Of politicians, some were made into panes of ground glass, quite impervious to the sight ; others into excellent spectacles, and most easily seen through ; and I washed my hands in an Under Secretary of State, of whom I believe I might have still made a dirtier use, if I had been so inclined. I amused myself in this manner for some hours, when I was informed that there was one room I had not yet seen ; and I had scarcely time to inquire for it, before two folding doors opened, and such a blaze of light beat upon my eyes, that it was some time before I could lift them to the object from which it burst, which was an immense lustre, suspended from the top of the room. Candles of course were needless, where the whole was phosphorus ; but the variety of the pieces, the different degrees and sorts of light which they emitted, together with the art displayed in the combination of them, produced a most sublime

sublime and transporting effect. Here the proprietor had been amusing himself with collecting specimens of all the great men this country ever produced, so that this lustre might be said to be a complete *Biographia Britannica* in glass. There was one piece which might have been mistaken for a crystal lamp, which was formerly animated by the soul of Milton; its fantastical neighbour, the phosphoric glass of Shakespeare, sometimes vomited flames of fire, while at other times it appeared almost extinguished. Addison burnt with a bright and beautiful light; Pope, with a flame more vivid, but hardly so pleasant to the eye. The other poets and historians were formed into the prettiest rows and circles of brilliants, and our military and naval heroes shone with various degrees of lustre, according to their respective shares of glory. Though the German doctor will never forgive me, I must inform you that the philosophers in general were rather dim. I was so exceedingly delighted with this scene, that I resolved to pass the rest of my life in the warehouse, if the proprietor would find a situation for me in it: he smiled at my purpose. "It is fit, then," says he, "that you should see me at work; and here is a new piece, which I will set in your presence." Upon which he pulled it out of his pocket; but it was of such amazing brightness, that my eyes were unable to stand this second shock; and I had but just time to hear him pronounce the name of Howe, when I awoke, and found it was a dream.

May 13.

H. P.

OLD SARUM: AN IMPROMPTU.

[From the Oracle.]

FAME, blow the trumpet! T'other morn,
'T is said, *Lord Hare'em Scare'em*
Gave to the learned *Parson Horne*
The borough of *Old Sarum*:

Who

Who says, "I'll chatter wrong or right,
 And ring such an alarum,
 That many a poor unhappy wight
 Shall curse the *borough of Sarum*.
 "Like wolves when growling o'er their prey,
 I'll mumble, bite, and tear them;
 E'en Pitt himself shall rue the day
 When I came in for *Sarum*.
 "Promoters of the income-tax!
 By Jove I will not spare them,
 But lay it stoutly on their backs,
 Now I've the *borough of Sarum*."
 Oh, Tooke! renounce such trifling arts,
 Pray, Reverend Sir, beware them;
 Exert thy known acknowledg'd parts,
 And credit ancient *Sarum*.

THE OLD SARUM REPRESENTATIVE.

QUESTION.

SAYS John Horne Tooke unto the Chair,
 "I beg leave to entreat
 That you, Sir John, would now declare,
 Why priests have here no seat?"

REPLY.

"The reason unto all is clear,
 Concise, and strictly true;
 There are so many preachers here,
 We have no room for you."

SU. ESS—WHY.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL:

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

I AM not a politician, but I am much of a church-
 man, and somewhat of an antiquary. I wish our
 representatives had not thought proper to question the
 eligibility

eligibility of the clergy to sit in the House of Commons. Starting questions that have been at rest for many years, naturally drives us back—back, very far back, into antiquity, and I would fain whisper in the ears of our M. P.'s, that the farther they go, the worse they will fare.

What, Sir, will they find? Neither more nor less than this, that St. Stephen's Chapel was consecrated to religious purposes, as any other church or chapel, and that it can no more be *unconsecrated* by its own act and deed, or by the act and deed of any other person, than a clergyman can be *unfrocked*, unless in case of heinous delinquency. It is expressly stated in the consecration service, that churches, &c. are "separated from all profane and common uses." Now, Sir, can you find in history what crime this poor chapel was guilty of, that it should be *deposed*, and turned into a Parliament House? For my part, I cannot discover a single offence *before* it was employed in its present purposes. We all know that profaning a consecrated edifice by civil uses is a direct violation of law: and one of the crimes of which we have often accused the French is their turning their churches into drill-rooms for their soldiers, and stables for their horses; and yet drilling soldiers, and rubbing down horses, are not in themselves greater offences than making motions and amending bills. It is the *place* that constitutes the crime, and why? Plainly because of *consecration*, which the power of the church only can give or take away, if it *can* be taken away, which I very much doubt. Stone and mortar are seldom guilty of those offences which would bring on deposition. They give no trouble to Doctors' Commons or the Court of King's Bench, and are content to *reside* on the spot where they were first *inducted*.

I have therefore submitted these few remarks to you, rather in the way of doubts. Where history is silent,
it

it becomes us to be as little positive as may be: but I should very much wish to hear a clever debate on the *indelibility of churches*.

May 18.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

GOTHICUS.

THE COFFEE-ROOM.

[From the Oracle]

MR. EDITOR,

YOU must know I am in my seventieth year, and in my youth was so particularly partial to theatrical amusements, that every new play was certain of my attendance. From the theatre I generally repaired to one of the neighbouring coffee-houses, where, in a respectable and enlightened circle, the merits of the piece were liberally discussed, amendments or omissions suggested, and the spirit of criticism had free room for the exertion of its corrective powers. The last thirty years of my life having been wholly spent in the country, you may easily conceive my satisfaction, when, on visiting the metropolis a short time ago, with all my old propensities as strong as ever, I was informed that a new comedy was to be represented on the very evening of my arrival. I hurried to the pit door, but, alas! too late! the house was full! What was to be done? To think of going to bed without some information on the subject was impossible, and I at length determined to be content with an account of the performance at second hand; for which purpose I entered a coffee-house in the vicinity of the theatre, and expected the end of the play with the greatest impatience. I ordered coffee, read all the papers, wrote several unnecessary letters, destroyed two or three toothpicks, and counted the tedious minutes, till at last the clock struck ten, and a party of fashionable young men rushed from the theatre into the coffee-room.

room. After a vociferous call for the supper bill, which was examined with the most scrupulous attention, I expected the commencement of their critical remarks, but heard nothing except repeated hastening of the supper, chiding of the waiters, and orders for fresh delicacies every moment. Imagining the party were too hungry to think of any subject till the cravings of appetite were satisfied, I waited with some anxiety the conclusion of their meal, during which I was edified by many serious dissertations on the age of the wine, the composition of the sauce, and the comparative merits of several noted cooks. Supper being at length ended, and the glass going merrily round, now is the time (thought I) for criticism! now for a display of genius, erudition, and acuteness! I was all attention; but, to my very great astonishment, the conversation turned entirely on the actors and actresses, without a single word being said on the comedy. The actors were praised not for their histrionic but convivial excellence, and termed jolly dogs! high fellows! and one or two were enthusiastically celebrated for their univalled abilities as chairmen, punsters, and toast-masters: but when the actresses became the topic of discourse, it was with difficulty I could credit the evidence of my ears, thinking they were each describing a favourite horse or hound, as the words "spirit, make, figure, forehead, &c." were run over with all the technical volubility of an experienced huntsman or horse-dealer!

Having at length waited till the effects of the wine became rather too obvious, I retired to my lodgings disgusted, vexed, and disappointed; and shall return into the country with a full conviction that the young men of the present day pay more attention to the kitchen and the cellar than to the study, and enjoy more refined satisfaction in pleasing the palate than in improving the understanding.

May 2.

Yours,
TIMOTHY CRABTREE.

THE BLUE AND THE RED JACKETS.

VERSIFICATION OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE'S SPEECH
IN PRAISE OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

[From the Morning Herald.]

MY LORDS,

THOUGH the British blue jacket's unrivall'd at sea,
I admire its red one in equal degree;
No matter what jacket a bold Briton wears,
He'll trim a *French jacket* wherever he steers!
Let the red, like the blue, be but skilfully led,
And our soldiers will soon send the foe to death's bed;
Give them leaders like Marlbro', like Stair, like Argyle,
Like Wolfe, and such heroes *, the boast of our isle!
Let entigns, like midshipmen, learn well their art,
Some years study tactics, they'll fill well their part.
Let merit, not money, the land service rule,
No commissions be sold to raw boys just from school!
Let tried talent, let service, advancement obtain,
And the brave British army skill'd leaders will gain;
For Britons were equally born to subdue,
Should their jackets be red, or their jackets be blue.

Portsmouth Harbour.

MIDSHIPS.

ON THE DEFEAT OF THE DANES.

BRITANNIA greets her conquering sons once more;
Yet through her smiles is seen the rising tear—
The living she must praise, the dead deplore!
She weeps their loss whom memory still holds dear.
Peace to their shades! they boldly death defied;
The heroes bravely fought and nobly died.

Now let the song of triumph swell,
And now the victor's glory tell;
Sound high the British seaman's fame,
And English gratitude proclaim:

* When his Royal Highness spoke in praise of the British soldiery,
the news of General Abercromby's glorious victory had not arrived.

Speak

Speak how a generous nation gave
 Its willing tribute to the brave ;
 How to the widow's, orphan's grief,
 The patriot fountain flow'd relief.

So shall the language of our hearts include
 Our brave defenders' praise—our gratitude.

H.

ON THE COMPLAINTS

MADE OF THE BADNESS OF THE SONGS THAT HAD
 BEEN WRITTEN IN HONOUR OF OUR "BRAVE AND
 GALLANT NAVAL DEFENDERS."

OUR valiant tars ! no *words* can speak their meed ;
 They've drain'd the Muse's treasure long before ;
 No *lines* but those by Nelson made they read,
 No *music* charms them like the cannon's roar !
 Yet they possess (though bards no hymns can raise),
 Silent, yet eloquent—a nation's praise !

EPSOM RACES.

[From the Oracle.]

COME, Madam Muse, new nib thy pen,
 And put on thy best graces,
 To sing in merry jocund strain
 The joys of Epsom races.

Curricles, coaches, chaises, gigs,
 Beaux, bloods, and men of trade,
 Blacklegs, nobles, peers, and prigs,
 All join the cavalcade.

The young, the old, the brown, the fair,
 Of pleasure take their fill ;
 The mania spreads from Berkeley Square
 As far as Fish Street Hill !

Miss Drugget cries, "My sweet Papa,
 Let's go to Epsom, pray;
 There's you, and I, and dear Mamma,
 Will fill a one-horse chay.

"In order to go safe and slow,
 By daybreak we'll set off;
 The rule will do you good, I know,
 And cure your nasty cough.

"I doats upon the country now,
 How sweet the *wernal* breezes!
 We'll take our dinner, too, I *avow*,
 And dine beneath the *treezes*."

Old Drugget shook his cranium wise,
 But Madam cried, "I fegs!
 What though old Dobb'n's lost both eyes,
 He still has got four legs.

"You cruel man, you're more severe
 Than Chinese, Turk, or Persian;
 Deny your wife and daughter dear
 But one short day's diversion?

"So, Mr. Drugget, pray give o'er,
 And mind what I desire;
 Go to the liv'ryman next door,
 And quick a buggy hire."

The cit found all resistance naught,
 My lady was in *arnest*;
 The chaise was hur'd, provisions bought,
 And poor old Dobl'n harnes'd.

Through ev'ry village that they went
 The boys began a hooting;
 Their luckless steed was almost spent
 Before they got to Tooting.

Old Drugget laid on many a blow,
 And whipp'd with might and main;
 And now, behold, he cried "Gee-ho!"
 And now he jerk'd the rein.

At length he turn'd to spousy dear,
 And said, "My sweetest jewel,
 The race-ground, love, is very near,
 For, see, we're ent'ring Ewell."

Reaching,

Reaching, at last, the crowded course,
They gap'd, they star'd, they wonder'd;
Whilst bets upon the fav'rite horse
Vociferously thunder'd.

The cit exclaim'd, " Confound this din;
I wish, as I'm a sinner,
This cursed racing would begin,
That I might get my dinner.

" What with the fagging that I've had,
By Jove I'm almost dead!
Holla! you, Sir! come here, my lad,
You, gin and gingerbread!"

But when the racing list he reads,
To trust his sight afraid is;
" Zounds! here's not only *sporting steeds*,
But also *sporting ladies*!

" Sure there was never such a scene,
Since days of Father Adam;
I'll see it nearer;" out he leapt,
And gave the rein to Madam.

Ent'ring a booth, a dext'rous cheat,
In trick and cunning able,
Seduc'd the unsuspecting cit
To join an E O table.

Tempted by play's inviting call,
A guinea bright he ventures;
And views the circling of the ball,
On expectation's tenters.

Breathless with joy, he gain'd his chaise,
And cried, " The guinea's won!"
But who can paint his grief, amaze—
His fav'rite watch was gone!

With dreadful ire his bosom burn'd,
But now the horses start;
Alas! the chaise was overturn'd,
By running 'gainst a cart!

Away went Drugget and his dear,
Away went ham and chicken;
With bottles, glasses, wine, and beer,
Ye Gods, what pretty picking!

There, too, good lack ! between the wheels
 Was seen their hapless daughter,
 Kicking aloft her lovely heels,
 'Midst copious streams of porter !
 " I've lost my wig," poor Drugget roar'd—
 " Your wig ! that's nought," cried Miss ;
 " Mamma has spoil'd her bran-new gown,
 And I my blue pelisse."

The unlucky chaite went quite to pot,
 Old Dobbin, too, was undone ;
 At great expense a cart they got
 To take them back to London.

Arriv'd at home, th' enraged cit,
 With words the most uncivil,
 Sent horses, jockies, E O too,
 All packing to the devil !

May 25.

SLY-BOOTS.

VERSES ON SIR J—— L——'S COMING OF AGE.

BY THE LATE DR. JOHNSON.

LONG expected one and twenty,
 Ling'ring year, at length is flown ;
 Pride and pleasure, pomp and plenty,
 Great Sir J——, are now your own.

Loosen'd from the minor's tether,
 Free to mortgage or to sell,
 Wild as wind, and light as feather,
 Bid the sons of thrift farewell.

Call the Betties, Kates, and Jennies,
 All the names that banish care ;
 Lavish of your grandfire's guineas,
 Shew the spirit of an heir.

All that prey on vice or folly,
 Joy to see their quarry fly ;
 Here the gamester light and jolly,
 There the lender grave and sly.

Wealth,

Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,
 Let it wander as it will;
 Call the jockey, call the pander,
 Bid them come and take their fill.
 When the bonny blade carouses,
 Pockets full and spirits high,
 What are acres? what are houses?
 Only dirt, or wet or dry.
 Should the guardian, friend, or mother,
 Tell the woes of wilful waste;
 Scorn their counsel, scorn their bother,
 You can hang or drown at last.

SONNET BY A DISCIPLE OF THE DELLA
 CRUSCAN SCHOOL,

ON AWAKENING IN THE MORNING.

HARK! milk-pails rattle, and the pavement rude
 Growls at the pressure of the dustman's cart;
 The sweepers, too, their treble yell impart—
 Sure tokens all of busy day renew'd.
 Ah, me! I love to see the bust'ing throng:
 Devoid they seem of care-engend'ring thought:
 May they ne'er know (by stern misfortune taught)
 The woes depressive * that to me belong!
 The beamy god of light, whose matin ray
 Illumines them to diligent employ,
 Wakes me, alas! from sweet oblivious joy,
 With tears and laments still to hail the day.
 To give my sorrow-stricken breast repose,
 I'll e'en essay to take another doze.

* Coining is not felony by the law of sonnetry.

THOMAS TYRWHITT JONES, ESQ.'S CELEBRATED
SPEECH, &c. &c. ON THE TREATY
OF EL-ARISH.

DELIVERED BY THAT UNPARALLELED PATRIOT AND IN-
COMPARABLE ORATOR IN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF
COMMONS, ON TUESDAY, JUNE 2, 1801.

PARAPHRASTICALLY VERSIFIED BY WHIGAMOUR WHIP-
STER, ESQ. L.L.D. PARAPHRAST-GENERAL TO THE WHIG
CLUB.

[From the True Briton.]

AS I promis'd and vow'd, Mr. Speaker, I rise
To bring forward, on Egypt, my motion so wise.
Be assur'd, right or wrong, to my text I am staunch,
And, though Pitt at my head his anathemas launch,
There he'll find no impression is easily made:
With "El-Arish" I'll bore him again—who's afraid?
So to come to the point: what I now shall propound,
I expect, Sir, to controvert none will be found:
To the Ottoman Porte that Sir Sidney Smith went
As Great Britain's Minister Plenipotent:
This, first I lay down as a fact: and, if so,
If the 'foresaid Sir Sid. was indeed plenipo.
He'd a right, Sir, the treaty to make—and, beside,
By the treaty he made we are bound to abide.
(These minors both tread on the heels of my major:
And logic I'll chop with the House for a wager.)
Let Fame then, with blast everlasting, awake her
Loud trumpet in praise of the hero of Acre!
When the Frenchmen on Egypt agreed to turn tail, he
Had made of that contest a brilliant finale:
At least you must own all the world and his wife
Thought El-Arish's treaty had ended the strife.
Now you'll find in the motion I make, 'tis my wish
To discover who spoilt this fine kettle of fish;
Who his Majesty counsell'd to order Lord Keith
To detain these same Frenchmen in spite of their teeth;
And so cut out fresh work for our army and navy:
These ill counsellors, Sir, we must make cry "Peccavi!"
I ascribe it to those who of late rul'd the roast,
That the country's forsworn, like a knight of the post.

Think what mischiefs result from this gross violation
 Of treaty!—*imprimis*, war's continuation;
 Hence musket and bayonet mangle and mar men;
 Hence our character's lost, situation's alarming;
 Embroil'd with the French, by a dreadful fatality,
 Here's the devil, besides, of an armed neutrality.
 At the Ottoman Porte we shake hands with the Pagan,
 Yet demolish good Christians before Copenhagen;
 On the Baltic we kick up a terrible rumpus,
 And to loggerheads fall at all points of the compass:
 Prussia's sovereign, too, with our court keeps no measures,
 But Hanover seizes, and pockets her treasures.
 With the Russians you'll find we shall soon have a brawl,
 Alexander as scurvily treats us as Paul.
 'T is as clear as noon-day what they both would be at,
 In their late manifestos each nose smells a rat.
 If you ask whence accrue all these ills that I mention,
 From the rupture, I say, of El-Arish' convention.
 Sirs, we're all bought and sold, and must come to the parish,
 By this horrible breach of good faith at El-Arish!
 But this is not the worst: fresh calamity's brew'd;
 The confounded ill wind that blows nobody good
 Wafts away our best troops, who to Egypt are gone,
 Where the crocodiles swear they'll eat ev'ry man John.
 And this, just at the moment when great Bonaparte,
Tam Mercurio, gentlemen! famous *quam Marte*,
 Will invade us with both, with finesse and with weapons,
 And despoil all our fobs of their Birmingham ha'pence.
 Then there's Portugal too, which so oft has been squeaking,
 To the enemy truckles, perhaps, while I'm speaking;
 When you might have prevented her hapless surrender,
 If you'd only dispatch'd those same troops to defend her.
 Alexandria, 't is said, three French frigates incog.
 Have enter'd, with grenadiers freighted and prog.
 And if this be a lie, the reporters of course meant
 To appal us with news of a grand reinforcement;
 But, alas! if 't is true, we've no doctors I'm sure,
 Our poor men, when these grenadiers kill 'em, to cure.
 For, surgeons, they say, in our army are scarce,
 And no wonder, since there letting blood's but a farce.
 Are our forces from India alive, Sirs, and merry?
 Have they pass'd the Red Sea, or the Stygian Ferry?

Yet,

Yet, I own such inquiries as these 't is not fair on
 Our new statesmen to press—I should question old Charon.
 But 't is time to wind up; for you seem, Sirs, in hopes
 I've exhausted my metaphors, figures, and tropes:
 Full well I'm for one of Job's comforters known,
 Their kind rhetoric mine is, his patience your own:
 Yet were Job in this House, he, like you, might look queerish;
 I'll return then (from whence I set out) to "El-Arish;"
 And those Frenchmen so gallant, whom Admiral Keith
 Repell'd from embarking, in spite of their teeth;
 And incontinent move, "That an humble address
 To his Majesty's hands be presented express:
 And the pray'r on't is this: That he'll vouchsafe to tell us,
 His Commons so faithful, what rascally fellows
 They were to whose wicked advice he gave ear,
 When he issued those orders that cost us so dear,
 And commanded Lord Keith to behave in so bearish
 A way to the well-bred Monfieurs at "El-Arish;"
 And empow'r us to send to old Satan a cargo
 Of all those who promoted this cursed embargo:
 For no gift we can offer he'll think half so rare,
 As those rogues who affronted his friends at "El-Arish."
 Then, in hopes I shall find our dread Sov'reign according
 To this modest address, I'll transmit it to Jordan*,
 To be printed and puff'd, for I'm sure he'll befriend it;
 But, should Jordan refuse, I'll to Jericho send it.

June 8.

VERSIFICATION OF THE CELEBRATED SPEECH

OF A RIGHT HON. MEMBER OF A GREAT ASSEMBLY, ON
 THE MOTION FOR THE SECOND READING OF THE
 INDEMNITY BILL—FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1801.

BY THE PARAPHRASE OF THE WHIG CLUB.

[From the True Briton.]

● FROM the measure propos'd to this House, I lament,
 That myself should be found the first Lord to dissent †;

* The printer of all Mr. T. Jones's celebrated speeches.

† Lord S* was sorry he should be the first Lord to object to
 a measure which pressed for the attention of the House.—*True Briton*,
June 20.

Yet,

Yet, I can't but observe of these rulers of ours,
 Had they duly employ'd those extraordinary pow'rs,
 To ensure the state's safety, which Parliament gave;
 We should never have heard them indemnity crave;
 But, if they 've exceeded the length of their rope,
 No indemnification you'll grant 'em I hope * :
 For I 'm certain they never can make me amends
 For confining those knaves, my particular friends,
 Who, had Ministers left them at large, you well know
 Had been hang'd or transported a long while ago † .
 Such abuse at the root of all liberty strikes ;
 Shall a Briton, my Lords, not be hang'd when he likes,
 But, in hemp-disappointed from cutting a dash, he
 Be kept out of harm's way by a "*lettre de cachet* ?"
 Such "*lettres*" (preventing the law's execution)
 Were a primary cause of the French revolution ‡ :
 And if traitors they save from the gibbet, I wcen,
 Loyal subjects must bow to the French guillotine.

Let

* Lord S. observed, that if Ministers acted only in the due exercise of the powers, extraordinary as they were, which Parliament had thought fit to commit to their hands for the maintenance of the public safety, he thought the bills by which those powers were sanctioned rendered indemnification wholly unnecessary: if, however, they had wantonly exceeded those powers, to the *unjust injury* of individuals, he never would consent to indemnity, &c.

† So far, however, was he from thinking Ministers deserved indemnity, he believed they had greatly abused the powers granted them, and that many had been detained in prison for years under circumstances of peculiar hardship and oppression, &c. &c.—*Courier*, June 20, 1801.

‡ This sort of conduct, the issuing of "*lettres de cachet*," this species of bad government, had been the primary cause of the subversion of the government in a neighbouring kingdom.—*Courier*, June 20.

This opinion of letters de cachet having contributed to effect the French revolution, is justified by a circumstance (of which the noble orator, perhaps, was not aware) in the private history of M. Mirabeau. He had cheated M. De la Fayette out of a very considerable sum, and, on detection, his friends had interest enough to procure a *lettre de cachet*, through which, by a temporary but most opportune imprisonment in the Bastille, the unfortunate Louis XVI saved from being cut off by the judgment of the law one of the most effectual instruments
 of

Let me next the forbearance and lenity state*
 Of all those who directed our councils of late;
 For the rights of the subject they car'd not a penny,
 And, in proof on 't, two facts I'll select out of many:
 Both are cases in point, I assure you, relating
 To two Lords who, like me, are addicted to prating.
 The first of their Lordships in Maidstone Town-hall
 Words improper a few, inadvertent let fall;
 ('T was the time when our club, who are men of strict
 honour,
 Swore truth out of repute for the traitor O'Connor†.)
 They were perfectly harmless, their drift I could shew t'ye,
 Went only to teach courts of justice their duty:
 These words inoffensive no sooner were spoke
 Than his Lordship's right hon'able pate it was broke, }
 This was paying a pretty fair price for a joke:
 But Administration, my Lords, had no bowels
 Of pity or commiseration; for how else
 Could they ever have kept this unfortunate Peer
 In the Tower of London mew'd up a whole year,

of the destruction of himself and the monarchy. To this fact a respectable French writer adverts, who, speaking of the clement reign of Louis, observes: "Pendant cet intervalle de tems l'abus des lettres de cachet étoit devenu presque imperceptible, et le plus facheux effet qu'elles eurent eu alors, ça été de sauver Mirabeau de la corde."—*Observ. du Chev. de la Bintonaye.*

* With regard to the forbearance and lenity of the late Ministers in exercising the powers put into their hands by the acts for suspending the Habeas Corpus, let then Lordships judge from two instances which he would select out of many: the one, that of a Noble Lord tried for a few improper words inadvertently uttered in a court of justice. The Noble Lord had been sentenced to a twelvemonth's imprisonment in the Tower. Had any period of the time been abridged or remitted? No; he continued in the Tower the whole time.—*Courier.*

† "Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," quoth the corporal, "but nothing to this."—*Tristram Shandy.*

The sarcasms levelled at the right hon. and honourable swearers at Maidstone, will be found extremely futile. Their procedure is completely justifiable on a principle laid down by Butler, viz.

———"In all courts of justice here
 The witness is not said to swear,
 But *make oath*; that is, in plain terms,
 To forge whatever he affirms."—*Hudibras.*

And

And our Whiggery scar'd, who a little more guarded
Have been since they found it was—"Proximus ardet?"

The other sad case for your consideration,
Is the case of a Duke, my right noble relation * :
His Grace a few sentiments chanc'd to express,
Which display'd little wit, and of prudence still less ;
But I 'm sure to his words you 'll free pardon accord,
For the Duke, when he spoke 'em, was drunk as a lord,
And whenever he 's brim full of port and October,
He talks just as I do myself when I 'm sober :
Besides, I 'll avouch that it signifies not
What trash a man vents when his brains are red hot,
If, when once they grow cool, on the stool of repentance
He sits down, like the Duke, and recants ev'ry sentence.
'T is well known, 'midst his jollyfications and mirth
My Lord Duke 's the most affable creature on earth.
When to pledge him I 've fail'd (I 'm no very great drinker),
He would, just as well pleas'd, hob and nob with a tinker.
Shall a nobleman priz'd for such rare condescension,
Who "illustrious George Washington" happen'd to mention,
And toasted "King Mob" with the Whigs round their
bowls,

At a Minister's pleasure be call'd o'er the coals ?
For this mighty offence,—who 'd believe it ? his Grace,
Lord Lieutenant so late, was dismiss'd from his place † ;
And his regiment, the best that the realm ever had,
Their brave Colonel have lost—I may call him their dad :
Since, nurs'd up by his Grace's attentions paternal,
Ev'ry man he commanded took after his Col'nel,

* The other instance was that of a Noble Relation of his, who, at a public convivial meeting, had indiscreetly let drop a few imprudent words, but which, when he became more cool, he was extremely sorry to have uttered : and it was well known that the Noble Duke, in the hours of festivity and social mirth, was extremely affable, and perhaps occasionally unguarded in his expressions.—*Courier*.

† For this mighty offence his Majesty's Ministers immediately removed the Noble Duke from the Lord Lieutenancy of the country. Ministers did more, and which greatly hurt his Noble Relation's feelings, they deprived him of his command of a regiment of militia, the best militia regiment in the whole kingdom, which, by his uncommon attention, the Noble Duke had made them, and was considered by them as a father,

Who transform'd to a hero each flincher and coward,
And would teach him to drink, ay, and fight like a Howard.

These, my Lords, you must grant, are tyrannical dealings,
They have wounded my Most Noble Relative's feelings;
Their authors to brand I can scarce find expressions:
(Our late Ministers, mark me, I mean, not our fresh ones.)

On this subject I fain would have said a 'great deal',
But pray let me—to much for my country I feel
In each artery, tendon, pulse, muscle, and nerve,
For some future debate my finale reserve!
For, my Lords, when an orator's brain's in confusion,
His feelings oft save him a scurvy conclusion:
You're too candid, I'm sure, to regard as a trick
This parade of my feelings, when just in the nick
They're so well introduc'd to ensure the fixation
Of the drums of your ears from a hum-drum oration,
And from list'ning to vapid effusions exempt ye,
Of a heart that is full, and a head that is empty.

June 29.

THE HANDBILL OF A GARDENER IN MASQUERADE.

SYLVESTER Horticol, gardener, informs the nobility and gentry, that he is provided with a large assortment of native and exotic seeds and plants, which he will sell at the most reduced prices. He begs leave particularly to recommend the following, as well worth the attention of his friends and the public:

A new species of laurel, from Egypt, very rare, but, it is hoped, will flourish in our climate: the original plant grows on the tomb of the brave Abercromby. The laurel of Alexandria, a beautiful variation of the above, is shortly expected.

* He would add, the Earl said, a few more observations; but, after pausing a moment or two, he clapped his hands to his forehead, and said, he felt so much for his country, and so much for the service he was doing, that he could proceed no farther.—*Courier*, June 20, 1801.

IMPROMPTU ON READING A CRIM. CON. TRIAL. SEE.

N. B. The common British laurel has been found of late to require the *sea air* to bring it to perfection.

No Portugal Laurels are expected this year.

The true British oak, a hardy plant, that braves all climates.

The ~~public bay~~, a plant very difficult to rear in these times.

A great variety of curious mosses.

Also a large collection of flowers and flowering shrubs, among which are the following: the maiden-blush rose; the rose without a thorn—both very scarce; the sensitive plant, the ice plant, heart's ease, love-lies-a-bleeding, touch me not, Venus's looking-glass, ladies' smock, London pride, none so pretty, two-faces under, a blood, bachelors' buttons, the bella-donna lily, the cuckoo flower, fls. Adonis, Narcissus, the horned poppy, and a great variety of cockscombs and painted ladies, which will be sold cheap, as the market is overstocked with them.

N. B. Mr. Horticol is an adept in the sexual system of Linnæus, and gives lessons to young ladies on the loves of the plants, and all the occult mysteries of botany, without wounding the most scrupulous delicacy.

IMPROMPTU ON READING A CRIM. CON. TRIAL,

HON. MR. W——M V. LORD W——BE.

ONE Madam, thinking man with more could do
Than one good wife, propos'd his having two;
But W——m thought, as Fl——ce envoy, he
Might be exclusively indulg'd with three *

Cheltenham, June 1.

SNUG.

* Vide Trial.

A NEW DÆMON.

[From the Oracle and Daily Advertiser.]

MR. EDITOR,

METHINKS I see your cheeks turn pale, lips quiver, and hands tremble at viewing the signature of your present correspondent; but dismiss your fears; I mean you no injury, and, though a dæmon, will to you prove perfectly harmless. Foote, your English Aristophanes, has, in one of his most admired farces, given a tolerably accurate account of our family; though how he came to pass me over in his list, is, I own, *devilish* odd, and only to be accounted for by reflecting that in his time I had not attained that enviable state of pre-eminence over all my brother dæmons which I have at present acquired: for know, Mr. Editor, I am no less a personage than the *Dæmon of Crim. Con.*! 'Twas I dictated the letters of a Noble Duke when he was all alone by himself at sea. I contrived the bathing exhibition of a certain Baronet, not far from the Isle of Wight. I conducted a recent affair in Dorsetshire, and wrote those tender epistles which were attributed to a Noble Marquis; and, in short, have instigated all the fashionable infidelities with which your columns have so frequently been filled. Nor is my influence wholly confined to the gay world. All ranks, all degrees, from the peer to the butler, confess my sway; though, to own the truth, I am so particularly attached to *ton*, that, should my practice in the lower sphere increase, I have some thought of appointing a deputy. There are certain signs which are infallible omens of my success. When a battered man of fashion marries a young wife, I make my approaches about a month after the ceremony. When a husband spends his evenings regularly out three times a-week, I whisper in the lady's ear, "such charms ought not to be neglected!" When a dashing

dashing married man, to comply with the mode, keeps a mistress, his lady, under my influence, begins to think of revenge. When I observe a wife who has the whip-hand of her husband, or, in other words, sports a curriole, I invariably set her down as my own. And to gaming I am so essentially indebted, that it would be the height of ingratitude to refuse my warmest acknowledgments to Faro and all his host.

You may, perhaps, think it strange, when I inform you, it was I that set the prying cobbler to watch; and that all the peeping, curious, inquisitive Abigails act under my immediate direction; but your surprise will cease when you reflect that we dæmons, after our purposes are answered, feel inexpressible pleasure in leaving our votaries in the lurch! Being engaged in a service of particular importance, but which I am at present unable to disclose, I must now bid you farewell; though I cannot conclude without confessing the dread I entertain of the exertions of your Lord Chief Justice, who, I fear, will annihilate me; and whose penetration, sagacity, and discernment, are too much even for

Pandæmonium.

A DÆMON.

June. 29.

A PHILOSOPHICAL APOLOGY FOR THE LADIES.

AN ODE—ADDRESS'D TO LORD KENYON.

[From the Courier.]

Rusticus est nimium quem lædit adultera conjux—

Et notos mores non satis urbis habet.

Si sapias, indulge domine, vultusque severos

Exue: nec rigidi jura tuere viri:

Et cole quos dederit (multos dabit) uxor amicos,

Gratia sic minimo magna labore venit.

OVID. AMORUM L. iii. EL. 4.

WHEN fine emotions keenly touch
Your moral sense, you cry "Too much!
My seat is stuck with thorns:"

CRIM. CON. bursts through connubial bands ;
 Oh for Briareus' hundred hands,
 To weed these hydra horns !

Ah ! Kenyon, let Minerva's lyre
 Attune thy passions, sooth thine ire,
 Thy ardent genius rule ;
 If plants and flow'rs, with sexual charms,
 Fondly entwine their sentient arms,
 Can flesh and blood be cool ?

With philosophic Darwin * soar,
 And De la Croix † read o'er and o'er,
 Give Noy's ‡ sage maxims rest ;
 Shot from the Muse, a ray divine,
 O'er the King's Bench again may shine,
 And fire your classic breast.

Each fragrant plant, and blooming flow'r,
 In am'rous bliss enjoy the hour,
 And various pleasures taste :
 No beauties sport away frail life,
 And scorn the dull domestic wife,
 Unpolish'd, dull, and chaste.

* Sweet blooms Geneva in the myrtle shade,
 And ten fond brothers woo the haughty maid.
 Media's soft charms five suppliant beaux confess,
 And hand in hand the laughing belle address ;
 Alike to all, she bows with wanton air,
 Rolls her dark eye, and waves her golden hair.
 The freckled Iris owns a fiercer flame,
 And three unjealous husbands wed the dame.

Loves of the Plants, p. 45.

† Nunc florum sexus quæ monstrant signa docebo,
 Fortitan hæc frater, tibi sunt placitura legenti :
 Servat ubique suum constans natura tenorem,
 Omnis quæ prolem generant genus omne virile,
 Fœmunculæ genus, omne suos armantur in usus.
 Ergo etiam et plantæ gaudent genitalibus armis,
 Et sunt omnigeni totidem genitalia florum.

Connubia Florum, p. 45.

‡ " An elegant and elaborate collection of Latin phrases, sentences, proverbs, and law maxims, such as *Qui facit per alium facit per se*, quoted by one of our acute and learned Judges as an apophthegm, old as the Classics ; perhaps as old as Magna Charta itself."

Botanic

Botanic science charms sweet Mifs ;
 She views the flow'rs enraptur'd kifs,
 And rolls a sparkling eye ;
 Anther and Pistil she explains,
 And dear delicious knowledge gains—
 Mamma sits smiling by.

Ah ! Jerry Taylor *, our wise age
 Would stimulate your holy rage,
 Your modesty perplex ;
 Forbidden fruit on hawthorn blows ;
 Tulips to blushing maids disclose
 The dear exciting sex.

On beauty's brilliancy we gaze,
 And flutter round the lambent blaze,
 Till Hymen crowns the dame ;
 Kind Nature's light she then pursues,
 The hov'ring lover fondly views,
 And sheds a glow-worm flame †.

Let woman spread her charms divine,
 In glory rise, in brightness shine,
 Like lilies of the field ;
 Who neither toil nor spin—but kiss,
 Entwine in aromatic bliss,
 Bow their sweet heads, and yield.
 The fair ones, vers'd in lectur'd lore,
 Chymic affinities explore,
 By mutual passions smit ;

* " Virgins must contend for a singular modesty ; whose first part must be, an ignorance in the distinction of sexes "—Jeremiah Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, p. 73.

† " The glow-worm is a female, and the male is a beetle, furnished with four wings. A species of phosphorus, emitted from the body of the female, excites the attention of the male, who instantly darts down on her "—Smellie's *Philosophy of Natural History*.

" How charmingly do these little amorous Héros and Leanders animate and illumine our ledges ! Probably the Grecian fable was founded on the loves of those animals,"—Note from Bryant's *Mythology*.

Liquids, they see, each other fly,
If more attractive sweets are nigh;
And then first nuptials quit.

Then why impeach the soft caress?
Cry "Vive l'amour, & la jeunesse,"
Wing Cupid's vivid darts;

By Nature's law, the roving spouse
Breaks her first tie, and m maiden vows,
To join congenial hearts.

Let frolic truths your soul inspire,
And glow with old Anacreon's fire,
To sing these brilliant days;

When dear enchanting women love
In the free Cyprian robes of love,
And scorn connubial stays.

Ye loose zon'd brides, so kind and gay,
Down pleasure's path delighted stray,
While youth fresh roses bring;

When envious time blasts every grace,
Let cards supply the lover's place,
And shuffle knaves and kings.

Pellucid lawns around you flow,
As at the panting dance you glow,
Or with Curcuma taint,

Where syren songs soft bosoms win;
—But charity, that o'ersinsin,
Venus the voluptuous denie.

* "Lavender-water consists of the oil of lavender dissolved in spirits of wine into a glass of water, drop a few drops of lavender-water; the spirits of wine will quit the oil, in order to unite themselves with the water, and the oil being lighter than water will flow upon its surface. In both these cases the spirits of wine are said to have a greater affinity with water, than with camphor, or oil of lavender.—Watson's Chemistry, vol. 1, page 231.

† "Wood with long care Curcuma, cold and shy,
Meets her fond husband withverted eye;
Four beardless youths th' old nite beauty move,
With lost attractions or Platonic love
With vain desires the pensive matron burns,
And like sad Eliza loves and mourns."

Loves of the Plants, p. 69.

Deas

Dear Kenyon, move a moral bill,
 Founded on woman's claims—free will,
 That sympathetic flames
 On genial rites their thoughts may turn,
 And throbbing hearts no longer mourn,
 But melt in mutual flames.

Good David Hume, and sage Fontaine*,
 Philosophize ideal pain,
 And balm a cuckold's smart;
 As bounteous wives bestow a bliss
 The fondest spouse can never miss,
 Why should it grieve his heart?

Thus Sparta rose on reason's plan;
 No jealous freaks chagrined the man,
 No spouse gallants could sue;
 Our barb'rous code, mild Lloyd, refine,
 Though you a Rhadamanthus shine,
 Revive Lycurgus † too.

LADY FOLLY'S ROUT AND MASQUERADE

WERE last night distinguished by an assemblage of company; the most splendid that has this year been brought together at any fashionable rendezvous at the court end of the town.

The lady of the house presided with admirable spirit and address over the amusements of the evening. Her dress was prettily fantastic, and charmingly trans-

* Instances of license daily multiplying, will weaken the scandal with one sex, and teach the other, by degrees, to adopt the famous maxim of La Fontaine, with regard to female infidelity: "*Quand on le sçait, c'est peu de chose: quand on l'ignore, ce n'est rien.*"—Hume's Essays, vol. i. p. 230.

† "When he had thus established a proper regard to modesty and decorum with respect to marriage, he was equally studious to drive from that state the vain and womanish passion of jealousy, by making it quite as reputable to have children in common with persons of merit, as to avoid all offensive freedom in their own behaviour to their wives."—Plutarch's Life of Lycurgus.

parent and loose. There was a freedom and a gaiety, somewhat between antieffness and efflation, in her manners, which encouraged the unbanded good-humour of her guests. Though not in a mask, she assumed, at times, the action of many different characters. Every gay eccentricity of dress, every enlivening boldness and ambiguity of language, every fantastic levity of movement, every free convivial indulgence, met her approving smile.

Among the masks, there was none more distinguished than the Hon. Mrs. Fashion. She assumed, successively, in the course of the evening, a variety of characters. She was now a dashing young woman of quality, just accounted for a morning ride in Hyde Park; now a dowager, fat, fair, and forty, opening her rout, or betting deep at the gaming-table; now a milliner exhibiting new dresses to a mob of pretty women; and now, in the very guise of Signora Vinci, with bean Peers simpering round her, and contending to share her smiles. She assumed, in the latter part of the evening, the dress of a beautiful horse-jockey. Some said she looked in this dress, not unlike to Sir H— V— T—. Others thought her appearance more like to that of Mr. B—r D—is. The best judges, however, declared her to resemble neither the one nor the other. In frolic, she put on for a moment, the dress and aspect of his Grace of Piccadilly; but she no sooner shewed herself in them, than the company affirmed, with one voice, they did not suit her. So she retired, and changed them for the guise of a young soldier of rank, just arrived from Egypt, with a patch on his cheek, and his arm in a sling.

Vice sat for a while, as a gambler, at the first card-table. She concealed cards from time to time in her sleeve; overlooked her companion's game; betted with unexampled boldness; writhed her features; and

muttered curses as she lost: then, after losing all her ready money, and staking her credit as far as it would go, threw down her cards in a rage, and flung away, to put on the guise of some different character. She returned in the guise of Wantonness, and cast looks of eager allurement especially on all the married men in the room. At last she was suddenly missed. And one said this Marquis, another said that Viscount, and a third said a little goatish Baronet had been seen to go off with her.

Miss Scandal's presence greatly enlivened the party. She wore a train fantastically made of newspapers fresh from the press. She was distinguished by a rare volubility of speech. She sometimes tripped about from table to table, and whispered something into every ear, as she passed on. Sometimes she spoke loudly and openly, with a wit which gave a charm to malignity, in abuse of the persons she wished to defame.

Afflictation was there, in a dress in which the most remarkable novelties of the fashions of Paris and London were fantastically united. From her shoulders to her toe, there was not about her an article of dress, an attitude or feature, but with powerful expression bespoke her character.

Divorce came in, out of humour, and complained, that, in spite of all the pains of her gay mother, Crim. Con. she was hooted away in disgrace from courts both spiritual and temporal, nor in either House of Parliament could other than a most ungracious reception.

Oracle, June 19.

LAW v. JEKYLL.

[From the True Briton.]

JOE Jekyll has plenty of wit cut and dried;
Now he pertly displays it, now lays it aside:

Like

Like the ale-wife's new cap that she bought at the fair,
 'Tis too fine to be sullied with ev'ry day's wear.
 This same holyday wit, which oft sparkles and blazes,
 With his periwig oft 'ner lock'd up in a case is;
 And there, as no holyday 't was and no high day,
 This great lawyer unluckily left it on Friday*.
 So his cronies concluded, when little Joe Jekyll
 Rav'd of scriptural hashes, and prophet Ezekiel †;
 But when "Maidstone" escap'd him, what'er succedaneum
 For wit he might boast, there was none in his cranium:
 Yet, though wit he shew'd none, 't was a compliment kind
 To his friends of the Shakspeare to put us in mind
 Of the scene where they took so much pains, upon oath,
 To prove themselves traitors, or blockheads, or both.
 Then he chatter'd away, spite of reason and rules,
 About ministers' guilt, ay, and ministers' tools—
 "But soft," cried Sir Edward ‡: "a truce with your
 scandal!
 Prigs prate about tools they 're unable to handle:
 If you take us for tools, I would have you to know
 You shall serve us, at least, for a whetstone, friend
 Joe §!"
 Then he took him in hand, and with sarcasm and gibe,
 In abundance regal'd little Joe and his tribe,

* Friday, June the 5th, when the House of Commons were discussing the Indemnity bill a second time.

† "The Report was a hash made up of quotations from the prophet Ezekiel, &c."—Mr. Jekyll's speech.

‡ Sir Edward Law, the Attorney General, who did not fail properly to employ the opportunity Mr. Jekyll gave him (by adverting to the Maidstone trials), in bestowing a plentiful flagellation upon that lewzard lawyer, as well as on his coadjutors, the other illustrious friends and sworn advocates of the traitor O'Connor.

§ Mr. Jekyll may justly take for his motto, "*Fungar vix totis*," since, like Shakspeare's bulky knight, he is "not only warty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men;" but if the comparison of Mr. Jekyll with Sir John Falstaff himself appear somewhat preposterous, we may, perhaps, with less impropriety, take for our diminutive counsellor's counterpart, Sir John Falstaff's page, of whom he says, "I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one."—2 Henry IV. A. 1. S. 2.

Till "*Obe ! jam satis !*" they cried ; but no less
 Could he do than treat Joseph with Benjamin's mess.
 Though of most kinds of tools you may venture to speak
 ill,

Have a care how you meddle with edge tools, Joe Jekyll !
 And perhaps, after all, you had better dispose
 Of stale wit and invective, like lots of old clothes,
 If an Hebrew exists who will give you a shekel *
 Of silver for all the bon mots of Joe Jekyll.

June 10.

BON MOT OF THE BAR.

MR. Erskine, being indisposed in the Court of King's Bench, told Mr. Jekyll "that he had a pain in his bowels, for which he could get no relief."—"I'll give you an infallible specific," replied the humorous Barrister. "Get made *Attorney General*, my friend, and then you'll have no *bowels* at all !"

EPIGRAM.

QUOTH Tierney, "Folks say (I don't vouch it is true)
 That Pitt is a juggler, and Addington too † ;
 But should rumour myself and my colleagues arraign
 For politic juggle and legerdemain,
 I can swear with safe conscience, not one of our set
 Mankind ever took for a conjurer yet.

June 16.

* The worth of a silver shekel is as two shillings and three pence three farthings ; which, though it exceeds the price of Joe Miller's Jest by the sum of three pence three farthings, may be thought, by certain persons, to fall short of the precise worth of Joe Jekyll's ; they will therefore be pleased to correct this estimate by the addition of two-pence farthing, and this, it is hoped, will be regarded as an unexceptionable admission, as, by analogous reasoning, it attributes half a crown's worth of wit to every Member of the House.

† See Mr. Tierney's speech on the Indemnity Bill, May 27, 1801.

THE QUERIST.

"LET Ministers answer me questions a pair *,"
Cried Ty——tt, "and then I shall judge what they
are."

But of Ty——tt himself, when he's brought to the test,
If a judgment you'd form, all inquiry's a jest:
Hear that Orator speak; you'll no question propound;
For that vessels are empty, we judge *by the sound*.

IMPROMPTU.

R——N, with wondrous *length of cars*,
Strange faculty! e'en *silence* hears,
When stirring there's no mouse;
But if he does, this truth is clear,
That *silence* he can never bear
While J——s is in the House.

MUM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUE BRITON.

SIR,

AMBITIOUS of being ranked among the paraphrasts of those memorable Orations delivered by Mr. Jones, I beg a corner of your excellent paper for the following Versification of his invaluable speech on Mr. Yorke's motion, the 8th of June 1801, for the establishment of a military College; hoping, that through such a medium I may recommend myself to him, in the event of a vacancy, as *Poet Lauret* to that

* "I wish to know when the last administration ended, and when the present began; and this, because I shall not be able to form a judgment of the administration of the Right Hon. Gentleman, unless he gives the House that statement."—Speech of Mr. T. T. Jones, on the motion for a vote of credit, House of Commons, June 10, 1801.

most potent despot, the *Majesty of the People*, in the performance of which duty few will be found more assiduous than

CHRISTOPHER CRAMBO.

THIS policy which effulates
The plans of continental states,
And bids us copy what is right,
That we with greater skill may fight,
I cannot pass without dissent,
Or I, for once, might seem content ;
So jealous am I of all measures
Intended to exhaust our treasures,
In adding strength to Britain's host,
Lest France should be undone and lost ;
Besides, I hate a German plan,
And all the Prussians to a man.
If Ministers had a design
That I my vote with theirs should join,
They ought t' have roundly, boldly said,
The scheme was hatch'd in Gallic head ;
For though our troops might *fraternize*,
They'd poltrons be to *Germanize*.

I now of Mr. Yorke beseech,
That he, in ev'ry future speech,
Will tell us peace can be procur'd,
And on a basis firm secur'd—
Instead of making that event
Depend on Gallia's mild intent ;
For this will serve to criminate
The ministry I so much hate.
And let me once for all entreat,
That he will not be indiscreet,
And charge with enmity our foes,
Who wish no rancour to disclose ;
But, on the contrary, to state
Excess of friendship from our hate.
If thus resolv'd, he'll try to sooth
Our enemy in language smooth ;
I will not till some future time
Impeach his motion as a crime :

But if 'tis urg'd, I wish to fill
 A certain corner of the bill,
 With clause to 'stablish upon ~~stone~~
 An institution that may store
 Our boys with all they could attain
 By serving years upon the main.

June 19.

A BRACE OF SIMILES :

OR, A PARLIAMENTARY DIALOGUE BETWEEN RICH-
 ARD AND HIS BROTHER THOMAS.

[From the Oracle.]

RICHARD.

IN St. Stephen's fam'd chapel, didst ever, Tom, sit?
 Where the logical reasoning and powers of Pitt,
 Join'd with Harry's solidity, sound sense, and weight,
 Have so oft turn'd the scale of a well-fought debate;
 Where Fox once attended, though now gone astray,
 Because (what a shame!) he can't have his own way;
 Where the flashes of wit and keen humour of Sherry
 Are equally poignant, instructive, and merry;
 Though I scarce keep the gravity due to the place,
 When with manners quite careless and unconcern'd face,
 I hear him in thundering eloquence storm
 'Gainst *extravagant spending*, and preach up *reform*;
 Where Jekyll, of care and gull sorrow the killer,
 Scorns musty old records, and quotes from Joe Miller;
 And Courtenay ne'er shines with such merited glory
 As when, 'stead of a *reason*, he brings in a *story*;
 Where Aris, for all his misdeeds and mischances,
 Has severely been trimm'd by the youthful Sir Francis,
 Who worse than young prodigals' bills from their taylor,
 Hates bolts, maffy fetters, deep dungeons, and jails;
 Where Tooke, like a jockey contesting a heat,
 Though push'd, cross'd, and jostled, yet still keeps his seat;
 Where Tierney, well skill'd in abstruse calculation,
 Talks of debt, sinking fund, and the good of the nation;
 Where

Where Lawrence weighs words, as a grocer weighs ounces,
And Gray, like a cracker, flies, jumps, skips, and bounces ;
Where——

THOMAS.

———Stop, brother Richard, a truce with your clatter ;
The place well I know ; fewer words and more matter.

RICHARD.

Well, then, Thomas, without further amplification,
I'll directly proceed in straight forward narration :
You must know there are two grave M. P.'s in this
House,
Who, like you and I, are not troubled with *nous*.

THOMAS.

Pray who, Dick, are they ? I can't guess, let me perish !

RICHARD.

One ne'er opes his mouth but out blunders "*El Arisch*,"
And *the other* is bless'd with such exquisite ears,
That though all be silent, he still *silence bears*.
Now about these two worthies I've bother'd my brain,
And at length have produc'd, Tom, of similes twain.
First, they're like two young hounds, for when one opes
his throat,

T'other's sure to come after with loud babbling note ;
And it often occurs, after racket and din,
That the scent they've mistook, and deserve whipping in.

THOMAS.

Well hit off, brother Richard—the second now tell.

RICHARD.

They resemble two buckets that hang o'er a well.

THOMAS.

You can't expound that, Dick, I'll wager a crown.

RICHARD.

J——s *is sure to get up*, Tom, *when R——n sits down*.

THOMAS.

My wager I've lost, so to Hatchett's let's frisk it,
The crown will just pay for a bottle and biscuit.

July 4.

TRANSLATION

OF A PASSAGE IN HESIOD'S WORKS AND DAYS, VERSE
223.—BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

WHERE unbrib'd justice lifts her even scale,
Where native rights and equal law prevail,
All-bounteous Fortune crowns the blissful place,
And joy and comfort smile on every face ;
Prolific Peace swarms forth her myriad trains ;
With life and motion glow the peopled plains ;
The fiends of war great Jove's protecting hand
Forbids to roll their tempest o'er the land ;
No shrieks of woe assail the startling ear ;
No breath of famine blasts the blooming year :
O'er the gay scene no cloud of sorrow low'rs ;
Convivial joy leads on their circling hours ;
Each undulating vale rich harvests fill,
Flowers deck the mead, trees crown the waving hill ;
Oaks from their boughs a shower of acorns throw ;
Bees hoard their nectar in the trunk below.
Broad flocks that spread and whiten o'er the field,
Their fleecy tribute to the shepherd yield ;
No ravish'd matrons there, no spurious race ;
Each sire reflected in his infant's face :
Bless'd in th' abundance of their native stores,
No lust of plunder lures to distant shores.
For lawless states, who spurn each rule of right,
Their glory war, and robbery their delight,
All-righteous Jove, whose glance nor darkness hides,
Nor time, nor place, a vengeance due provides.
Whole nations oft their rulers' sin atone,
And suffer'ing millions rue the crimes of one.
Chill penury the spoils with sickness shares ;
And pestilence but gleans what famine spares.
Each orphan parent mourns their children dead,
The race redeem'd by no prolific bed.
By vengeful Jove their armies pin'd and slain
In tainted camps or on the ensanguin'd plain :
Towns to one grave see yawning earthquakes sweep,
And navies plunging in the foamy deep !

Dorchester Gaol, Jan. 27, 1801.

TO GILBERT WAKEFIELD, ESQ. A. B.

ON HIS LIBERATION FROM PRISON.—BY DOCTOR AIKIN.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

PURE light of learning, soul of gen'rous mould,
 Ardent in truth's great cause, erect and free,
 Welcome, O welcome! from thy prison gloom,
 To open air and sunshine, to those boons
 Which Nature, sheds profuse, while tyrant man,
 "Drest in his brief authority," and item
 In all the little jealousy of power,
 Restricts the bounty of a father's hand,
 And scants a brother's bliss.—But now 't is o'er,
 And social friendship, and domestic love,
 Shall pour their healing balm; while conscious worth,
 With noble scorn, repels the stand'rous charge
 That brands imprudence with the stamp of guilt.

Meantime, disdain not, learned as thou art,
 To scan this world's great lesson: high-raisd hopes
 Of justice, seated on the throne of pow'r,
 Of bright Astrea's reign reviv'd, and Peace,
 With heavenly truth and virtue by her side,
 Uniting nations in a band of love,
 Have faded all to air; and nought remains
 But that dire law of force, whose iron sway
 The sons of men, through ev'ry blood-stain'd age,
 Has rul'd reluctant. When that Sage benign,
 The Man of Nazareth, preach'd his gentle law,
 And listening crowds drank honey from his tongue—
 When Mars, Bellona, and the savage rout
 Of gods impure and vengeful, shrunk to shades,
 And rescued man ador'd a common Sire;
 Who could refrain to hail the blessed time
 Of swords to sickles turn'd, of gen'ral good
 Pour'd in full streams through all the human tribes,
 And shar'd alike by all? But, ah! how soon
 The glorious prospect darken'd! when the cross
 Glean'd direful, 'mid the host of Constantine,
 And took the eagle's place—when nitred priests
 Mimick'd the flamen in his mystic pomp,

And

And proudly bent around a despot's throne ;
 Then whilst the name at Antioch first rever'd,
 Ran conquering through the world, it lost its sense,
 And join'd in monstrous league with all the crimes
 That force, and fraud, and lawless lust of sway
 Inspir'd to plague mankind. Then Gospel rules
 Were held an empty letter ; and the grave
 And specious commentator well could prove,
 That such an holy, humble, peaceful law
 Was never meant for empire. Thus relaps'd,
 The human brute resum'd his native form,
 And prey'd again on carnage.

Cease then, my friend, thy gen'rous hopeless aim,
 Nor to unfeeling folly yield again
 Her darling light of genius turn'd to scorn,
 And Virtue pining in the cell of Guilt.
 Desert no more the Muse ; unfold the stores
 Of fertile Greece and Latium ; free each gem
 From the dark crust that shrouds its beauteous beams,
 And fair present them to th' admiring eye,
 Arrang'd in kindred lustre. Take serene
 The tranquil blessings that thy lot affords,
 And in the soothing voice of friendship drown
 The groans, and shouts, and triumph of the world.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY. •

ALAS ! Britannia's hero slain—
 Why tuneless hangs the lyre ?
 Alas ! for Britain, once again,
 Whose tears the strain inspire !
 Where Egypt's daughters, wont to stray
 In ever-smiling meads, by sacred Nilus' streams ;
 Whence come of arms the dazzling gleams
 That on our eyes incessant play ?
 Ah ! whence that sound of warlike deeds
 That Nile repeats through all his waving reeds ?

Hush

Hush trembling land! around thy shores

See Gallia pour her warlike host:
And hark! the British thunder roars

In dreadful echo round thy coast.
Great Nelson's conqu'ring arm in vain

With Gallic ruins strews the main;
For Lodi's victors gain the strand,
And rule with iron sway the prostrate land,
Triumphant for a while

O'er the fallen natives of once prouder climes,
In whom no more a tropic sun sublimed
The heart of courage, or the hand of toil.

At distance yet from these the thunder rolls,

Though clouds proclaim a tempest nigh;
Still no mutterings shake the poles,
Nor vivid flashes meet the eye!

And yet he comes! and prosp'rous gales

Expand the hero's swelling sails,

And waft to old Canopus' shore

Those oaks that still fair Albion's sons to glory bore.

On those proud heights

That o'er the strand

Control the fate of fights,

Gallia's fierce sons collected stand.

Old Neptune's frugal arm in vain

Had curs'd with shallows here his native reign;

But shallows, nor the hostile strand,

Nor missile wounds, nor death, control
The order of the martial band—

The men who breathe a British soul.

Unmov'd, they haste in dread array,

To wend to that proud shore their way;

Secure, if briny waves a passage yield,

On firmer soil to force the fortune of the field!

See our brave Britons! distant war

No more destroys them unaveng'd:

See! now they mingle, fear for fear,

And, lo! the fate of battle chang'd:

Through sinks of sand they scale the banks

That shelter Gallia's lapsing ranks.

Behold!

Behold ! behold ! your toil is done,
And with the steepy shore the day is won.

Again in fierce contest they meet,
Again the sons of France retreat ;
Though rich with British blood the soil,
The field, ye brave, is yours, and crowns your toil !
Aboukir falls—away, away !
Still lagging fortune claims a greater day !

In deepest shades,
Ere yet from high
Fair light the land pervades,
Or glimmers in the sky,
Onward in silence come the foe,
The steadfast Britons wait below.
Again in dreadful shock they join,
Again fierce slaughter crimson ev'ry line.
Now the impetuous sons of France
On ev'ry side in fury rage ;
Now the Britons firm advance,
And sure destruction marks each lifted lance,
Where'er the foes engage.

Hark to the echoes round the shores !
War, in bloody purple, roars—
Horror her native felt assumes,
And o'er the combat nods her darkest plumes,
Where the Invincibles appear,
Us'd in battles great to guide,
And rule the tempest at its rudest tide ;
Whom Lodi heard—and shook with fear.

But fierce as they,
Fell, as gaunt lions view their coming prey,
They meet a band of ancient name,
Long known in days and fields of fame.
Illustrious band !
Their country's pride !
The honour of their native land !
Still found where danger swells the tide.
Sent from these nervous arms, the foe
Feel of resistless force the blow.

One common fate was all their fortune gave,
To shroud their honours in one common grave.

Worthy

Worthy the British arm—in dust they lie,
 Who fought for conquest—yet persist and die.
 Still the furious battle bleeds,
 Mix'd are men and foaming steeds ;
 Fierce squadrons here the ranks confound,
 And gallant Britons yield their breath.
 Now all around
 The fierce hoofs resound,
 And give the ranks to death.
 But soon they close.
 Soon turn with tenfold fury on their foes !
 Then fall, or die, or flee amain,
 In fear-wing'd hurry o'er the plain.
 The field is ours. huzza ! huzza !
 For the long honours of this glorious day !
 What sound was that ? what strain of woe !
 More dread than clarion of th' approaching foe !
 Louder and deeper—hark ! it tears
 With dismal note our ears !
 Alas ! he falls in glory's hour !
 Intrepid chief, the foremost still,
 Where the bloody furrows swell ;
 Resolv'd, the foldier's toil he shares,
 And like a youthful foldier dares :
 Nor, taught by cooler prudence, shuns
 The blow that Britain feels through all her sons !
 Alas ! he falls in glory's hour !
 Heav'n but the envious fate delays,
 Till the full harvest of the hero's praise !
 Again the solemn dirge renew,
 With briny drops the hearse bedew ;
 Again repeat the solemn knell,
 The sound of sorrow suiteth well !
 And yet with glory crown'd he fell !
 The friend of merit, by his country lov'd,
 Honour'd by foes, and by high Heav'n approv'd !
 His grateful country, to the hero gone,
 Shall raise the statue and sepulchral stone ;
 Where speaking marble shall repeat his name,
 And living sculptures trace his deeds to fame ;

Around

133 ODE ON THE DEATH OF SIR R. ABERCROMBY.

Around the pile his well-earn'd trophies wave,
And a whole people's sorrow wet his grave!
This the true mourning for the hero's fall,
Not the parade of pompous funeral.
Yet shall these honours and his deeds inspire
In future embryo chiefs the soldier's fire;
Their little breasts the sacred flame shall own,
Shall beat for honour and demand renown.
Yet better omen'd to return,
Where joyful nations hail the finish'd war;
While as the trophies glitter from afar,
They throng a triumph—not bedew an urn!
Yet Britain, to her farthest times,
Where'er her sons may war in other climes,
Th' Egyptian hero's name from fate shall save,
Rank'd with the foremost of her great and brave!
Oh! were the lyre by hands more artful strung,
And his great deeds in strains as forceful sung,
Her latest children on the theme might dwell,
And from the favour'd verse delight to tell,
Where matchless courage art and force defied,
And how the British fought when Abercromby died!
June 26.

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

BY HARRIET WALKER.

OH why, Britannia, while thy heart beats high,
And triumph sits exulting in thine eye,
Why does thy breast with tender sadness glow?
Why droops that wreath of cypress on thy brow?
Why are thy tears on those green laurels shed,
Thy hand had twin'd for Abercromby's head?
Why mingled with thy sighs *et Bissel's* name?
So dear to valour—though so young in fame!
Ah! in the grief that clouds thy beauteous face,
The vet'ran's greatness, and his death I trace.
Greatly he fought—to guard his country's claim,
And by his prowess gain'd her lasting fame.

Greatly

Greatly he fought—nor felt the fatal wound,
 But fought the conflict most where danger frown'd,
 Triumph'd and died, the brightest, purest star,
 That ever sunk beneath the gloom of war.
Sunk, did I rashly say?—'t was then he soar'd,
 First truly seen, and seen to be ador'd.
 The body languish'd—but the spirit shone,
 Emitting beams of greatness all its own.
 On Victory's laurel'd couch he yields his breath,
 And Glory gives him to the arms of Death.
 His life the bravest, best example gave,
 And tears of general sorrow bathe his grave.
 But not with his great deeds expir'd the claim
 Of British merit to transcendant fame.
 Yet Sidney lives—through whose aspiring soul
 The genuine streams of native courage roll.
 Yet Sidney lives—on Honour's bosom rear'd,
 To all the brave, and all the good endear'd.
 His mild, yet dauntless heart, his glorious mind,
 The great and gentle virtues have combin'd.
 See where he stands, on Glory's rapid tide,
 His country's fav'rite, and his father's pride;
 Around his head the beams of triumph play,
 Fill his fine eye, and light the victor's way.
 To grace his youthful breast, the steril North
 In wild profusion put her laurels forth;
 And, richly twining round their vig'rous green,
 The spreading honours of the East are seen.
 Then turn, Britannia, thy dejected eyes,
 From that lov'd spot where Abercromby lies;
 With cheerful hope thy darling champion see,
 Devote his prowess and his blood to thee:
 That hand which rais'd thy standard on the main,
 Shall guard that standard on th' Egyptian plain,
 Till thy fair face its radiant smiles resume,
 And on thy breast the peaceful olive bloom.
 Ye pow'rs benign! who round the warrior's head
 The sacred veil of kind protection spread,
 From ev'ry ill Britannia's darling save,
 Alike the hero of the land and wave.
 Oh! may he live till silver honours grow
 Around those temples where the laurels blow;

And as, when softly dies the ev'ning gale,
 The sweetest odours float along the vale;
 So may his life expire, and leave at last
 A train of glory where his spirit pass'd,
 To guide succeeding youth, like him to feel
 The glow of mercy with the patriot's zeal,
 In vict'ry's heat to clasp her gentle form,
 And hear her whispers in the battle's storm.
 O Sidney, brave and dear! the Muses' flame
 Has soar'd to glory through thy cherish'd name;
 Thy name alone the humble strain can raise;
 Thy smile will crown it with immortal praise.
 That land, for wonders sun'd through ages past,
 Has seen her proudest glory in the last.
 Not the vast piles Egyptian labour rear'd,
 Like British courage, make her name rever'd.
 Long may her Nile upon his billows bear
 The names to Egypt as to England dear—
 Long may his waves with annual plenty flow,
 And soon on either land the welcome olive blow!

ON THE SAME OCCASION:

INSCRIBED TO THE NOBLE LADY HIS VIRTUOUS WIDOW.

[Supposed by Mr. Capel Loft.]

HOW should a veteran wish to die?
 Where should his tear-worn body lie?
 Not upon the pale sick-bed,
 Where weak-limb'd infants droop the head,
 Where Apoplexy's temple swims,
 And coward Palsy lays his limbs,
 And aged women yield their breath,
 Without a struggle, unto death.
 Who in his lifetime liv'd with glory,
 He should die, and make a story,
 By the toe-man's bloody hands,
 Fighting 'mid the armed bands,
 Where heaps of slain compose a pile,
 To darken all the land of Nile.

In age's honour, conquest's pride,
 E'en so great Abercromby died.
 With Afric, Europe joins her groans,
 And Malta keeps the hero's bones :
 Malta, still famous for the tomb
 Of brave Knights slain for Christendom.
 I will not blame thy human tear,
 O Barons of Aboukir !
 There is a tear in virtue's eye,
 Which pride of titles cannot dry ;
 Nor stateliest funeral exequies,
 Nor a nation's plaudites ;
 Nor the tears of Christendom,
 Wept upon thy dear Lord's tomb ;
 Nor thy blood and name augmented
 With what the heralds have invented,
 Of sounding pedigree and state,
 To soften o'er the wounds of Fate.

C. L.

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL KNOX, AND CAPTAIN
 JEMMET MAINWARING, LOST IN THE RABET IN
 THE WEST INDIES.

By HENRY JAMES PYE, Esq.

WHEN, 'mid the thunder of th' embattled field,
 Their lives in Albion's cause her warriors yield,
 The never-dying breath of virtuous Fame
 To glory consecrates each patriot name.
 But shall no wreath of honour crown the brave,
 Untimely helm'd beneath the stormy wave ?
 Shall the firm veteran, who has dauntless stood
 In many a scene of carnage and of blood ;
 Shall the bold youth, who hostile coasts explor'd,
 Where louder than the surge the battle roar'd ;
 Cold in the oozy caverns of the deep,
 Sung by no muse, in dark oblivion sleep ?
 No !—they shall live to Fame, to Friendship dear—
 Live still in Valour's sigh, and Beauty's tear.

June 18.

PROPOSED HISTORY OF WEEPING.

[From the Lady's Monthly Museum.]

MR. EDITOR,

AMONG all the subjects which philosophers and moralists have handled with so much discussion and improvement, I cannot find that there exists any essay or treatise on *weeping* or *tears*. My researches, however, on this subject have been very extensive; and I flatter myself that I have at length executed a work which will be of infinite importance to the present and to future generations. Yet knowing the many impediments literature has to struggle against from the price of paper and printing, I have very seriously weighed the consequences of embarking my fortune upon so vast an undertaking; and, by way of some probable security, I have deemed it most prudent to publish the work by subscription. Of the Prospectus, therefore, I enclose a copy, and hope you will favour me with a speedy insertion.

I am, Sir, yours,

July 1801.

THE AUTHOR.

PROSPECTUS

OF A HISTORY OF WEEPING,

From the Creation of EVE to the present Time :

Compiled from the most authentic sources, and under the immediate Eye of some ladies of the first distinction, who have made *WEEPING* their particular study; and illustrated with notes, annotations, and commentaries, by the most eminent hands.

The whole to be comprised in TEN VOLUMES FOLIO, or the *overplus*, if there should be any, given *gratis* to subscribers.

CONTENTS.

Vol. I. Origin and antiquity of tears; state of tears before the flood.

Vol.

Vol. 2. Progress of weeping among the most ancient nations; origin of whimpering; with a dissertation on the boarding-schools of the ancients.

Vol. 3. Propagation of tears in Europe, with biographical notes of eminent blubberers. State of discipline, and progress of tears under the whip; dissertation on the slave trade.

Vol. 4. Great Britain; arithmetical discussion of crying accounts, progress of tears in families, with a digression on the metamorphosis of "grey mares" into "better horses."

Vol. 5. History of coaches and carriages; how increased by crying; origin of fits and hysterics; perspective view of Long Acre.

Vol. 6. Rise of white handkerchiefs, with an historical view of the British stage; calculation of the depth of tears shed at a tragedy; plan of a tragedy, with the crying parts coloured for the boxes.

Vol. 7. On the use of onions at funerals; dissertation on widows; exact measurement of a flood of tears.

Vol. 8. On the various causes of weeping; ingenuity of those who weep without any cause; medical dissertation on crying; encouragement of the British Senate to the importation of Hollands.

Vol. 9. On the crying sins of the nation; effect of tears upon the works of Nature; poetical deluges; how far canals may be swelled by tears; true relation of a farmer's daughter who drove a mill while in love.

Vol. 10. On novel-writing; on tears divided into genera and species; salt tears, bitter tears, sweet tears, weat-bitter tears; salt-delicious tears, tears half-delicious, half-agonizing, and other varieties, manufactured and distilled in the writings of the new philosophers. On sentimental torrents, cataracts of sensibility, and water-falls of fine feeling. Conclusion.

The whole to be embellished by engravings (by the first artists) of black eyes, blue eyes, and hazel eyes, in all the stages of crying, from the *glissen* to the *sob*. Portraits of eminent criers, from the originals in *water-colours*; views of noted *whimpering* in *distemper*; ground plans of *teasing* schemes, with distant *prospects* of *jets of china*, *diamond necklaces*, and new *carriages*; 800. 800.

The price to subscribers will be *three guineas* each volume; to non-subscribers, *four*. A few copies will be printed on a superfine *magna charta*, *wire-wove* and hot-pressed, with proof impressions of the plates; price *six guineas* each, and which, when bound *corio Mauritanico, foliis deauratis, lineis rubris, elegantissimi compact. per Kalthoeber*, will form one of the most splendid books ever presented to the eye.

LACRYMANT REX ET REGINA.

CRIM. CON.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

IN Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. i. p. 567, octavo edition, I find the following sentiment:

"Talking of marriage in general, he (Dr. Johnson) observed—Our marriage service is too refined. It is calculated only for the best kind of marriages; whereas we should have a form for matches of convenience, of which there are many."

If there were many matches of convenience, Mr. Editor, at the time this was spoken (1769), it will not be denied that there are at least as many now, and that I am not guilty of impertinent obtrusion in offering this sentiment to the consideration of your readers, since it is a matter either of fashion or necessity to subject crim. con. to every species of discussion. I am sorry, however, that in the curious work from which the above is taken,

taken, I cannot find more to the same purpose. The sentiments of such a man as Dr. Johnson would have been highly valuable, but he has left the proposal for reforming our marriage service in the simple form of a suggestion in general terms. I should have liked to know in what way a liturgy for matches of convenience could have been drawn up. Undoubtedly that must have constituted its chief merit, which is so often mentioned as the opprobrium of many acts of Parliament, their being loosely worded.

Our ancestors appear to have thought little of posterity when they fixed matrimony as a business for life, and in such ages of barbarity perhaps we are not to wonder that they made no allowance for matches of convenience, nor were able to foresee the possibility of such cases. Whether the learned Doctor, whose words I have quoted, would have proposed that matrimony should become of a temporary tenure, a short lease, or a species of tenantry at will, I am not able to decide; but it is not unfair to suppose that he entertained some notion of that kind, and it is not difficult to conceive, that a form of agreement for a short term may be as easy to draw up as for a long; but our present service binds all alike; and from the vast change that has taken place in our more liberal ideas on this subject, the words "love, comfort, honour, and keep her in sickness and in health, &c. obey, serve, &c. &c." are become mysteries, or so obsolete as to be unintelligible, and we subscribe them as the clergy are taught to subscribe the thirty-nine articles—not as articles of belief, but of peace, because the church enjoins them in that character.

And now I have mentioned the thirty-nine articles, I am not quite sure that laxity in the one instance may not have induced it in the other. Most of our eminent dignitaries, from Paley to Prettyman, allow that the articles are to be subscribed only as articles of peace,

peace, but not to be understood, believed, or preached—and I am afraid, Sir, that many gentlemen when ordained to be husbands, consider the subscription to the register merely as a compliance with an injunction which has no necessary connexion with the vows that preceded; and if obligations so sacred as these are to be entered upon in this way, I cannot help being of opinion that there would be just as good a security for the performance of the duties of the husband and the pastor, if they were to subscribe Cocker's Arithmetic, or the London Directory.

But leaving this subject to those whom it may more immediately concern, let us advert to the posture of affairs at the conclusion of the first session of the Imperial Parliament. Expectations were held out, that renewed discussions on crim. con. would introduce new laws, and that what was planned in the preceding session would be finished in this. But these expectations have been miserably disappointed, and it is utterly impossible to conjecture why. That one session should be allowed to elapse, was highly proper, that men might have time to turn the subject in their minds; and it might be equally proper to wait for the arrival of the Irish members, who were supposed capable of throwing some light on the subject; but why further delay? A pressure of more important business cannot well be pleaded in excuse: for what business can be more important than that in which all are concerned, either in fact or in prospect? Nor will it be said, I hope, that the business of the Committee on Scarcity took up too much time, for we have it upon the authority of a noble Marquis, perfectly competent to judge, that an attention to the price of wheat is not incompatible with the pursuit of an intrigue, and that, while he was bargaining for the honour of a husband, he had not forgot what passed at Reading market. It is a great mistake, that a man cannot attend to more objects

objects than one at a time. Blockheads perhaps cannot, but to men of ingenuity it is easy. Hence we see that an invasion of social order does not interfere with the duties of religion, and that some men can extend their piety so far as even to compose a litany for crim. con. and turn a lover's persuasions into collects.

Remiss, however, as our legislators have been on this subject, I yet hope that we may be able to repeat the adage, "What is delayed is not lost." A vast mass of experience and evidence of facts has been contributed by the voluntary zeal of sundry parties who allowed none of the usual scruples of pride, character, family, &c. to interfere with the more imperious duty of giving every information to the public on a subject of such general importance. When crim. con. was first debated, there were many differences of opinion, which will probably be now decided. It was, in particular, questioned how far public licentiousness might go, and that, I humbly apprehend, is pretty nearly determined. If it be not, it is not the fault of those who have lately stated their cases in the courts of law, and who, to do them justice, seem to be above all the subterfuges of concealment, and have, with astonishing ingenuity, united the simplicity of candour with the excess of profligacy. If our legislators cannot from such facts, added to their own experience, form a mass of knowledge sufficient to ground new laws upon, I know not where they can obtain clearer lights.

I observe it has lately been discovered (to use the newspaper phrase) that crim. con. is travelling from the parlour to the butler's room, and the kitchen, &c. and this some affect to consider with a degree of surprise. Why we ought to wonder at this, is itself a wonder. I grant that people of fashion, by adopting crim. con. into the list of their fashionable amusements, may have given it a certain eclat; or probably, as they suppose,

suppose, may have refined it from the vulgar, and dignified it by high example in high places. But this promotion, Mr. Editor, like other promotions, does not alter the nature of the thing. Are we to be told that education is necessary for crim. con. that no man can make a cuckold who cannot read Ovid in the original; that it is necessary to have been brought up at the Universities, and to have received a degree, before a man can prefer his friend's wife to his own? The union of gallantry with learning had better not be attempted, if it rests for proof upon certain epistolary correspondence. I know few butlers, and not many footmen, who cannot say their prayers, and remember the price of wheat. What then is there to exclude poor servants from imitating their masters? Is a certain rank in life necessary? One would almost suppose so from observing, that upon a comparison of crim. con. with the table of precedency in Blackstone, the former seems to move in an ascending series. But even this, I trust, will not be used as an argument, unless indeed men of rank are determined to keep all kinds of wickedness to themselves, by way of demonstrating to the world the blessings which may be derived from the privileged orders. I do not say they have demonstrated this, but every true Jacobin must admire the industry with which they carry on the process.

But while some affect to wonder at crim. con. among the lower classes, others take comfort from it; they think it will bring it into disgrace, and that it will go out of fashion like cast-off clothes. This I very much question. We still hear of duels, and yet shopkeepers and apothecaries have fought duels. The boys in the streets gamble for nuts and oranges, and yet we hear of pharo banks and E O tables. Chimney-sweepers and butchers' boys run their asses against each other, and yet the glories of Newmarket and Ascot are not eclipsed. The fear of ridicule has much abated of

late

late years. Ridicule indeed is so incorporated with self-love, that, "strange, unnatural, and uncouth" as the connexion may be, there are many who had rather be laughed at than not noticed. And then consider, Mr. Editor, if a man fears neither the censure of a Kenyon, the eloquence of an Erskine, or the indignant verdict of a jury, how can we expect that he will be affected by the gallantry of his footman, or the frailty of his kitchen-maid? As to what has been said of the conduct of even the wives of taylor, it only proves, if it proves any thing, that no part of mankind is safe in these wicked times.

I have other thoughts to suggest on this subject during the vacation; but I have extended the present letter to a sufficient length. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

Doctors Commons, July 10, 1801. A CIVILIAN.

H O R N S.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE expected, with the greatest impatience, a second dissertation upon crim. con. from your learned correspondent in *Doctors Commons*. The *Civilian* certainly displays no common share of wit, penetration, and research; and were there any prospect of his again coming forward, I certainly should not have obtruded myself upon your notice. But I fear he thinks himself degraded by writing upon a topic so familiar.—Turning aside from the law of families, he is probably preparing a treatise upon the contraband trade between nations. If he thinks this species of illicit commerce a more dignified subject for his pen, his views of dignity are surely erroneous. That writer deserves most respect whose writings are most useful to mankind; and does

does not the illegal intercourse to which the Civilian lately turned his attention, prevail much more universally than the other? are not its consequences more fatal, and is it not far more difficult to check it? There is here, to be sure, no dispute concerning what shall constitute *contraband*; but all is obscurity, doubt, and contradiction, when we come to consider the most proper means to put a stop to it, and the punishment to be inflicted upon those found guilty of carrying it on. Could his talents, then, have been more worthily employed than in elucidating a subject so important and interesting, a subject which comes home to us all?

Considering it then the duty of every one to exert himself to the utmost to bring about this devoutly to be wished for consummation, even I am tempted to trouble you. One recommendation, however, as a champion in this holy warfare, I ought to inform you I possess:—I am *experienced*, I speak of things *quorum magna pars fui*. You do not suppose, Sir, that I announce myself as celebrated in the annals of gallantry. Alas! all my experience I have acquired as a *patient*. *Haud ignara mali*; I was separated from my first wife by act of Parliament; and though I have no legal proof of the infidelity of my present, it has been long whispered in the gay world that the horns which I shed when *Soit fait comme il est désiré* was pronounced over my divorce bill, have been since replaced by others still more luxuriantly branching.

Now, Sir, it has often puzzled me (and till this preliminary doubt is solved it is impossible for me to proceed to the more sublime parts of the subject); I have never, I say, been able to conjecture why these ideal ornaments have been supposed to deck the forehead of myself and my unfortunate brethren. When I have stated my doubts and my difficulties, some more enlightened correspondent may mercifully point out

out the origin of this aggravation to our sufferings, and we will then submit to it with greater patience.

The mode of expression is by no means uncommon. It often saves a circumlocution, and always takes off from the triteness of plainer phraseology. Thus we say a man has got a silk gown, a red hat, or a blue ribbon, when he is made a king's counsel, a cardinal, or a knight of the Bath. These, however, and a thousand other phrases of the same kind, all evidently refer to badges of office, and clearly point out the nature of the new appointment. But what connexion can be traced between cuckoldom and horns? Though a black silk gown, from its colour, its pliancy, its smoothness, and its rustling noise, is emblematical enough of a king's counsel, it must be confessed that in a red hat there is nothing very descriptive of the privileges and duties of a member of the conclave. But then let it be considered that by all cardinals, a red hat has been, and is worn, and that it conveys to them the dignity of cardinal, as much as the great seal, when delivered by his Majesty, constitutes him who receives it Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. Is it then, or has it ever been, the custom to bind the brow of the cuckold with horns, as the conqueror at the Nemean games received a chaplet of parsley, and the ancient hero, upon his return from victory, was crowned with laurel? It is only metaphorically that my forehead can be said to have been thus adorned; and, though my reading upon this subject has been pretty extensive, I have not been able to discover the trace of this custom having prevailed in any country or any age. Had it been known among the Greeks or Romans, should we not have had an ode from Pindar, celebrating the coronation of some cornuted Greek? would the ceremony have been passed over in silence by Horace and by Ovid? I confess that in a modern author there is a passage which seems to over-

take any position, and which may be thought by some completely to clear up the mystery. Fielding mentions that a gypsy king punished one of his subjects who had winked at his wife's infidelity, by making him wear a pair of substantial, corporeal, *bona fide* horns. Now we have only to suppose that this occurrence actually took place; that the practice prevails generally among the gypsies; that it had been transmitted to them by their progenitors, the ancient Egyptians; that the custom was remarked by Pythagoras, or some other Grecian sage, in his travels into Egypt; that the phrase alluding to it was by him introduced into the Greek language; that this phrase, like many others, passed through the medium of the Latin, into the dialect of the northern nations, who overran the Roman empire; and that thus all over Europe, to *wear horns*, means *to be a cuckold*. To some antiquaries and etymologists, these suppositions would be nothing; but feeling that they are all completely destitute of proof, rather than follow the theory they would support, I shall contentedly wear my horns in ignorance all the days of my life.

But though there is no reason to believe that the practice ever prevailed generally in any nation, the expression may have taken its rise from some particular instance, in which it may have been believed that the horns actually appeared. And here immediately presents itself the story of Actæon and Diana. In the whole range of the heathen mythology there is scarcely a more famous fable; and, if this expression can be referred to it, all must confess that we say a *cuckold wears horns*, exactly in the same way that we say of a fine woman, *she would have carried off the golden apple. Horns sprang from the head of Actæon!*—granted. But on what account did they sprout? Because he had been cuckolded? *Non constat* that he was ever married. Actæon, fired with culpable curiosity, invaded the privacy

privacy of Diana, and by her was turned into a dog. What analogy is there between the two cases? Besides, Aemon is well known to have been a Theban figure, who ruined himself by keeping too many dogs. He was, therefore, said to have been devoured by his hounds; and may not this be asserted with truth of many who follow his example? The story of his rudeness to Diana is the addition of an after-age, and was not framed probably till long after *cornutatus* was well known. The *virgins* had envied the liberty procured by the *matrons* from the saying, that, when a husband detected his wife in a criminal intrigue, horns spring from his forehead; and to procure themselves the same privileges, one of them, more lively than the rest, had ingrafted this fable upon that of Aemon and his dogs.

In the course of this inquiry I was in hopes that I should have derived great aid from ornithology. I had heard that there was something very uncommon in the manner in which cuckoos rear their young, and I thought that the male cuckoo had been he who considered as his own the bandings hatched from the eggs of other birds, received into the nest by his mate. Now, Sir, the cuckoo, like the owl, has two strong feathers which stand erect upon his forehead; so that you would have had here at once the etymology of the word *cuckold*, and the origin of his *horns*. But upon consulting Buffon, I find it is the female cuckoo who drops her eggs into strange nests; and that, instead of palming upon her husband a spurious issue, she gives to others those young ones of which he is actually the father. Unless, therefore, *cuckold*, which now means the cuckolder, had formerly stood for the cuckold, this theory must be abandoned. And in support of this conjecture, I can urge but a single argument, viz. that a difficulty would thus be cleared up which has long puzzled the wisest heads. Why a cuckold, who

In the eye of reason, doubtless, is an object of commiseration, is nevertheless universally despised, appears altogether inexplicable: but, if we suppose that the word originally stood for the possessor of domestic happiness, it will follow that the meaning of it had been but partially changed, and that the infamy which attached to it in its primary sense remained when it was used to denote the much-injured husband. From this transmutation, too, it may have come to pass that the odious character of a systematic seducer is now reckoned so respectable, and is so generally courted.

But however pleasing this system may be to my own feelings, however honourable to the fraternity, I confess my mind remains unsatisfied. I am still inclined to think a pair of horns must have some symbolical meaning yet undiscovered. The most common use of a horn in this way is to signify plenty. But no ancient statue is represented with two *cornucopias*; far less are there any made *unicorns* by having the one allotted them fixed in the forehead. To crown all, how should the good things of this life be supposed most abundant in that man who has been robbed of his most precious treasure? I allow there are men who have grown rich upon cuckoldom; but it is to be hoped that their number is small, and the horned tribe includes as well those who have been deprived of their honour in the seizure of their wives by the villainy of others, as those who themselves have basely bartered it for gold. Were horns ascribed only to the latter class, the explanation would be highly ingenious, and completely satisfactory; but, alas! I am said to wear horns myself; I, whose fortune, I fear, is squandered upon the authors of my disgrace.

A horn is likewise an emblem of power and majesty, as might be proved from various texts of Scripture, if in a disquisition of this kind it were lawful to introduce them.

them. But to what purpose would this proof be adduced? *Crim. con.* horn, instead of making a man more respected, lays him open to the sneers of every scoundrel and every witling. He is ashamed to show his face, his friends disown him, and his influence rapidly declines. It would have answered much better if a couple of horns joined together had been generally used as a *butt*. We are the mark for the shafts of ridicule and the daggers of malignity. Some well-meaning friend may interpose, and urge that we are said to receive horns when our disgrace is made known, because we are then armed with power to take vengeance upon those who have injured us. But I ask, whether these taunting words are ever used in so noble a sense? I would likewise desire him to recollect, that while some upon their coronation shoot the wretch who has dishonoured them, and have their marriage dissolved, there are others (*that I should add to the number!!*) whose *horny honours* are equally thick upon them, and who have no means of redress.

Shall it then be said that our horns indicate that we are now on a level with the brute creation? In one respect I allow that this present from our wives does so reduce us. It proves that, like other cattle, we have no reason to expect constancy from those with whom we spend a happy moment, and on whom we lavish our endearments. Other analogy between our situation and theirs, I see none. We do not always become ferocious; but often remain calm, tender-hearted, and forgiving. We do not, like those to whom we are likened, console ourselves for the loss of one female in the embraces of another: more frequently do we spend our lives in lamentation, and forswear the sex. It is to be lamented, that the expression of a *pair of horns* is so vague. Had it been ox's horns, some probable resemblance might have been traced between him whose wife despises him, and this degraded

animal. But the expression is, a *pair of horns*, and bulls have horns, stags have horns, tups have horns, and goats have horns: we are more deeply involved in darkness, the farther we proceed.

Obscure, however, as the subject is, I am not without hopes of yet seeing it elucidated. But as I have already, I fear, encroached too far upon your limits, I shall for the present here bid you adieu.

If this meets with your approbation, you may expect to hear from me soon again.

———— Square,
August 1, 1801.

Yours,
CORNUTO.

CRIM. CON.

[From the Morning Chronicle]

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE just perused a long and interesting letter of your correspondent CORNUTO, and if my delaying to send a continuation of my former communication has produced no worse effect than Cornuto's letter, I shall think myself very fortunate. I would not, however, have him to suppose, that while I am silent I am inactive. The subject before us requires much deliberation, and to be able to bestow that-upon it, I have determined to resign for a time every other employment in our line. I cannot, with many of my brethren, turn aside from the law of families to the law of nations. I find one species of contraband goods quite sufficient for my powers of research, and I am greatly mistaken if some confusion of ideas has not arisen in our court from gentlemen handling so many subjects at one time. In fact, we have said so much about *neutral bottoms* and *free bottoms*, that I am afraid we often forget what we are talking about, and a stranger not very well acquainted with our language may

may mistake *mare liberum* and *mare clausum*, for two ladies of very indifferent character.

I assure your correspondent, therefore, that I have not been remiss on the subject which seems to run so much in his *head*, although I am not yet quite prepared to resolve all his doubts. The origin of *horns*, about which he seems so much perplexed, is involved in deep obscurity. That a weapon of *defence* should have been placed on the head, when all defence is too late, involves an absurdity which it will not be easy to explain. Yet horns are certainly of great antiquity: they are at least coeval with our college. In the precincts of Doctors' Commons, there has been time immemorial a tavern, the sign of which is *the Horns*. It is not mere locality that could have joined two things so unlike as a tavern and a spiritual court. We do not find the like analogies in other places. There is no *Verdict Tavern* in Palace Yard, nor *Special Jury Chop-house* in the vicinity of Guildhall. I have some difficulty, however, in tracing horns much higher than Doctors' Commons. It is useless to go to the Greeks and Romans. We know little of the Prerogative Court of Athens; and still less of the Roman proctors.

And, Sir, you will no doubt remark with me that the principal difficulty of tracing the origin of horns, arises from the erroneous manner in which the attempt has been made. We have gone to history for information, when we should have been studying metaphysics, for *horns* are only a metaphysical idea, and therefore it must be very difficult to trace an idea of fancy through the annals of imagination. By looking into Bishop Berkeley's system, we gain, however, some light. He maintained that the sun and moon, earth and sea, our own bodies, and those of our friends, are nothing but ideas in the minds of those who think, and that they have no existence when they are not the objects

objects of thought. And something of the same kind was long before his time taught by Des Cartes and Malebranche, and will admirably apply to the immateriality of horns, the existence, size, and number of which must, upon this principle, depend entirely on the mind. *Credo quod habes, et habes.* Of late, indeed, it has been supposed that they are more substantial and even cumbersome; for an ingenious mechanic offers hats to gentlemen that do not weigh more than an ounce and a half, and are recommended as particularly light and pleasant to those who have already too much on their heads. But I reserve the more full discussion of this subject for a future opportunity, of which I hope the recess from Parliament will afford me many.

As to what your correspondent has so feelingly remarked on the sneers and taunts to which gentlemen of his fraternity are exposed, it is a complaint of long standing, and indeed wholly unaccountable on the principle of justice. I am sorry to say, that the world is very deficient in sympathy; and to this it is owing that a fit of the gout, a robbery on the highway, or a case of *crim. con.* are ranked among the ridiculous distresses of human life. In some measure, indeed, certain gentlemen have been enabled to retaliate by such a rich gilding of the capitals, as to excite envy and emulation; and I believe the late discussions in the Senate were honestly meant to take away the reproach entirely, although it may be doubted whether this can be done by mere legislative power. When law and prejudice are at variance, it is easy to see which will get the better.

On this subject, however, I wish to hint to your correspondent, that gentlemen in his situation are in part to blame for the ridicule thrown upon them. They have neglected to avail themselves of the safety of association, and the strength of confederacy. They
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are confessedly a numerous body; why then not a united body? Why not incorporated in such a manner as to present a dauntless front to the sneers of the world? Why not lay their heads together in the manner of the ancient *testudo*? What could resist the firm, compact, and impenetrable shield of a cornucopious consistence? Then, Sir, recollect that to their acquired strength are added the fascinating and powerful circumstances of rank, title, and wealth; circumstances so singularly entwisted in the fate of cuckoldom, that they have sometimes been found to operate as cause, and sometimes as effect. Consider, likewise, that at a time when abstract principles of government, the rights of man, French liberty, and I know not what besides, have separated men into hostile parties, *here* is a point on which all are agreed. A liberal spirit has diffused itself over the whole system of cuckoldom, unfettered by political prejudices. The ladies, the prime movers in this business, to their immortal honour be it spoken, have disdained to contaminate intrigue with politics. They are not of that class,

“ Who, born for the universe, narrow the mind,
And to party give up what was meant for mankind.”

Of this independence of spirit, this philanthropy of frailty, some late trials have afforded most pleasing instances; and who can tell whether it may not tend to soften the asperities of party rancour, to teach the Whig a new mode of supplanting the Tory, and give the Tory a *title* more than he had the ambition to ask?

Against such a confederacy, what could be opposed by the suzerens of the giddy, the gravity of the moralist, or the precept of the divine? *Defendit numerus* would be the unanswerable argument to the censures of vulgar minds: and that the number of “unfortunate gentlemen” has increased, and is increasing, we have
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from the highest authority, although there are some who contend that the increase is rather in quality than in quantity. Reserving this point to be discussed hereafter, I may be here permitted to ask, if there are doubts upon the subject, why did we lose the opportunity of taking the population of cuckoldom, when that of the rest of the nation was taken? How easily might it have been done? All that was necessary was to draw two more lines in the schedule, the one entitled *Cuckolds*, the other, *Persons employed in Cuckold-culture*. The parish officers could have had no extra trouble on this head; because, if the master of the house were from home, his lady could have given the requisite information, or indeed any of the neighbours, who, it may be observed, are remarkably conversant in such matters.

If it be objected that this fraternity would be too numerous for one club, or one place of meeting in the metropolis, I answer, that there is no necessity for their meeting in one place. I am not for covering the waste lands with club-rooms, nor for knocking down the partitions which divide the houses in our squares. That has been done pretty well already. No; the society might be divided into lodges like the Free Masons, or into divisions, classes, &c. each considerable town to be provided with one at least, with perhaps the title of the *Criminal Corresponding Society*. The principal meeting from which all diverge, as radii from the centre, to be of course in the metropolis; and I have, indeed, seldom been at court, or the opera, or a fashionable rout, without fancying that I saw something of the kind already established. But the more complete organization of this society, as it is a matter in which the nation at large, and particularly the aristocracy of the country, is concerned, must be the subject of further consideration.

Doctors' Commons,
August 8, 1801.

I am, Sir, yours,
A CIVILIAN.

REMARKS

REMARKS UPON NOTHING.

[From a Paris Paper.]

IN spite of the wit with which the eyes of our fair readers generally inspire us, we cannot deny that we are on some occasions afflicted with such a degree of mental sterility as to be utterly incapable of producing any thing at all smart or entertaining. What must we say under such circumstances? *Nothing*, reply our fair readers. That is precisely what we have now resolved to do. But you will say that *Nothing* is a very insignificant subject. Is this really your opinion? For our part, on the contrary, we believe that *Nothing* is at present every thing. May not the greater number of the voluminous romances which consume so much paper, and stuff the shelves of so many libraries, be very fairly reduced to *Nothing*? Are they not made of *Nothing*? Are they not sold, or at least are they not read, for *Nothing*? What is obtained from reading them? Literally *Nothing*. How many people are there now-a-days, who, though originally *Nothing*, have, after being for a moment something, again relapsed into *Nothing*? What is there in most cases in those pretty heads which not unfrequently turn ours? *Nothing*. The young Olympe pleads for a divorce from the old Geronte, to whom she was married last year. What is it he has been doing during the year of their marriage? Why truly he has been doing *Nothing*. What does the prude Orphise, who exclaims so loudly against naked bosoms, conceal under her triple fur? Why, she conceals *Nothing*. Can you conceive any thing more witty and spirited than Mr. Sheridan's comedies, or more dull and insipid than the monstrous farces of Kotzebue? *Nothing*. Is there any thing more unhappy than the lot of an unfortunate stock-jobber, more unfeeling than the heart of a rich miser, more light than the vows of a lover,

lover, more dull than the verses of Small P——s? Still the answer is *Nothing*. You see then that *Nothing* is every thing, and even above every thing, for what is wanting to what has every thing? But *Nothing* has nowhere so great an influence as over the fair sex. They know how to please with *Nothing*. With *Nothing* they play off all their attractions. A *Nothing* vexes and consoles them; a *Nothing* puts them out of humour, and the same *Nothing* restores them to cheerfulness; a *Nothing* gives them the vapours, and in its turn affords them pleasure and amusement. But we will not longer trespass on your patience with *Nothing*; and therefore we shall here close our remarks on *Nothing*.

A LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY.

[From the Oracle.]

MR. ORACLE,

I SEE often in your paper explanatory letters and paragraphs, intended to rectify misrepresentation and vindicate innocence. May I hope that you will not refuse to me the justice you do to so many others?

No person alive was ever more cruelly loaded with unjust reproaches than I am at this moment.

You must know, Sir, that, of all the benefactors of polished mankind, I am, perhaps, the kindest and the greatest. I give liveliness, strength, and delicacy, to every sense; I expand and exalt the imagination; I give to the understanding vigour and active energy; I supply all the varied abundance which sustains and delights human life. In my company alone are the young educated in innocence, health, and a constant flow of sprightly joy. I preserve middle life in guiltless and beneficent activity; I provide a balmy solace for the infirmities and the sickly caprice and languor of

of old age. Are you weary of the noisy bustling society of my sister, Town? how earnestly do you then languish to return to me! On me has Nature lavished all her best bounties: to my sister remain only the fopperies of Art. All the *Vices* haunt her company, and are encouraged by her favour: the *Virtues* delight to dwell with me in retirement. Mine are all the charms of *Love* and *Joy*: *Affectation*, loose *Wantonness*, and *Riot*, attend my sister. I need not to proclaim what advantages I enjoy; they are universally confessed: this very season, this very month, this very week, the companions of Mrs. Town are universally deserting her to retire with me.

But it is in vain, Sir, that I receive them with smiling cheerfulness, and contribute all I can for their amusement. I lead them on delightful excursions, to view my sequestered mountains, vales, and lakes. I conduct them to the sea-shore, and bid them drink new health, and brace the languid frame by immersion in the green sea-waves. I deny not the horse-race, though anxious to discourage gambling. I shear my sheep, yoke my oxen, make my hay, and prepare to cut down my corn to give them innocent pleasure. All this, and much more, I do: yet, still ungrateful, they already call me dull, odious, vulgar, insipid, with a thousand other epithets alike unpleasing and undeserved. To hear them, you would think they sought my company only to revile and insult me. They are incessantly striving to gain new admirers to my corrupted sister, Town. They refuse to be amused by my kindest attention; they pollute every scene to which I lead with the vices and follies that made them, in the society of Mrs. Town, unhappy. They convert the horse-race to an occasion of gambling; they consume the night in riot, and the day in languid sloth; they bring minds and habits incapable of relishing the pleasures I offer, and the pursuits to

which I call them; and then they impute, falsely impute, their *ennui* to malicious forgeries practised by me against them.

Sir, I entreat you, by that candour for which your paper has been ever distinguished, to publish this case, and vindicate my fair fame to the world. So shall my kindest hospitalities attend you, whenever you occasionally steal from the bustle of Fleet Street to follow Father Thames to where his stream is unpolluted by the sewers of London and Westminster, and where his banks are fresh with native verdure.

July 15.

THE COUNTRY.

A LETTER FROM THE TOWN.

[From the Oracle.]

MR. EDITOR,

AS you have thought proper, by admitting the *rural* *wailing* of your correspondent "THE COUNTRY," who calls herself my sister, to libel me, and attempt to depreciate my acknowledged superiority, I demand your attention, whilst I convince your readers of the falsity of what that insignificant *mope* has presumed to utter. What are the mighty pleasures she boasts of bestowing? Purling streams, shady groves, cooing doves, yellow corn-fields, &c. may suit a disappointed old maid, or a growling cynic; but the young, the gay, the animated, and the beautiful, will prefer blazing wax-lights to the silvery moon, an enlivening dance to a dull stroll, the Banti and the Vinci to the singing of birds, dear tantalizing Faro to Pope Joan, and the spirited language of *ton* to the tedious drawling of the curate's deaf wife, or a detail of recipes, made wines, salves, preserves, and pickles, from an antiquated Lady Bountiful. Your reputation, Mr. Editor, is likewise implicated with *mine*; for can it be credited that any one can be so devoid of taste as to prefer

prefer the dull accounts of fat cattle, thunder-storms, blighted fruit, runaway shopkeepers, extraordinary births, and all the *mirabilia* of a country newspaper, to the fire, fancy, whim, humour, and sprightly intelligence that distinguish "*The Oracle of Fashion*!" I am sure you will say *no*; and, if you did not, you would act most ungratefully, considering the high estimation in which I hold you, and the very flattering tokens of partiality you are continually receiving from me. To be sure, there are some dull souls who drink strong beer instead of champagne, who hazard their necks (no great venture though!) in pursuing a stinking fox, and run away from the society of an accomplished woman: but these are not the men who give a zest to dissipation, though, to do them justice, I must confess they very frequently "set the table in a roar."

Were I inclined to boast, I could speak very handsomely of myself. No youth can be said to have completed his education till he *knows the Town*. Old debauchees are proud of relating their youthful feats, in order to *prove their knowledge of the Town*. Sons are instructed by their fathers' *experience of the Town*. The plodding trader conceives it the highest compliment you can pay him to praise his skill *in the ways of the Town*; and the fair sex honour me with such distinguished marks of their affection, that it would overflow your columns were I to enumerate the names of those *sweet* creatures who are *upon the Town*! Much more could I say in my own praise on the pleasures of the Town, the improvements of the Town, the fashions of the Town, &c. &c.; but you know, Mr. Editor, *a Town education is apt to render one modest!*

Mrs. COUNTRY has thought proper to set forth *her virtues* in a very exalted strain of panegyric, but is entirely silent on the constant employment she has for the *flocks, whipping-post, white sheet, and ducking-stool,*

and has let fly a malicious shaft at *my vices*, without reflecting how infinitely they are overbalanced by my *unbounded charities*, both *public* and *private*, which have rendered me the wonder of the world!

The inanimate votary of rural insipidity has also declared, that at this season of the year I am daily deserted by the world of fashion; but to this I give the most decided contradiction; I am "*hic et ubique*;" for wherever a Gordon or a Devonshire leads, they are not only *accompanied* by the Graces, but invariably *followed* by

July 17.

"THE TOWN."

ODE TO GEORGIANA DUTCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE,

(ON THE 24TH STANZA IN HER POEM, ENTITLED, "THE
PASSAGE OF THE MOUNTAIN OF ST. GOTHARD*:")

"And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild!
Where Tell docted the avenging dart,
With well-aim'd arm that first preserv'd his child,
Then wing'd the arrow to the tyrant's heart.")

[From the Morning Post.]

I.

LADY, Splendour's foster'd child!
And did *you* hail the platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell?
O Lady! nurs'd in pomp and pleasure,
Whence learnt you that heroic measure?

II.

Light as a dream, your years their courses ran;
From all that teaches brotherhood to man,
Ah! far remov'd from want, and hope, and fear!
Enchanting music lull'd your infant ear;

* See Spirit of the Public Journals, &c. Vol. iv. p. 150.

Obeisant praises sooth'd your infant heart,
 Emblazonments and old ancestral crests,
 With many a bright obtrusive form of art,
 Detain'd your eye from Nature! Gorgeous vests,
 That veiling strove to deck your charms divine,
 Rich viands, and the pleasurable wine,
 Were yours, unearn'd by toil; nor could you see
 The unenjoying toiler's misery!
 And yet, free Nature's uncorrupted child,
 You hail'd the chapel and the platform wild,
 Where once the Austrian fell
 Beneath the shaft of Tell!
 O Lady! nurs'd in pomp and pleasure,
 Whence learnt you that heroic measure?

III.

There crowd your finely-fibred frame
 All living faculties of bliss;
 And Genius to your cradle came,
 His forehead wreath'd with lambent flame;
 And, bending low, with godlike kiss,
 Breath'd in a more celestial life!
 But many of thy many fair compeers
 Have frames as sensible of joys and fears;
 And some might wage an equal strife,
 (Some few, perchance, to nobler being wrought,)
 Corivals in the plastic powers of thought.
 Yet these delight to celebrate
 Laurell'd war and plumy state;
 Or in verse and music dress
 Tales of rustic happiness.
 Pernicious tales! insulting strains!
 That steel the rich man's breast,
 And mock the lot unblest,
 The sordid vices and the abject pains,
 Which evermore must be
 The doom of ignorance and poverty!
 But you, free Nature's uncorrupted child,
 Hail'd the low chapel and the platform wild,
 Where once the Austrian fell
 Beneath the shaft of Tell!
 O Lady! nurs'd in pomp and pleasure,
 Whence learnt you that heroic measure?

IV.

You were a mother! that most holy name,
 Which Heav'n and Nature blest,
 I may not vilely prostitute to those
 Whose infants owe them less
 Than the poor reptile owes
 Its gaudy parent fly!
 You were a mother, at your bosom fed
 The babes that lov'd you: you with laughing eye
 Each twilight thought and nascent feeling read,
 Which you yourself created! O delight!
 A second time to be a mother,
 Without the mother's bitter groans!
 Another thought; and yet another,
 By touch or taste, by looks or tones,
 O'er the growing sense to roll,
 The mother of your infant's soul!
 The Angel of the Earth, who, while he guides
 His chariot planet round the goal of day,
 All trembling gazes on the eye of God,
 A moment turn'd his awful face away;
 And as he view'd thee, from his aspect sweet,
 New influences in thy being rose,
 Blest intuitions and communions sweet,
 With living Nature in her joys and woes!
 O Lady! thence you joy'd to see
 The shrine of social Liberty!
 O beautiful! O Nature's child!
 'T was thence you hail'd the platform wild,
 Where once the Austrian fell
 Beneath the shaft of Tell!
 O Lady! nurs'd in pomp and pleasure,
 Thence learnt you that heroic measure!

THE SHEARER; A BRITISH IDYL.

ADDRESSED TO HIS GRACE THE [LATE] DUKE OF BEDFORD. BY EDWARD ATKYNS MRAY, ESQ.

[From the True Briton.]

WITH partial ear, oh! list mine artless strains,
Of power, I fear, to please but simple swains,
Thou, who, so bounteous, each succeeding year,
When smiles fair June, with hospitable cheer
Welcom'st the guests that throng thy festive board,
Fraught with each dainty Woburn's plains afford;
When he whose breast the arts of peace can prize,
'Mid war's alarms sees with approving eyes,
Bred on those fertile plains the bleating band
Yield their full fleeces to the Shearer's hand.

THE SHEARER.

SYLVAN, a youth, who twice nine springs had seen,
Whose mind was fair and gentle as his mien,
Ne'er threw his arms a parent's neck around,
But, happy lot! a fire in Anselm found—
Anselm, an aged and a worthy swain,
Who trusted to his care his fleecy train.

Once at the dawn of day he sought the moor,
(Where stemm'd by rocks Dart's rapid torrents roar,)
Roam'd o'er the heathy hills and marshy vales,
And lofty tors, where ceaseless blow the gales,
Whilst with his voice his sheep-dog fill'd the air,
To gather to a flock his fleecy care,
And drive them to the plains, with pasture gay,
Where hoarse-voic'd Tavy winds his foamy way.

Led by his daughter, fair as morn's bright star,
Anselm, who heard the shepherd's pipe from far,
Came with a smile the youthful swain to meet,
Who felt his breast at Phillis' pretence beat.
The youth ere long beneath an oak espied
A rural circle, near the murmuring tide,
Who, as they whetted for the harmless prey
Their shining shears, attun'd the jovial lay.

The sturdy rustic seizes now the dam,
 Whilst on the margin bleats the anxious lamb,
 And hurls her headlong in the foaming wave,
 From dust and heat her curling fleece to lave :
 Another leaning o'er the rock below,
 Where, 'mid the shallower tide, the rushes grow,
 Grasps his strong arms her panting breast around,
 And gently lifts her on the sandy ground ;
 Where, whilst she bleats, and still with terror quakes,
 Swift from her sides the misty drops she shakes.

High o'er the rest, the ram his head uprears,
 And claims dominion by his strength and years,
 But boasts his vigour and his age in vain,
 For, with a stronger arm, the lusty swain
 Grasps the curl'd weapon of his lofty head,
 His proudest rivals oft behold with dread,
 And lays the captive prostrate on the ground,
 Where, 'mid his bending knees triumphant bound,
 In vain he struggles ; from his panting side
 The boastful conqueror strips his woolly pride.

The virgin, seated on a fleecy throne,
 (In regal robes no fairer maid e'er shone,)
 Fondles her favourite lamb, and sometimes deigns
 To view the labours of the youthful swains.
 Each sighs in secret that the lovely fair
 Him may select the favourite lamb to shear.
 She with a blush to Sylvan gives the prize,
 And joy and gratitude illumine his eyes,
 When secret glances to the maid he steals ;
 Nor aught his triumph to the rest reveals.
 The pitch to boil, they stir the rising flame ;
 Stamp on their close-shorn sides their master's name,
 And from the pen release the bleating train,
 Rest of their fleecy load, to brouse the plain.

The labour o'er, their vigour to repair,
 The festive board they spread with rural fare.
 Close to his left young Sylvan Anselm plac'd,
 (Her father's right whilst lovely Phillis grac'd,)
 And, pointing to the flock that rang'd the mead,
 Turn'd to the youth, and cried, " Yon woolly breed,

That

That rove the dale where Tavy loves to flow,
 I to thy father's gen'rous friendship owe—
 The long-lost partner of my youthful days,
 Whom, whilst I live, my lips shall joy to praise.
 Sylvan! in thee remembrance loves to trace
 The soul-fraught features of his manly face:
 Like thee, dear youth! he pour'd his rural strains,
 That claim'd the plaudits e'en of envious swains.

"Once, at a village wake, he tun'd his lay,
 And bore the prize, a pregnant ewe, away;
 But liv'd not long his triumphs to enjoy;
 For soon the sheep, and then his infant boy,
 To me entrusting with his latest breath,
 (His only wealth,) he clos'd his eyes in death!
 This flock, the offspring of the fruitful ewe,
 Sylvan! is thine—and justly is thy due.
 Take, too, my daughter; nor the gift despise,
 A gift it fits thee more than all to prize.
 I long with joy have mark'd your mutual love,
 And sent, for its increase, my pray'rs above."

He kiss'd and gave her to the raptur'd swain;
 With flowing goblets, whilst the festive train,
 Amid the blushes of the yielding fair,
 Invok'd Heav'n's blessings on the youthful pair.

June 23.

THE ANGRY PARSON.

BY SIMON SIMONY, ESQ.

[From the Oracle.]

SIMON *moralizeth very prettily upon Fame—Telleth a Tale—
 And concludeth with a Dinner.*

SAY, what is Fame?
 An empty name!

A sound! a breath! a fleeting story!

Th' intrepid thief by desperate deeds,

The hero who for honour bleeds,

Th' inspir'd votary of the Nine,

Nay—(*Quis credat?*)—the Divine!

Alike are candidates for glory.

Thus

Thus Hist'ry's page (believe me 't is no hoax)
 Lands Julius Cæsar, Alfred, and Guy Faux;
 And thus doth Grub Street join, in doleful strain,
 Bruising Divines, with Nymphs of Drury Lane.
 About the first a pretty tale I'll tell—
 Ye sons of Alma pray observe me well.

As passing yesterday through Cath'rine Street,
 A Rev'rend Gentleman I chanc'd to meet;
 A low'ring frown his troubled mind reveals—
 A brace of greyhounds follow'd at his heels—
 Emotions dire appear'd to shake his frame,
 And, lo! I heard him angrily exclaim:—

“ Shall I, of whom all *Essex* rings;
 Shall I, of whom the *Herald* sings;
 Shall I, of men the most unyielding;
 Shall I (my wits are almost scar'd)
 Be by a saucy wag compar'd *

To Parson Trulliber in Fielding?
 He, or I'm very much mistaken,
 Gave up his mind to curing bacon,
 And boasted of his large fat hogs;
 But, I build houses, I drain bogs,
 Make turnpike-roads, and breed most famous dogs!
 Nay, since I give to Ocean laws,
 Since land I've torn from Neptune's jaws,
 Since at my word the angry waves are mute,
 Egad! I'm greater far than King Canute!
 I know that envious folks will say,
 I shake the elbow, alias, play;

“ But may I change to Jew or Persian,
 If these be not most odious lies;
 For Gaming I so much despise,
 The very name of *Gamble*'s † my aversion!

“ My youthful follies to expose,
 And rare adventures to disclose,
 To some, perhaps, may prove amusing;
 But if the saucy rogues persist,
 They soon shall feel my weighty fist,
 And own I've not forgot my *bruising*.”

* See Debates in the House of Commons, June 19, 1801.

† This probably has some allusion to a clerical living in Essex.

Thus having given his passion vent,
His Rev'rence swore he would be merry—
So call'd "a Coach!" and jocund went
To Hertford Street, to dine with Sherry.
Monday, 22d June 1801.

EPIGRAM.

Compliments they bandy
Sweet as sugar-candy.—ANON.

T'OTHER day at St. Stephen's, as Sherry held forth
On the virtues, the morals, exertions, and worth,
Of a certain living, who to no man will yield
In composing a sermon or ploughing a field—
Who has talents so various, 't is hard to declare
If in courting or preaching his merit 's most rare—
Who gravely inveighs against gamesters and jugglers—
And has clear'd a whole county from desperate smugglers—
In short (not to speak of his Rev'rence by halves),
A man who has civiliz'd e'en Essex calves!
All this in five words, and most eloquent strain,
As Sherry repeated again and again,
Jekyll tipp'd him the wink, and said, "Pray hast forgot
The dialogue that pass'd 'twixt the kettle and pot?"
SIX BOOTS.

JOHNSON'S WIFE.

[From the Morning Post]

OLD Johnson had a scolding wife,
The torment of his weary life,
For nothing could her tongue restrain;
All day she brawl'd, all night she swore,
He talk'd and talk'd—he could no more;
And yet 't was all in vain!
Abroad to ev'ry neighbour's door
The same loud din old Martha bore;
And dreadful was the angry strain.
All sorts of sayings she would use,
Still Johnson gentle means pursues,
And still 't was all in vain.

At fair, at public houses, she
 Was always brawling sure to be ;
 The villagers aloud complain.
 At church she flouted, frown'd—her look
 Made the poor parson drop his book—
 For preaching was in vain.

At meals poor Jobson dar'd not eat,
 For sauce of rage would spoil his meat,
 And dash his cup with grief and pain ;—
 Without the door his plate he laid,
 And silence fought beneath the shade—
 But still 't was all in vain !

Did Jobson wear his Sunday clothes,
 Loudly the storm domestic rose,
 Like whirlwinds o'er the wintry main ;—
 With furious eyes and shrilly tongue
 The cottage-roof was loudly rung—
 For yielding now was vain.

Poor Jobson on his pillow sought
 A vacant hour from busy thought,
 And tried to dream of bliss again ;—
 But, oh ! the shrew, with clamour shrill,
 A curtain-lecture gave him still—
 And dozing was in vain.

One day a sudden illness came,
 And death assail'd the scolding dame,
 And bade her rage at length subside ;
 The neighbours would a Doctor send,
 But Jobson saw his sorrows end,
 For soon his vixen died !

" Alas !" said he, " I knew that death
 Alone had pow'r to stop her breath,
 And ease my weary heart of pain ;
 Then let each husband learn from me,
 That when a wife a shrew will be,
 To stop her course is vain.

" E'en let her go ; nor think to stay
 By Doctors' aid her stormy day—
 Nothing but death can make her still ;
 Weary, and worn with fruitless ire,
 The fiercest tempest will expire—
 If Nature has her will !"

THE ALTERNATIVE.

[From the Oracle.]

FEELING the swift approach of death,
 As Sylvia drew her parting breath,
 She call'd her weeping spouse,
 And begg'd he 'd bless his dying wife
 With pardon, for her ill-spent life,
 And breach of marriage vows.

With jealous rage poor Damon torn,
 At unexpected growth of horn
 Most vehemently griev'd;
 He promis'd Sylvia, if she 'd die,
 He would most cheerfully comply,
 But thro' her if she liv'd.

June 24.

PATIENT GRIZZLE.

IRISHISM.

“ **W**HO lives there, honest friend?” said a travelling
 stranger,
 As on through the county of Antrim he sped;
 And who fancied that houses *shot up* implied danger.
 “ *Lives there?*” answer'd Teague; “ *why, a man that is*
dead!”
 “ When did he die?” quoth the stranger, more gaily;
 Teague paus'd—scratch'd his caxon, so straight and so
 sleek—
 Then replied, “ By my conscience! my jewel, why really,
If he 'd liv'd till to-day, he 'd been dead a whole week!”
Stuckton upon Tees. *****

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

[From the Albion.]

GOVERNOR A—s acquaints his friends and the
 public, that *single* men may be accommodated
 with apartments, in a most desirable part of Coldbath
 Fields.

Fields. The situation perfectly *retired, cool, and silent*; free from the noises of *children*. The rooms entirely void of *smoke*. The house being rather *confined*, the number of lodgers is necessarily limited to *two thousand*. Terms may be seen, and entrance be had, *for a word's speaking*. Apply any day at the D—e of P———d's Office.

N. B. The apartments command a prospect of a *fine hanging wood*—Within half an hour's ride of *Newgate*.
June 17.

ON THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY,

(THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.)

[From the Oracle.]

GENIUS of Anarchy! go flap thy wings
On this thy favourite day,
And sing in fierce tumultuous lay,
The fall of order, and the death of Kings;
And you too, Jacobins! her darling boys,
I know ye dearly love a little noise,
Go swell your boisterous throats,
Clap your conspiring hands,
Rally your broken bands,
And make the air re-echo with your notes.
This is the day on which, with might and main,
(Finding all honest, virtuous arts in vain,)
You tried, by sowing discord and sedition,
To improve your hopeless, desperate condition:
So have I seen the nimble-finger'd scout,
On watches, jewels, rings,
And such-like tempting things,
Gaze in the Theatre with fond desire;
And if the owners keep a sharp look-out,
Change quick his battery, and roar out "Fire!"
Then what a glorious, profitable hustle!
Filches, like Jacobins, delight in bustle.

But,

A LUCKLESS DUPE.

1727

But, Messieurs, if you wish to spare
Your pretty carcasses a banging,
Go breathe a more congenial air,
Skip nimbly o'er to France,
There you may sing and dance,
But here, upon my soul, they talk of hanging.

JOHN BULL.

A LUCKLESS DUPE.

S UNDAY, saw my fair Corinna—	Admiration.
Monday courting, hop'd to win her;	Adoration.
Tuesday found her rather cruel;	Mortification.
Wednesday match'd her—din'd on gruel;	Retaliation.
Thursday we were very kind;	Reconciliation.
Friday articles were sign'd;	Preparation.
Saturday in wedlock buckled;	Consummation.
Sunday I was made a ———.	Coronation.

EPIGRAM.

“ **BY** proxy I pray, and by proxy I vote,”
A graceless Peer said to a Churchman of note;
Who answer'd, “ My Lord, then I'll venture to say,
You'll to Heaven ascend in a similar way !”

SUPPLIES IN ALEXANDRIA.

(ACCORDING TO THE FRENCH ACCOUNTS.)

[From the Times]

AS many persons have testified surprise or incredulity respecting the assertion of General Menou, that Alexandria is victualled for several years, it is necessary to inform them, that before the First Consul took his departure from the flourishing colony of Egypt, he convened a Grand Council of the Sçavans, and invited them to invent the means of preserving the stores which

he had previously collected in the Delta, and which he destined to supply that garrison for ten years, if the cowardly English should land before it.

Citizen Monge immediately undertook to convert twenty thousand head of cattle into beef and mutton mummy, according to the ancient method of the Alexandrians, and with the very compound remaining in the catacombs: these carcases were accordingly spiced and boxed up for the siege.—Citizen Pils, another philosopher, offered to smoke sixty-five millions of quintals of corn from the oil of crocodiles, an experiment which has most happily succeeded, as not a rat has eaten of it whose carcass has not instantly been found, and it agrees perfectly with the republican stomachs. These stores, therefore, may be relied upon. And as the whole of the Lake Marcotis has been freshened by an easy process sent out by the Institute from Paris, the garrison is abundantly supplied with fine water, with which General Hutchinson inadvertently has insulated the place.

Whatever apprehensions were entertained from the plague, have been removed by Citizen Corrifart, who has been promoted to the rank of Chief Physician to the Consul, for his admirable skill in applying and rendering practical the sublime discovery of Mr. Godwin, the great English philosopher. He proposed, that the whole garrison should take an oath not to consent to die under the plague, or under any pressure or infirmity, during the space of ten years; and as it is demonstrated by that great man, as indeed it was by the pious Condorcet before him, that no man can die without a cowardly consent and connivance with his disease, the republican troops were called out upon the parade; and instead of swearing, as they had often done, to die for their country, they now swore to live for it during ten years; and one regiment voted itself immortal by acclamation.

The

The *Moniteur* was not therefore guilty of the slightest exaggeration in pronouncing Alexandria impregnable, as soon as the banks of the Lake Madée were levelled by the indiscretion of the enemy. A most excellent brewery has been set up from the corn, though some of the *petit-maitres* and officers of the old régime affect to say it has a flavour of the crocodile oil; but the mummy-soup is universally allowed to be excellent, and the aromatic antiseptic quality of the compound has preserved the troops from all attacks of the *dysentery*.

MONGE, Cadet.

From the Lazaretto at Toulon, the
1st of Messidor, year 9:

Pour Copie conforme.

F. CHAPPE.

July 24.

INQUIRY INTO THE CAUSES OF IMPERIAL APOPLEXIES.

[From the Times.]

BONAPARTE intends, as it is reported, to erect a cenotaph to the memory of his friend Paul, whose merits he was so "formed to appreciate." Doubtless, the Chief Consul has deeply felt his loss, and the manner of it. The Institute has been ordered to prepare a report upon the causes of sudden death in great men, and upon the remote and immediate causes of apoplexies. Citizen Monge, the celebrated Scavant, who returned with the Consul from his flourishing colony of Egypt, is decidedly of opinion, that condensed air exploded in a tube behind small spheres or globules of lead, *pulvis arsenicus*, oxyde of steel, *cultrum guillotinicum*, and other chemical matters or processes, well known to the philosophers of the revolution, are all of the apoplectic kind. There is also, he thinks, an aquatic apoplexy, which has been very epidemic in the neighbourhood of Nantz; and Citizen Tallien, it is said, inoculated thousands for the apoplexy at Bourdeaux.

July 28.

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IMPROMPTU

IMPROMPTU

ON A SUDDEN EXIT.

[From the Morning Herald.]

GENIUS of apoplectic grace,
 All hail thy quiet, midnight art,
 Which made P——'s au——cratic face
 The sable colour of his heart!

Amidst the curses of a land
 Should such another monster rise,
 Oh! quickly ply thy throttling hand,
 And close the tyrant's blood-shot eyes!

BOW-STRING.

PREDICTIONS FOR THE AUTUMN OF 1801.

[From the Albion.]

TWO Hibernian admirers of a charming woman shall quarrel about her, and when they shall be on the point of deciding their title by a duel, she shall say, "Your dispute distresses me; and, to reconcile you, I have chosen a third lover, and will have nothing to do with either of you more."

Three authors shall pass three hours together without criticising each other's works. This phenomenon will perhaps never appear again, after such good-humoured authors as Cumberland, Morton, and Reynolds, shall cease to exist.

Reports shall be propagated at a certain watering-place, to the disadvantage of a most virtuous woman of fashion, while one of consummate gallantry shall be panegyricized for her chastity.—Reputations!—they are so many lottery tickets, distributed at the office of Public Opinion.

An *elegante* of the first order shall go half naked, while her coachman shall be suffocating in the month of August, within the cumbrous circumference of a double

double milled great coat with half a dozen capes; and her lapdog shall sleep in sheets of sky-blue and rose-coloured blankets.

The evenings on the Steine of Brighton, and the Pier at Margate, shall be brighter than in any preceding year. The beaux shall run after beautiful bettes, just launched from the boarding-school, and on coming up shall find them septuagenary grandmothers going to prayers.

A pretty rustic, of seventeen, will come to town to take care of a grand house in one of the squares, during the absence of the family in the country. She will cry for two days after her mother, the cows, and her cousin Nelly, and in two months she shall have wit, fashion, and equipage, a house, and a thousand admirers. Mr. Scrip shall call her the consolidated fund of his omnium. A handsome face is sometimes as good as a bank in London.

A young buck shall spend his whole fortune, and shall discover, on the first day of Michaelmas term, that he paid 2000*l.* for a girl who was not worth a crown; 2000*l.* for horses that he never rode; 3000*l.* for a house and premises in which he never lived; and 4000*l.* for servants, without being half so well served as his valet's valet de chambre.

As fashion always accommodates itself to the season, hats ornamented with fruits will succeed to those now adorned with flowers, and nothing will be more common than to see an *elegante* carrying on her head, pears, peaches, and ananas, like a Covent Garden basket-woman.

There will be some mournings: but some balls will dissipate the sorrow. Life is a constant vibration between laughing and weeping.

July 24.

MERLIN.

WHAT

WHAT A CONTRAST!

[From the Oracle.]

NOTHING is more common than for the inhabitants of a large city to give erroneous accounts of its magnificence, &c. to those who reside at a distance. As an additional proof of this metropolitan propensity to exaggeration, we shall present our readers with an extract of a letter from a French country gentleman, written to a friend on his first visit to Paris.

“ I arrived a few days since, my dear friend, in this immense city, which has been described to me as the handsomest, the richest, and of course the most elegant in the world. But quitting the carriage in the Fauxbourg St. Marcel, and perceiving nothing but dirty narrow streets, and inhabitants resembling a colony of beggars, I could not forbear exclaiming, ‘ *What a contrast!* ’ I had been told, that the Parisians were polite, modest, and temperately gay; but I had not advanced ten paces, when the tumult, uproar, and clamorous exclamations of the populace nearly deafened me, and produced such a confusion in my mind, that I had hardly recollection to ejaculate ‘ *What a contrast!* ’ — Escaping as quickly as possible from this scene of noise, I made the best of my way to the fashionable part of the town in search of an hotel, and perceiving one inscribed ‘ The Hotel of Peace,’ I immediately took up my abode there. Hardly had I entered, before the most terrible din that imagination can conceive invaded my ears; I really thought the whole house was coming down. Throwing up the window, I perceived the police officers had arrived, the hotel was surrounded with people, and the street crowded. With some difficulty I learnt that the master of *the Hotel of Peace*, after a very severe contest, had been soundly *threshing his wife*, and that, though this couple loved each other to distraction, they regularly fought once a day. I shut down the

the

the window, whispering to myself, '*What a contrast!*' and set off in quest of other lodgings.—The *Hotel of Providence* took my attention, and I engaged a room there; but, thanks to *Providence*, I could not procure a single thing I called for. The interior of the house bespoke the greatest misery, and afforded such a *contrast* to its name, that I quitted it in disgust, and entered the '*French Hotel*.' Supper being served at the instant of my arrival, I took my seat at the *table d'hôte*, with about twenty others; and as I am naturally of a communicative disposition, I had no sooner concluded my meal but I attempted to enter into conversation with my companions, who, to my great surprise, made no other return but by signs and gestures. Conceiving, however, that their appetites were very voracious, and that they did not choose to converse during supper, I waited the removal of the cloth, when I renewed my interrogatories, but could not obtain a single answer, and at length discovered that not a person in company understood me, and that the '*French Hotel*!' contained only *Germans, Russians, and Dutchmen*. Calling for a candle, I went to bed, exclaiming, '*Here's a contrast!*' And the next morning entered a coffee-house, over the door of which was the sign of *Hope* leaning on her Anchor. Flattering myself that I had at last found a comfortable residence, I ordered chocolate; but had scarcely finished it when I heard the report of a pistol, and was informed on inquiry, that the master of the *Hope* coffee-house, driven to *despair* by unexpected misfortunes, had blown out his brains.

"This was a *contrast* with a vengeance, and I am now fully convinced that the Parisians express themselves by contradictions, and that in their vocabulary

<i>Peace</i>	means	<i>Noise,</i>
<i>Providence</i>	—	<i>Misery,</i>
<i>French</i>	—	<i>Any other language,—and</i>
<i>Hope</i>	—	<i>Despair."</i>

July 21.

PETITION

PETITION AND REMONSTRANCE OF THE LATE MEETING OF OXEN, IN SMITHFIELD,

AGAINST STRAW HATS AND STRAW PAPER, &c.

TO THE PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

May it please our gracious Masters,
FROM time immemorial, *wheat* has been appropriated as a chief article of food to your Worships; and the *straw* to us, your humble friends and faithful servants. The Bible bears witness to our ancient right. Is it not said—*He eateth straw like an ox?* A claim so modest was in ancient times never contested. Crowns of thorns, crowns of bays, crowns of laurel, were in use; but never a heroine of antiquity thought of putting on a *crown of straw*.—Wax, plates of metal, the bark of trees, the leaves of the papyrus, wood, ivory, and rolls of parchment, were employed as vehicles for writing: but never a man thought of robbing us of our forage, to make books of it.

Even the rudest nations have still equally respected our rights. Neither Goth nor Vandal ever took away our *straw*—not the Abyssinians, who cut us up alive for *steaks*—not the reformers of literature, who introduced so many new uses for our hides—not the comb-makers and spoon-makers, who turn our bones and horns to such good account—nor the Moors, Portuguese, and Spaniards, who so harass and torture us in bull-fights—nay, not even the London butchers, from whom our race has suffered greater injuries than from all the rest of the world together, ever thus invaded our rights, or deprived us of our favourite provisions.

No; may it please your Worships—it was reserved to an age of inventions and revolutions, to a time when you are also deprived of your *wheat*, to rob us of our *straw*. Who would have supposed, that the fine
women

women would, in cruelty to us, have contrived to wear *straw on their heads*? We refused not a little, to serve, now and then, as a crown to a madman. We could even grant a portion for a simple rustic hat to a milk-maid. But who would have imagined that our patience, after all it had suffered in a thousand ways, was to be so much farther abused; that all the women in the kingdom, high and low, should have thought of wearing head-dresses cribbed from our stalls? You complain, that by covering their heads with *hair-powder*, they consume prodigious quantities of that wheat-flour, which it were much better to use in bread for the poor among yourselves. How much shall not we complain, that our food is taken out of our mouths, to be misapplied in the same manner?

But this is not all:—We were more than half starved by the devices of the women; and now, to leave us not a stalk of *straw* over the whole country, some evil-minded persons are contriving to manufacture it into *paper*. Only reflect on the consequences! What is there half so much abused among you as paper? And how immensely will the waste increase, when it may be had of *straw*? You shall see it applied to a thousand uses which were never before imagined for it. Every fool of Grub Street will confidently pretend that he has a better right to the use of *straw* than we. Nor will the matter rest here. The fine gentlemen may soon come to have their *half-boots*, and the fine ladies their *silks* and *laces*, made of the same material. And your people who consume their all in dress, will be ready to pinch not only their own *backs* and *bellies*, but *ours* likewise, that they may make themselves fine.

Would your Worships only think, that with your straw paper and straw head-dresses, you are, in fact, confusing your milk, butter, cheese, and beef—you would certainly pity your own case, if not ours. But if
you

you restrain the distilleries, if you diminish the consumption of hair-powder, if you forbid the weavers to waste so much starch in dressing their webs, you will, in compassion for us, impose equal restraints on the irregular consumption of straw.

If you do, may you never want butter to your bread, cream to your tea, nor cheese to give a relish to your porter.

May it please your Worships to take this our case into your immediate consideration, and grant the desired relief:

So shall your Petitioners ever low.

(Signed) In name of the great Prize Ox, and five hundred of his brethren, delegates from stalls and dairies in different parts of the kingdom.

[Oracle, July 24.]

EXTRAORDINARY SALE.

[From the Morning Post.]

MR. EDITOR,

YOUR account, stating that M. P. Andrews, Esq. had purchased the house, furniture, &c. of Lord Gr——e, is not accurate. The following articles still remain to be disposed of:

No. I. An artificial forehead, richly corrugated with frowns, and other official insignia. It would make an excellent *mask* for a *gentleman*, or the skin might be found useful in mending the instep of a Hessian boot, or a goffreeing machine. This article, it was supposed, would have gone with the house, being considered a *fixture* to the premises.

No. II. A large quantity of *fustian*, vulgarly called "Sputter and rant," ornamented with figures, flowers, and striking views of France and Ireland in the most terrific style. A single yard of this stuff sent over

as a curiosity to M. Talleyrand, cost several millions.

No. III. A most curious *escape-ladder*, called *Catholic Emancipation*, invented by a private gentleman of the name of Pitt: its efficiency has been completely ascertained by the following experiment. The leader of a certain gang was admitted by the *back-stairs* into the greatest house in town, where he advanced from *story* to *story*, until he mounted so high that every body thought he must fall and break his neck; yet, with the aid of the escape, he and his party descended safely into the street.

Several very valuable tracts, consisting of a new edition of the *Academy of Compliments*, dedicated by permission to the First Consul: "Practical Essays on *experimental* Philosophy, enforced by the *Evidence of Facts*." "A Treatise on the *Vigorous*," to bind up with Burke upon the "Sublime and Beautiful," &c.

The above articles cost upwards of two hundred millions, but will be disposed of considerably under prime cost, the owner having given up business, and having no further occasion for them. They are well worth the notice of the new Minister, as they have been known to supply means to carry on the war, when all others had failed.

N. B. Some of the above articles being missed within these few days, this is to give notice, that all persons in whose possession they shall be found, shall be banished from polite society; and all pawnbrokers, and others, are desired to take care that they do not receive the same, in pawn, or otherwise.

TIMOTHY JUST-A-GOING.

Bidwell Street, July 2.

THUNDER-STORM.

[From the Albion.]

SIR,
YOU have astonished many of your readers who are not acquainted with the wonderful effects produced by lightning, by relating the case of a lady in Goodman's Fields, whose gold ear-rings were torn from her ears, and melted, during the storm on Tuesday last, and she remained unhurt. But this is nothing to the case I am going to relate: a great electrician in Westminster, during a late thunder-storm on the Continent, set his apparatus to work, which attracted a great deal of lightning to it, and not only melted several tons weight of pure gold in his experiments, but by the explosions scattered it all over Europe, and it was picked up by many people of the first rank, who can vouch for the fact; besides which, during the continuance of the storm, he also turned an immense weight of the same metal into paper!!!—nay, do not stare, Mr. Editor; the fact is so, and I can bring you thousands of people of undoubted veracity, who will swear to it. The same electrician, during his residence in Westminster, invented a machine, which he assures the public will turn the above-mentioned paper into solid pure gold again, in less than fifty years; but I am not prepared to bring forward any one person of sound judgment who has any faith in this assurance. I am yours, &c.

July 4.

K. S.

INSCRIPTION FOR A PICTURE OF EARL FITZWILLIAM.

WRITTEN BY MR. WALLER.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

IN these soft tints behold a peerless Lord,
 Who serv'd no faction, and who broke no word;

For

For whom an empire's pious prayers ascend—
 Britannia's refuge, and Hibernia's friend!
 Disdainful of each ministerial feint,
 No frown could fright him, and no title taint;
 An honest Briton, who had sense and grace
 To love his Sov'reign—yet reject a place!

Let others, fond of visionary praise,
 Hatch new Utopias, and new Babels raise,
 With healing schemes a deadly breach create,
 And sap the soundest pillars of the state!
 Be this your lot: maintain one manly part,
 Pursue the dictates both of head and heart;
 Then think the praise applauding conscience brings
 Beyond the shout of mobs or gift of kings.

Like some wise pilot, that in evil day
 'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis steers his way;
 The faithless deep explores with steady eyes,
 Keeps the mid course, and ev'ry danger spies;
 So you, my Lord, pursue the happy mean,
 And shun each horror that besets the scene;
 Arts that mislead, and perils that devour.
 The howl of faction, or the gulf of pow'r!

July 24.

EPITAPH ON MISS POLLY WHITEHEAD:

FOR A MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

HERE sleeps a maid in hope again to rise,
 That once was fair of form and pure of mind!
 Living, she wip'd the tear from many eyes;
 But, dying, left no legacy behind!

Polly with frugal hand was wont to lend
 That aid which wealthier dames would not bestow;
 In her each author found a ready friend,
 And booksellers their all to Polly owe!

Statesman, if sober thought can reach thy head—
 If thou for female worth couldst ever feel,
 If ever, musing on your midnight bed,
 One thought of woman through your breast should steal:

Then know, though now repentance comes too late,
 Your acts in Polly rais'd the virgin-figh:
 Oh, think of Polly Whitehead's hapless fate—
 For by your hands did Polly Whitehead die!

But bookfellers, although they lost their trade,
 Still Polly lov'd in memory of the past,
 And rais'd this bust, in honour of the maid—
 For bookfellers were grateful to the last!

ADDRESS TO JULY.

BY MR. T. STOTT, OF DROMORE, IRELAND.

SWART ruler of the sultry summer's day,
 Whom lassitude and languor still attend,
 As slow up yonder blue ethereal path
 Thy radiant car ascends, beneath this bow'r,
 That Nature's hand in wild luxuriance weaves,
 That Lagan's Naiads long have fondly nurs'd,
 Let me retire; and whilst the sickly scene,
 Smit by thy fervid influence, droops around,
 Cherish the soothing faculty of song,
 Nor yield my lyre to lethargy and thee!

The warrior chief*, whose celebrated name
 Thy bright escutcheon proudly still displays;
 He, whom in time a trembling world obey'd,
 At once the boast and bane of ancient Rome!
 Under thy ardent auspices first drew
 The vital fluid, and, if Hist'ry's pen
 Has faithfully pourtray'd his character,
 Much of thy hot and haughty temper too,
 His mind partook. Where'er ambition led
 His hostile footsteps, victory pursu'd,
 And warlike nations wither'd as he went.
 But having reach'd the zenith of renown,
 And grasp'd the fasces of despotic sway,
 Envy beheld him with a jealous eye,

* Julius Cæsar.

And Freedom frown'd—sure presage of his fall.
 Then dark cabal and grim conspiracy
 Began to sap the pillars of his power
 With deep and desperate progress; till at last
 Assassination rush'd with ruffian speed
 Upon him, unprepar'd to meet the blow,
 And bath'd his rival's statue in his blood.
 Each modern Cæsar, whose ambition soars
 Beyond the limits justice has prescrib'd,
 May learn from this aspiring Roman's fate,
 What hazards haunt unbounded lust of pow'r.

No devotee of Bacchus, round whose heart
 The pow'r of thirst extends her spongy sway,
 Delights in drinking more, dry month! than thou
 The stream that murmur'd o'er its pebbled path
 To thy parch'd palate scarce supplies a draught;
 And with dismay the shepherd sees how soon
 Thou canst exhaust the copious reservoir,
 On which he lately founded all his hopes
 Of never-failing beverage for the flock.
 The plummy partners of the shrinking lake
 Lament thy inroads on their reedy haunts,
 And lead their brood far from the fenceless shore,
 Where freakish youth and idleness resort,
 To chase and plague them with offensive noise.
 But in the splendour of thy burning beam,
 The insect race rejoice: in ev'ry shade
 The buzzing swarms their airy gambols hold,
 And, issuing thence in strong detachments, oft
 Annoy the weary trav'ller on his way.

Fierce Sirius, rous'd by thee, erects his crest,
 And, like a cockatrice, with venom'd eye,
 Athwart the pale horizon shoots his fires,
 Dispensing dire disease to man and beast.
 Ah! hapless he, who, on the boiling main,
 Where torrid, equinoctial rays descend,
 Now falls the prey of cruel *calenture* *.

* A distemper incident to sailors in hot climates, under which they imagine the sea to be a green field covered with flowers, groves, &c.

As on his sick brain the delirium works,
 He fancies all around him he beholds
 Green lawns, enamell'd meads, and shady groves;
 Then, rushing forth, by the delusion led,
 To wander through the fair inviting scene,
 He tumbles headlong o'er the vessel's side,
 And sinks, to rise no more!—Oh may the Hand
 That guides the progress of the varying year,
 Extend its guardian shadow o'er the heads
 Of our brave countrymen, who now expos'd
 To all the rigours of thy tropic reign,
 Assert the glory of the British name
 On distant Nile's inhospitable shore!

ORIGIN OF THE MORNING BLUSH.

BY MR. STOTT.

AS Tithonus reclin'd on the couch of Aurora,
 Just like some fond bee on the soft lap of Flora,
 "Of sweet kisses," she cried, "love, still give me some more ah!
 Let Time, as he will, jog for me."
 But the youngster, quite tir'd now with kissing and toying,
 Replied—"My dear, rise! or the Sun will be prying;
 All Nature, like me, is grown weary with lying,
 And longs much thy fair face to see."

At this cold unexpected remonstrance and warning,
 With a look that bespoke disappointment and scorning,
 Up started the beautiful Goddess of Morning,
 And left her dull sweetheart in dumps;
 "O good morrow!" says Phœbus, with brows somewhat
 hazy,
 "Miss Aurora, I see you're inclin'd to grow lazy."
 "Mister Sol," she replied, "with your gibing be easy"—
 Then into his chariot she jumps.

So off the pair drove, just like brother and sister;
 The day grew so bright that mankind never mits'd her;
 Nor would any have known that Tithonus had kiss'd her,

If

If Cupid the secret had kept;
 But he, in a talkative fit, told his mother,
 And she, quite unable such scandal to smother,
 Of the gossiping goddesses soon told another,
 Till at length to Fame's knowledge it crept.

Now as Fame such high characters loves most to worry,
 This news put her breast in a wonderful flurry;
 She snatch'd up her trumpet, and flew off in a hurry
 To sound it on every side:
 Aurora, perceiving her name was thus blasted,
 Resolv'd, that, as long as this earthly ball lasted,
 Her face still, while taking her daily trip past it,
 A veil of deep crimson should hide.

Hence arises the beautiful blush we discover,
 When Morning the mountain's dim summit peeps over;
 Reflection still flashes the cheek of the lover—
 Still her grief for detection remains;
 In vain each fond cloud the shy nymph now addresses,
 She seems e'en to shun her attendants' caresses,
 And, while they with roses and pearls braid her tresses,
 Her tears oft besprinkle the plains.

LONDON SUMMER MORNING.

WHO has not wak'd to list the busy sounds
 Of Summer's Morning in the sultry smoke
 Of noisy London? On the pavement hot
 The footy chimney-boy, with dingy face,
 And tatter'd cov'ring, shrilly bawls his trade,
 Rousing the sleepy housemaid. At the door
 The milk-pail rattles, and the tinkling bell
 Proclaims the dustman's office, while the street
 Is lost in clouds impervious. Now begins
 The din of hackney coaches, waggons, carts;
 While tinnen's shops, and noisy trunk-makers,
 Knife grinders, coopers, squeaking cork-cutters,
 Fruit barrows, and the hunger-giving cries
 Of vegetable venders, fill the air.
 Now every shop displays its varied trade,

And

And the fresh sprinkled pavement cools the feet
 Of early walkers. At the private door
 The ruddy housemaid twirls the busy mop,
 Annoying the smart 'prentice, or neat girl
 Tripping with band-box lightly. Now the sun
 Darts burning splendour on the glitt'ring pane,
 Save where the canvass awning throws a shade
 On the gay merchandize. Now spruce and trim,
 In shops (where Beauty smiles with Industry)
 Sits the smart damsel, while the passenger
 Peeps through the window, watching ev'ry charm.
 Now pastry dainties catch the eyes minute
 Of humming insects, while the limy snare
 Waits to enthrall them. Now the lamp-lighter
 Mounts the tall ladder, nimbly vent'rous,
 To trim the half-fill'd lamp; while at his feet
 The pot-boy yells discordant: all along
 The sultry pavement the old clothesman cries
 In tone monotonous, and sidelong views
 The area for his traffic: now the bag
 Is sily open'd, and the half-worn suit
 (Sometimes the pilfer'd treasure of the base
 Domestic spoiler,) for one half its worth,
 Sinks in the green abyfs. The porter now
 Bears his huge load along the burning way,
 And the poor poet wakes from busy dreams
To paint the Summer Morning.

FORMERLY AND TO-DAY.

[From a Paris Journal.]

FORMERLY the hair was worn so long, that a general council thought proper to proscribe that fashion, in compliance with a passage of St. Paul against long hair; and we have since had square wigs, long-tailed wigs, pig-tailed wigs, full-bottomed wigs, folio wigs, bag wigs, pigeon-winged wigs, spaniel-eared wigs, horsehoe wigs, lapdog wigs, wigs à l'Espagnole, à l'Anglaise, à la conseillère, et à la Greque, &c., &c.

To-day

To-day we have generally adopted a more convenient and simple mode of wearing the hair, which saves time and expense, does not soil one's clothes with grease or powder, and facilitates the perspiration of the head. This is the fashion *à la Romaine*, or *à la Titus*.

Formerly no person, young or old, man or woman, could appear in public without spectacles. They did not wear them for the purpose of aiding their sight: for, when asked to read any thing, they requested permission to take off their spectacles.

To-day the young people who use glasses wish at least to escape the fatigues of war, by pretending to be short-sighted.

Formerly long beards were the fashion, and the clergy were so much attached to this ornament, that they were the last to leave it off. This fashion became obsolete; Francis Olivier was obliged to get himself shaved before he was admitted to a seat in Parliament.

To-day long beards are seen only on those who cannot afford to be shaved, and on the Ambassador of the Ottoman Porte, who would not be shaved for any money.

Formerly those who took snuff at church were excommunicated.

To-day we take snuff at mass, without dreading excommunication.

Formerly sugar-plums were so much in vogue, that no one appeared in public without a box of them. The Duke of Guise had his sugar-plum box in his hand when he was killed at Blois.

To-day sugar-plums are confined to the children; and, if they are at all used by their elders, it is only at christenings, and on particular holidays.

Formerly, because Louis XIII. had an extreme liking to gingerbread, every beau had his pocket filled with it, and presented slices of it to the ladies with the most ceremonious gallantry.

To-day

To-day gingerbread is to be seen only at the church-doors, in the streets, and at country fairs.

Formerly it was the fashion to wear long cravats which hung down to the waist. This was followed by the frugal fashion of a single fold of muslin, closely tied behind.

To-day the neck moves freely in a large cravat, which completely fills up the space between the chin and the collar-bone.

Formerly books, writings, and even letters on the most common occasions, were stuffed with an infinity of quotations. Varillas says, that Montluc, when writing to Charles IX. not having room in his first letter for all the extracts he had prepared, wrote a second letter, filled with eight pages of quotations.

To-day our young authors do not perplex us with Latin or Greek; and if this custom should continue a little longer, it may, perhaps, be more strictly proper to call Greek and Latin the *forgotten* than the *dead* languages.

July 3.

SPORTING.

[From the Oracle.]

MR. EDITOR,

I AM an old bachelor, and, having nothing to do, generally spend my time in strolling from coffee-house to coffee-house, gleaning curious anecdotes, and listening to various conversations. My peregrinations have been confined to the city till yesterday, when, entering a fashionable tavern to the westward, I seated myself in a box adjacent to a party of about half a dozen young men, who were debating with great earnestness. One of them exclaimed, "Depend upon it, Jack, the *breed of Potatoes* is worth any money, I'd give a cool thousand myself."—This rather surprised me; but, conceiving the youth to be an *Hibernian*, I waited till another

another swore, that "he would not give sixpence for Sir Charles Bunbury's *Froth*, though he thought he kept some of the prettiest fillies in England." I was preparing to vindicate the worthy Baronet from this charge of immorality, when a third cried out, "Who'll go and see *Moll Roe take her sweats?*" I had scarce time to wonder what this meant, before another rejoined, "You know nothing about it; I was present when *she was covered*, and I'll wager fifty pounds *Callie is breeding*." Shocked at this indecent asseveration, I put on my hat to depart, when one of the company asked me "if I thought the *Maid of the Oaks* was mistress of my weight?"—This put me out of countenance; but imagining it to be a fashionable *hoax*, I defeated myself, to hear the end of this singular discourse. A youth, whom I had not before observed, gravely remarking, that he thought "Jenny Spinaer" could carry thirteen stone better than "Miss Pratt," was stopped by a companion asking him which he preferred, "Penelope or Lais?"—Whilst I was wondering what possible comparison could be drawn between the illustrious wife of Ulysses and a courtesan, a gentleman entered the room, and informed the company, that with great difficulty "Miss Fury" had beat "Dick Andrews." This was the only intelligence that pleased me, as it proved the Amazonian spirit of our English ladies; but whilst I was exulting in the defeat of "Dick Andrews," and blaming his want of gallantry in fighting with a woman, a smart youth, in new boots, vehemently swore, that though "John Bull was well bred, he had no bottom!" This so incensed my British blood, that I lifted up my stick with an intention of chastising the young spark for his impudent assertion, when the mystery was explained by perceiving a paper lying upon the table, upon which was inscribed in large letters, "*The Racing Calendar*." Yours, &c.

Friday, July 24.

ANTHONY ODDFISH.

ST. SWITHIN.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

FOR the information of your *learned* readers, I beg leave to inform them, that St. Swithin, whom some of the papers have represented as a *lady*, was a *gentleman*, and some time Bishop of Winchester, in the ninth century. He is said to have been a man of great piety and learning, but records are silent as to that *particular propensity* of his, which is so frequently complained of by our farmers. Matthew of Westminster gives a long list of miracles performed by him, but says nothing of his annual *liquidation*. He mentions, indeed, that he once *converted* a basket of *broken eggs* into *whole ones*, which was certainly very wonderful, and much more useful than turning fair weather into foul.

A life of this great patron of bad seasons is yet a *desideratum* in literature. Might I take the liberty to suggest to George Chalmers, Esq. A. SS. that it would be a work worthy of his talents? This bishop stands very much in need of an *Apology*, and perhaps a Supplement to that *Apology*, or an Appendix to that Supplement. A quantity of *leaden* pipes sufficient to carry off his water, would be a national work exceeding all that we have heard of the great aqueducts of antiquity. Mr. C. would likewise confer an obligation on the public, if he would inform them why his Lordship's *complaint* was so accommodating as to comply with the *new style*?

I am, Sir, yours,

ANTIQUARIOLUS.

July 18.

SALE BY AUCTION.

[From the Oracle.]

MR. EDITOR,

WHEN I inform you that I was a chief partner in the poetical firm of Della Crusca, Anna Matilda, and that brilliant phalanx of poets who illuminated the world some time ago, you will probably recollect having read many of my most astonishing and super-excellent performances. Evil days, however, have at length come upon us; we have been partly laughed out of notice, and some of us have, by dint of perseverance, fairly written our school down. You will probably recollect, Sir, that the basis of our poetry was *epithet*—none of our *substantives* were allowed to stand by themselves, but were gravely accompanied by a weighty *adjective*, as you may sometimes see a tiny Miss followed in her shopping excursions by a tall footman. Of these epithets I have yet left a large collection, which I am disposed to sell by auction, either together, or, what perhaps would be preferable, in small lots, for the accommodation of families and individuals. I can assure you, that although they have often been used, they are as *good* as new; and, I will venture to say, will appear to as much advantage twenty years hence as they do now. Although *our school* may be at present under a cloud, it is probable it may revive at some future period, and our language be again involved in all the charming obscurity of sentimental expletives and epithets. In the mean time I send you my catalogue, arranged in two columns for the benefit of *your* columns, and you may print them in the usual letter, although, when we print them in our poems, we generally use small and great capitals, *italics*, and !!! plenty of notes of admiration !!!

CATALOGUE, &c.

Senseless minds

Undulating lights

Ditto bosoms

Sapphire streams

VOL. V.

s

Embowering

Embowering woods
Translucid days
Whispering showers

Quivering throbs

Eagle-wafted cars

Air-born visions

Dank boughs

Ditto leaves

Filmy mantles

Dark-orbed lids

Sparry tides

Dimpling tides

Treasured tears

Gnarled bosoms

Pulsate brains

Filmy vapours

Ditto wings

Brawling currents

Quivering bosoms

Sparry grotts

Curling incense

Sphery thrones

Thyme-embroidered grove

Musky air

Murky hour

Ever-blistering shame

Lustrous lids

Tufted groves

Tepid channels

Carnaged brave

Gelid caverns

Willow-margined streams

Shadowy dreams

Plummy race

Obtrusive clouds

Blossomed sprays

Filmy curtains

Tangled mazes

Richly-budding sprays

Dew-besprinkled heaths

Arrowy showers

Soft-linked notes

Lurid caves

Lucid tears

Feathery hours

Gadding stems

Dappled skies

Lustrous hues

Mental spheres

Glowing hours

Livid clouds

Gossamer veils

Dank poplars

Wafting wings

Lustrous tints

Velvet fods

Bland portals

Tip-toe pleasures

Light-heeled graces

Rippling stream

Yelling storms

Breezy hills

Lucid rills

Roseate dye

Withering anguish

Feathery chains

Rifted pines

Leafy beds

Daisied plains

Weedy banks

Glimmering glimpses

Pebbly ways.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

A DELLA-CRUSCAN.

P. 5

P. S. I have to request that your compositor will be very correct in the printing of these articles. It is very difficult to mend the errors of the Della Crusca school. I intend this catalogue as an exercise for children on "words of two or three syllables." I think I hear the mistress saying, "Come, Anna Matilda, cast a *glimmering glimpse* on this paper, and let me see if you can spell *murky hours*. Laura Maria, what *filmy vapours* keep you so long on the *pebbly way*? Why don't you come to your *leafy bed*?" &c. &c.

August 28.

SIGHTS.

[From Little's Poems.]

GOOD reader, if you e'er have seen,
When Phœbus hastens to his pillow,
The mermaids with their tresses green
Dancing upon the western billow;

If you have seen, at twilight dim,
When the lone spirits' vesper hymn
Floats wild along the winding shore;
If you have seen, through mist of eve,
The fairy train their ringlets weave,
Glancing along the spangled green;

If you have seen all this, and more,——
God bless me! what a deal you've seen!

EPIGRAM

BY THOMAS SANDERSON, ESQ.

DICK on his wife could not bestow
One tear of sorrow when she died;
Her *life* had made so many flow,
That all the briny fount was dried!

ON A MODERN THRASO.

HOW kind has Nature unto Bluster been,
 Who gave him dreadful looks and dauntless mien;
 Gave tongue to swagger, eyes to strike disdain,
 And, kinder still, gave legs—to run away!
Woburn.

P.

HOMO VERMIS.

“MAN IS BUT A WORM.”

WE all are creeping worms of th' earth:
 Some are *Silk-worms*, great by birth;
Glow-worms some, that shine by night;
Slow-worms others, apt to bite;
 Some are *Muck-worms*, slaves to wealth;
Maw-worms some, that wrong the health;
 Some to the public no good-willers,
Canker-worms and Caterpillars:
 Round about the earth we're crawling;
 For a sorry life we're sprawling:
 Putrid stuff we suck; it fills us;
 Death then sets his foot, and kills us.

L. C.

THE DIRGE OF WALLACE.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ. AUTHOR OF “THE
 PLEASURES OF HOPE.”

THEY lighted a taper at the dead of night,
 And chaunted their holiest hymn;
 But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright—
 Her eye was all sleepless and dim!
 And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,
 When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,
 When her curtain had shook of its own accord,
 And the raven had flapp'd at her window-board—
 To tell of her warrior's doom!

“Now

"Now sing ye the death-song, and loudly pray.
 For the soul of my knight so dear;
 And call me a widow this wretched day,
 Since the warning of God is here!
 For a night-mare rides on my strangled sleep:—
 The lord of my bosom is doom'd to die;
 His valorous heart they have wounded deep;
 And the blood-red tears shall his country weep
 For Wallace of Elderslie!"

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,
 Ere the loud matin bell was rung,
 That a trumpet of death on an English tower
 Had the dirge of her champion sung!
 When his dungeon-light look'd dim and red
 On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,
 No anthem was sung at his holy death-bed;
 No weeping there was when his bosom bled—
 And his heart was rent in twain!

Oh, it was not thus when his oaken spear
 Was true to that knight forlorn,
 And hosts of a thousand were scatter'd, like deer
 At the blast of the hunter's horn;
 When he strode on the wreck of each well-fought field
 With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his native land!
 For his lance was not shiver'd on helmet or shield—
 And the sword that seem'd fit for archangel to wield
 Was light in his terrible hand!

Yet bleeding and bound, though the Wallace wight
 For his long-lov'd country die,
 The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight
 Than William of Elderslie!
 But the day of his glory shall never depart;
 His head unentomb'd shall with glory be palm'd;
 From its blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start;
 Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
 A nobler was never embalm'd!

A BRITON'S ADDRESS TO THE ARMY.

THE DAY OF BATTLE.

[From the True Briton.]

BRITONS, who in rapt'rous strains
 Of Agincourt's and Cressy's plains
 Oft have sung; to foreign chains
 You who ne'er have bent the knee;
 Now 's the day, and now 's the hour—
 See the front of battle lour—
 See approach false Gallia's pow'r—
 Rapine, chains, and slavery.

Who will be a traitor—knave?
 Who would fill a coward's grave?
 Who so base as be a slave?

Traitor, coward, turn and flee:
 Whom shall Gallic threats appal?
 Fly to glory's sacred call—
 Freemen stand, or freemen fall;
 Gallant Britons—on with me.

Children, wives, and parents dear,
 Yours our generous toils to cheer;
 We wave the sword, we point the spear
 For you, for law, and liberty:
 Though Gallia vaunt, though Austria fail,
 Though ten-fold perils aye assail,
 Still shall British arms prevail—
 Alone shall Britain conq'ror be.

By Hibernia's cries and moans—
 By England's wrongs—by Europe's groans—
 Parent earth!—O take our bones!

Drink our blood—or keep us free:
 Lay the rash invader low;
 Russians fall in ev'ry foe,
 Freedom strikes in ev'ry blow:
 Freedom! who'll not bleed for thee?

On injur'd Egypt's moisten'd sand,
 See how shrinks the hostile band
 Crush'd by Britain's vengeful hand!

What

What then, here, shall be their fate?
 Think, brave youths, on Sidney's fame,
 On Abercromby's mighty name,
 And let each stroke in blood proclaim
 Equal valour, equal hate.

Soldiers! own a glorious part:
 God of battles! steel each heart,
 Courage, strength, and fire impart:
 Now to our high destiny,
 "Fall or conquer."—Blush, O Sun!
 Shouldst thou see us backward run,
 Till the bloody contest's done:
 Sound—TO DEATH OR VICTORY!

June 15.

SONNET ON CHATTERTON.

O CHATTERTON! fair Genius' eldest born!
 Thou who, oft straying Avon's banks along,
 Pour'd forth so sweet thy wildly warbling song,
 With clouds o'ercast arose thy cheerless morn!
 Ill couldst thou bear th' unfeeling taunt of Scorn,
 The chilly hand of Want:—beneath the darts
 Of Obloquy, and Envy's hellish arts,
 Too soon, alas! thy spirit funk forlorn!
 Thy features wore the pallid hue of care,
 Thy bloodshot eyeballs starting from thine head,
 By fits cast round dread Frenzy's vacant glare,
 And thy torn heart with throbbing anguish bled.
 Rash youth! the direst wrath of Heaven to dare,
 And drink the bitter draught that gave thee to the dead.

TRANSLATION OF A FRENCH EPIGRAM*.

ON Sunday I first saw my fair,
 On Monday I courted the dame,
 On Tuesday *hauteur* was her air,
 On Wednesday mine was the same;

* See page 171.

On Thursday we came to agree,
 On Friday our raptures were high,
 On Saturday married were we,
 And on Sunday a cuckold was I.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF STEPHEN REMNANT, ESQ. OF WOOLWICH.

HERE's a *remnant* of life, and a *remnant* of death,
 Taken off both at once in a *remnant* of breath.
 To mortality this gives a happy release,
 What late was the *remnant* proves now the *whole piece*.

AMICUS.

THE HONEY MOON.

[From the Courier.]

SERENE and tranquil was the night,
 The night that clos'd the summer day,
 And brilliant shone the moon, and bright,
 And soft and tender was her ray.

"How like our loves!" the husband cried,
 As on his arm Louisa hung—
 Scarce had Louisa been a bride,
 And both were fond, and both were young.

"This moon, how like our love, my dear!"
 He said, and clasp'd her round the waist;
 "'T is pure, and perfect, and sincere,
 Tender, and true, and warm, though chaste."

Time flew—the youthful pair again
 Enjoy'd at eve the stilly vale;
 The moon still shone, but in the wane,
 Her form less round, her face more pale.

"This too is like our love, my queen!
 For though less radiant and less bright,
 Yet still o'er all this sylvan scene
 She sheds a soft and pleasing light."

Louisa

Louisa bow'd her beauteous head,
And yet a sigh escap'd her breast;
Perhaps the fair one would have said,
She lik'd the first bright moon the best.

Time linger'd; yet again the pair
The balmy breath of eve imbib'd:
And now less perfect, yet still fair,
The moon, alas! two horns describ'd.

"This too is love," Louisa says,
"The love, my dear, that life adorns:
Perfect at first, it soon decays,
Decays, and ends at last in horns."

July 22.

EPIGRAM.

"MY wife 's so very bad," quoth Will,
"I fear she ne'er can hold it;
She keeps her bed!"—"Mine 's worse," cried Phil;
"The jade has just now sold it!"

A. M.

EPITAPH FOR A SHREW.

HER husband begs you will pass softly by,
For, if she hears you speak, *she'll make reply.*

INSCRIBED ON AN ATTORNEY'S GRAVE-STONE, ON
WHICH THE INITIALS WERE CUT VERY DEEP.

INITIALS *in*, for well ye shew
How *deep* he was who lies below.

EPIGRAM.

GOLD is so ductile, learned chymists say,
That half an ounce will reach a wondrous way:
The metal 's base, or else the chymists err,
For now-a-days a guinea won't go far.

Mark Lane.

T. D.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

AS a wag at a ball, to a nymph on each arm
 Alternately turning, and thinking to charm,
 Exclaim'd in these words, of which Quin was the giver—
 " You 're my gizzard, my dear ; and, my love, you 're my
 liver : "
 " Alas ! " cried the fair on his left, " to what use ?
 For you never saw either serv'd up with a goose."

L. M.

TRANSLATION OF A FRENCH EPITAPH.

A GLUTTON renown'd
 Lies under this ground,
 Who for ever to eating was prone :
 Before his last breath
 He 'd e'en have eat Death ;
 But there he found nothing but bone !

DRINKING *versus* THINKING ;

OR A SONG AGAINST THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.

MY merry-men all, that drink with glee,
 This fanciful philosophy,
 Pray tell me, what good is it ?
 If ancient Nick should come and take
 The same across the Stygian Lake,
 I guess we ne'er should miss it.
 Away, each pale, self-brooding spark,
 That goes truth-hunting in the dark,
 Away from our carousing !
 To Pallas we resign such fowls—
 Grave birds of wisdom ! ye 're but owls,
 And all your trade but mousing !
 My merry-men all, here 's punch and wine,
 And spicy bishop, drink divine !

Let 's

Let's live while we are able.
While Mirth and Sense sit hand in glove,
This Don Philosophy we'll shove
Dead drunk beneath the table!

Etern.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ONCE a tailor of Bagdat—as *honest* a wight
As ever in cabbaging cloth took delight,
And a very good Mussulman—*out of his shop*,
With a conscience that was of his virtue the prop—
Dreamt he heard the loud trump at the end of the world,
And saw the broad standard of judgment unfurl'd.
'T was compos'd, in his guilty conceit, of the patches
Of his customers' goods that he'd laid under hatchets.
Of this dreadful phenomenon waking he spoke,
Vowing no more to mutilate tunic or cloak;
Enjoining his journeymen all, should they find him
Once relax, of the banner of shreds to remind him!
Ah, the frailty of nature! A week had not past
Ere a yard of pink silk to perdition was cast!
"Master, think of your soul," cried the ninth of a man,
"And the flag of all colours—Be just, if you can."
"I will," said the taylor, "but *this* lovely tint—
Yes, I fancy I now see the flag—was not in 't.
If I add only *this*, as becomes me in duty,
Not the rainbow itself can surpass it in beauty!"

C.

The following *Jeu d'Esprit* on a Lawyer, who lately wrote a political pamphlet, and teased all his acquaintances with citations from it, while he was preparing it, is attributed to Mr. Jerningham.

THE BARRISTER IN LABOUR.

I CHANC'D t' other day in my rambles to meet
That imp of a lawyer so swollen with conceit:

He

He hail'd me, and said, with a voice out of breath,
 "I've toil'd through ten nights, it will sure be my death.
 My pamphlet—my pamphlet!—this child of my brain
 I'm now bringing forth with excruciating pain:
 My *poor* head how it beats!—my damnable prose
 Will send me to PLUTO—My throes—oh, my throes!"
 Thus spoke the law dolt in a terrible fuss:
Parturiunt montes et nascitur nus!

True Brison, July 23.

HISTORY OF THE DEVIL.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

STEPPING into my bookfeller's shop a few days ago, I was surprised at seeing a publication on the counter, entitled, "The HISTORY of the DEVIL!" On inquiry, I found it was written in the beginning of the last century, and, as it is supposed, by Daniel de Foe; but this is uncertain, for Daniel was too wise a man to put his name to a book that was likely to offend *Government*. I learned, however, that no work of the kind has ever since appeared, which to me, who am much concerned in the honour and interests of literature, appeared very wonderful. That there should have been no continuation of the HISTORY of the DEVIL, in the lapse of a whole century, a century too distinguished for his extensive agency, and of which he might say *Magna pars fui*, is wholly unaccountable. If, indeed, one considers only the events of the last thirty years, a continuation of this history must appear a *desideratum* in the library of every gentleman who wishes to understand the politics of the times, and the secret springs and movements by which the great machine of Government is worked; and I will venture to say, that without such a publication all our knowledge must be lame and imperfect, and our attention be uselessly directed to second causes,

to Pitts and Cobourgs, when the great and prime mover is kept out of sight. Why is it that the world has agreed to set so high a value on private memoirs, but that they contain many particulars of the agency of the personage above mentioned in the revolutions of empires and changes of cabinets?

Revolving this subject in my mind, I determined that this should no longer be a *want* in our libraries, and drew up a *prospectus*, which, as I do not pretend to be able to run the risk of print and paper, I presented to a meeting of the principal booksellers, called by me for the express purpose. I began with expatiating to *the trade* on the honour and advantage they would derive from this spirited and liberal undertaking; that it would contribute not less to fame than to fortune; and that, although too great an undertaking for one man, it would be nothing for such a capital as the London booksellers could command. I dilated at great length and with infinite precision on what this work ought to contain—that its chief object would be, to trace effects to their real causes; to strip ministers and statesmen of the personal and intrinsic merit to which they pretended, shew by *whom* they were secretly guided and directed, *who* prompted the plan, and *who* gave the execution; and, in a word, as a great act of national justice, to give the *Devil* his *due*, to establish his property in the wisdom of councils and senates, to point out by what means he convinced majorities, and silenced opponents, and in what manner he rendered wars necessary, and peace impracticable. And after a speech of two hours and a half, which was listened to with profound attention, I submitted the prospectus, and desired any gentleman that thought proper, might give his opinion, and start objections, if he had any; adding, however, that I hoped, if they chose to adopt the plan, no unnecessary delays would take place, as it was a work the public

very much wanted, and, for want of it, were going on blindfold, and, what was worse, believing every thing they heard.

Having sat down with some consciousness of superior and animated eloquence, I prepared to repel objections, should any arise, which, however, like all lightning projectors, I thought impossible. For some time a deep silence prevailed; at length, one of the trade asked if I did not think my plan would interfere with the *Universal History*?

“Undoubtedly, Sir, my plan will in part be an universal history; but you will please to observe, Sir, that the *Universal History* to which you allude is, in the first place, little better than a detail of annals——”

“A very good book, Sir; we have sold two editions.”

“I do not doubt that; but I say, a dry detail of annals without secret history: the *prompter* never once appears. But what is of more importance, let me observe, in the second place, that more than twenty years are elapsed since the last edition of that work was published, and it has not a word either of the American war, or the French revolution.”

“Then, Sir, your work may, after all, be only a continuation of the *Universal History*.”

“Nay, gentlemen, we shall not quarrel about names. I have no objection to your calling it ‘The HISTORY of the DEVIL, *being a continuation of the UNIVERSAL HISTORY*,’ yet, as mine is a distinct plan, I think they ought not to interfere.”

Chairman.—“We have no objection to embark in this plan, but we have sometimes been taken in by gentlemen proposing the like schemes, who had no materials to work upon. Shall you want many books?”

“Undoubtedly, Sir, some books will be necessary. A man, for instance, would never think of writing a
‘History

• History of the Devil' without a complete set of the *Parliamentary Registers* (DEBBRETT *nodded*), the Votes of the Houses, &c. &c. But we must trust principally to private memoirs and manuscripts."

"Nothing, we hope, in Governor Aris's line?"

"No, gentlemen, I shall for my own sake avoid all connexion with matters within his comprehension, or that of the Attorney General. The utmost risk (which is not yet illegal) will be hurting the vanity of certain politicians, who will in my work be robbed of the merit of those plans, schemes, budgets, expeditions, and other things of which they are apt to be proud, even when they are most puzzled to defend them, and when themselves, instead of answering their opponents, wish to send them to the DEVIL. I believe if we looked a little more *that way*, we should not be so perplexed to explain matters as we are. I see an honourable gentleman who holds a high rank in the city. I flatter myself he will agree with me, that even *city* politics may be illustrated by the same kind of reference." (Alderman CADELL *smiled*.)

"I hope, Sir, you don't mean to say any thing about cabinets and privy councils, and them *libel* sort of things."

"Nay, Sir, you would not expect I should raise a *structure* without a *foundation*. I shall certainly be very cautious, as I have already engaged—but the character of my hero must be my principal object, and I must not let that be injured by the pretensions of his inferiors."

"Whereabouts do you mean to begin?"

"Why, Sir, as the work is intended for the benefit of the present generation, and the statesmen thereof, and as we have scarcely a man in the present or former administration, who could put on his own breeches during the American war, I mean to fix on a period since that; and I am the more desirous of doing so, as

the prominent parts of my hero's character have been particularly conspicuous since. I am not at a loss where to *begin*. I *am* puzzled indeed where to end—however, at the conclusion of our last volume we can say, *To be continued.*”

“But pray, Sir, do you intend to confine the work to our own country?”

“By no means—I should be sorry to evince so much partiality. In truth, gentlemen, I could not be so narrow-minded, if I would. Besides an episodical detail of what the Devil has been doing in France, could I with any face call mine a *complete* history of that personage, and forget that we ever had *allies*?”

All.—“Oh, certainly not—No—No.”

“No, gentlemen, I can easily prove that my hero has made the tour of Europe to some purpose; and as we have on more occasions than one borne his expenses, it is but right we should have some history of his travels. These cannot be uninteresting; and I have farther to propose, if we find suitable encouragement, to publish some account of him as a *family-man*. I flatter myself that many a ‘gay and gallant Lothario’ will be glad to own his obligations to him, when matters come to be properly explained. But of that more hereafter.”

“Pray, Sir, do you mean to impute every thing to the Devil?”

“By no means—That is what I was about to add. The chief purpose of my history is to clear up and vindicate his character, especially from the paltry pretensions of certain persons, who have all his wickedness without his genius, and who have done incredible mischief lately to the nations on which they have been inflicted as punishments. It must not be denied that he has often employed improper agents (by the by, I shall want a complete set of *Court Calendars*), who have bungled his work strangely, and, when he has
once

once got them fixed down to a job, thrown up their work in a *buff*, and left it to be botched by the 'prentices. All this must be explained, and, as we say, 'the saddle placed on the right horse;' the jack-daws of office must be stripped of their borrowed plumes, and the honour of my hero vindicated from such awkward imitations and clumsy rivalships."

After some more conversation on this subject, and the removal of a few trifling objections, we concluded our present meeting, with a resolution to publish by *subscription*, as the safest mode, not doubting but that our work will be graced with a list of the greatest names of modern times. Politicians will see that "it comes home to their bosoms and business;" and there are none of the subjects of these kingdoms, I trust, who will not feel some interest in the history of a personage, to whom they owe not only their present situation, but, perhaps, their future prospects.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

August 27.

EBENEZER QUILDRIVE.

MINISTERIAL INSTRUCTIONS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SIR,

STROLLING t'other evening through Downing Street, I stumbled upon a small bundle of papers lying in the carriage way, and being no less actuated by curiosity than a Mussulman by superstition to pick up every loose fragment whether of print or manuscript I meet with, I put the whole in my pocket. Upon examining them after I got home, I had no reason to repent my curiosity; and if the contents of this packet should be as gratifying to your readers as they have proved to myself, I shall be amply repaid for the trouble I have had in decyphering the manu-

script, which unfortunately was very much injured from being trodden in the mud. But though this accident has rendered the original of what I now send you a faithful copy, scarce legible in several parts, this is not the full extent of the calamity. A very considerable portion of this curious document, I fear, is irrecoverably lost to the world. This misfortune imposes upon me the painful duty of offering a few remarks in explanation. This duty, indeed, to most editors of such a literary and political curiosity, would have been a source of infinite comfort and delight; for I have observed that such gentlemen view calamities of this nature as Mr. Shandy did the evils of life, as affording opportunity to shew their wit, eloquence, and learning. But in truth I am not one of these laborious commentators, and I sincerely regret that my author could not in this matter have spoken for himself.

You will perceive that the annexed forms part of a letter which I have no doubt was written by a certain minister to his "respectable" successor at the time when the conscience of the former, to the astonishment of all Europe, was reported to be troubled with the vapours. I will not anticipate its contents, but it is evidently intended for the instruction of Mr. A. in the mysteries of state. Rarely has it fallen to the lot of man to obtain a secret of such extensive utility as that which I now generously communicate to my fellow-citizens. It contains a full digest of state-craft, and comprehends "the whole duty of a minister." I have strong reason to believe that the leaves which are lost were dedicated to unfold the mystery of that extraordinary resignation which took place in January last, but I despair of being able to recover the remainder. What is left, though abrupt at the commencement, embraces a vast deal of strange and interesting matter. It indeed discloses opinions of men and things

things so different from those we have heard from the supposed author in public, that sceptics may dispute the authenticity of the manuscript. With these I shall not condescend to hold dispute, convinced that all impartial men will find internal evidence of the conjecture I have boldly advanced.

Having said so much by way of introduction, all that remains for me is to transcribe my manuscript, beginning with the first complete sentence :

" You will be convinced," it continues, " from these circumstances, that I was reduced to that alternative which our friends so deeply deplore. But regret is too late : all that is left us is to prevent the fatal consequences of a resolution, perhaps precipitate, but now irrevocable. You have generously offered to devote yourself in this cause, which, permit me to say, is your own as much as it is ours. You must be aware how much the interests of our whole confederacy would have suffered, had those men * been called to hold those stations which while you occupy with ostensible command, we are all equally sworn to defend.

" I am sensible that your situation will be awkward : I agree that your objections to such an administration are plausible. But consider the purpose of such a ministry, and you will see that what in one view is objection, in another is recommendation. You know what we want. It is not a spirited, able, independent ministry—that would ruin the whole scheme. Those we have pointed out are well enough to head the parade. They are not required to fight the battle. If they are obedient, and conscious of their imbecility, they will justify our choice. In truth, thinking

* Who are those men, and why they are so formidable to the ministerial junta, will be seen in the sequel.

meanly enough of the spirit of those who have long acted with us and under us, I question whether men of greater connexion, talent, and independence would have been found to accept the vacant places. They must have either timorously shrunk from the task, or haughtily rejected *our* conditions. But you know that the men you are associated with are as little able as disposed to resist. They are sensible of their own weakness; and if ever they forget themselves a moment, they can be dismissed with as much ease and as little delicacy as the lowest clerk in their respective offices. There is one exception to this common character. Personally and politically we have no kindness for *that* individual, but his association will be of infinite service. His name will give you some respectability in the public opinion. He will discharge the duties of his department with equal capacity and zeal: while in the cabinet he will interfere little with general measures, and will be altogether unacquainted with the conduct or the end of private intrigue. I grant that it requires some command of countenance to read the list with gravity. But what though Lord H——y is ignorant of foreign politics, he can sign a dispatch, and make a speech of pompous inanity once in a month in the House of Commons. After the D—— of P——, it is indifferent who has the home department. Why Lord H—— was appointed war secretary, or C—— Y—— secretary at war, or why the one or the other was preferred rather than another, are questions which you and I are not bound to answer. I omit to mention your own skill in finance. I could have wished, indeed, that you had more readiness on that subject.

“I think I know something of the men in this country, both *IN* and *OUT* of doors, as we term it; and trust me that even this administration, with our assistance, will go on smoothly. What though the
brains

brains be knocked out of the cabinet, as Sheridan observed the other night!—A vizor needs no brains, while it conceals the head where the brains are lodged. This brainless ministry is our vizor!—Most people will guess that we are behind; and I have no fear that we shall carry our purpose triumphantly at last. Many will support you, because you are minister; all our friends will do it by command. Some you must cajole. The fools of our side must be carried by a little artifice, and the knaves are too wise to rebel. Bating a little mortification you may sometimes experience in the House from the petulance of wit or the acuteness of argumentation, I may congratulate you on a situation, for the period you must continue to hold it, as easy and pleasant as you could wish.

“In truth, you were somewhat too timid and diffident on this occasion. An eminent statesman has expressed his astonishment at the small share of wisdom which is to be found in the government of nations; and the result of my own experience entitles me to wonder at least as much as Count Oxenstiern. I could give you illustrations in abundance, but you are acquainted with the history of my own administration. You have pledged yourself to act on our principles and system. In giving this pledge, you acted rightly. Indeed it was necessary that you should lay claim to some principles by adoption, as you have none your own progeny. To speak plainly, had you not taken care to announce this in good time, the public must have been strangely puzzled to conjecture what sort of principles or opinions you had of your own! You have taken up, therefore, a set of second-hand principles ready cut and dry, not quite so good as new indeed, but not ill suited for hard service. But it is fitting that I should proceed to fulfil my promise in fully explaining those principles for your information,
your

your daily use, and your perpetual reference. I shall do it with the fidelity which friendship demands, and with as much perspicuity as I am capable. For once I will endeavour to overcome that salutary habit of dissimulation from which I have derived so much advantage, and shall be clear and intelligible, unless, like my great model, so unjustly loaded with infamy by an undiscerning posterity, the practice of equivocal discourse has condemned me to be obscure, even when I wished to be understood."

Thus far I had transcribed when I came to a part of the MS. so soiled and defaced that I could scarce make it out; and, as it may cost me some time and labour, I shall content myself for the present with sending you the foregoing scrap. This I do the more willingly, as I find the whole would be too long for publication on one day.

I am yours, &c.

August 20.

VERAX.

(CONTINUED.)

SIR,

WITHOUT farther preface I send you the continuation of the MS. instructions to the new minister, which so fortunately fell into my hands.

"I may remark, generally, that the qualities of a prime minister of this country, either as to talents or principles, are no longer to be estimated by the examples of former periods, or by the peculiar character and distinction claimed by the British constitution. It might be supposed that in a government admitting a considerable share of popular influence, ability would be the chief recommendation—and in a free constitution, a love of liberty an indispensable requisite. But if our government differ in its forms from other monarchies, the minister needs care as little for

for freedom as Richelieu or Mazarine. On the contrary, to increase the facilities of administration, it ought to be his endeavour to repress public spirit, and to narrow privileges too well fitted to thwart his designs. There was a moment in my life, short, fleeting, which would long ere this have been obliterated from my remembrance but for the ill-natured reproaches of party malice, in which I held other opinions. But the lessons of Dundas, the practice of the Treasury, maturity of judgment, and inevitable experience, have convinced me that there is a much surer foundation for the power of a minister than the reputation of his talents or the liberality of his principles.

“ There have been times too in which a minister of this country was permitted to indulge only that noble and godlike ambition which aims at power for great and glorious ends. To such a minister the constitutional spirit of his internal administration, the wise and dignified system of his foreign policy, obtained the true support of the public, without sinister arts or corrupt practices. To cultivate and improve the advantages of peace; in war to employ the national strength with energy, vigour, and success; were the surest claims to public confidence. But an art of government far more short, easy, and practicable, has been invented and carried to perfection. Ambition has sunk to ignoble ends, and it avails itself of little means. It is not the great and glorious exercise of power, but its preservation, that actuates the soul of a minister. The passion, like avarice, while it has sunk so far as to be satisfied with the means instead of the ends, has become vulgar and sordid. It no longer addresses itself boldly to the people—it no longer defies opposition by fair discussion, or confounds accusation by open trial. A minister must tamper and bargain with his judges. He must enlist and salary his compurgators—he must pack his jury—he

he must cover himself with all the chicanery of forms, and defend himself with the paltry quibbles of a pettifogger.

“Fortunate it is that a minister indifferent or hostile to the constitution, distinguished at home as the patron of obnoxious and despotic laws, abroad without credit or influence, in war without glory or success, may find ‘a way to rise—a safe and sure one.’ Such a minister must hate, no less than he must fear, the high tone, the manly spirit, the inquiring habits, of a free people. He must dread that popular voice which the minions of a court despise, but which almost always speaks truth, because it is prompted by the feeling within. He will not, indeed, oppose that voice when it is wrong, because to do so requires courage and integrity. But he will avail himself of all errors and all delusions, to compass his own purposes. He will equally inflame the frenzy of the people, or flatter the delirium of kings. But above all, it will be his constant aim to subdue and degrade the public mind. He will endeavour to annihilate that enlightened, connected mass of public opinion, which is the true conservatory of freedom. He will extinguish what cannot be seduced, and destroy what cannot be purchased. He will appeal exclusively to an imperfect and inadequate representation, while he is undermining that natural representation which alone rendered the artificial one tolerable. Nay more, he will intimidate and interdict men from that free open assembly, in which the social spirit of liberty can expand, and in which its just dictates can be fully expressed. By restraining the freedom of public meeting; by loading the press with imposts, and surrounding it with snares; by overawing the association of liberal men, and obstructing the means of intercourse and concert, the public opinion is silenced, and the sentiment of independence extinguished. Thus, in fact,
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the efficient democracy of the country is destroyed. Deprived of its source and support, the artificial democracy vested in the House of Commons, is utterly frivolous and nugatory as to the ends of its institution, or rather, indeed, becomes the firmest and the least obnoxious auxiliary of ministerial authority.

“ Upon a diligent review of the last fifteen years, you will remark how regular, systematic, and decisive, has been the policy of Administration in the prosecution of this object. I do not speak of laws expressly intended to regulate the political privileges of the people. These are notorious in the treason and sedition laws, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, and other measures which it is needless to enumerate. But look also at the measures of finance, in which the pockets and the privileges of Englishmen lose in equal proportions: See the mode of collection, vexatious or arbitrary; see spies and informers reared up and regimented, fit in their season, as they are called upon to serve in a trial of a revenue cause, or in a state prosecution at the bar of the Old Bailey.

“ Having succeeded in humbling and subduing the people at large, and opinion in the mass, you will then find it easy to tempt, to seduce, and to gain over those who are the leaders, and frequently the organs of public opinion. In truth, men eminent for rank or talents in a country like this, are important only as they are supported by the public confidence and esteem. What is a great peer, or a wealthy commoner, without the alliance of the nation? The only true influence and weight he enjoys is derived not from his immediate dependants, or his family interest, but from the public love and approbation, conspiring with the limited influence of property and rank, and adding to the ben fit of family distinction the stamp of personal esteem and individual character. It is of infinite importance, therefore, to dislocate that class

of men from the people. The effect of this artifice is, in every view, extremely beneficial. By depriving the great or the wealthy of the energy, spirit, and confidence which numbers inspire, they are reduced to a state of absolute nullity. On the other hand, the people are deprived of confidence in men; who, with equal or even less merit, will generally have the preference as leaders. A minister thus neutralizes the opposition of those most fitted to control his mischievous designs, and to expose his measures to reprobation.

“It will perhaps be sufficient on this point to refer you to the successful endeavours I employed to attain the object which I now recommend to your attention. The fact is the best commentary upon the principle, as well as its best illustration. With a nobility, numerous enough by my care to form a very populous assembly, mark how little spirit and energy there remains in the mass of hereditary legislators. See how little pains they take to acquire that influence with the people, that can give weight to the part which individually they may choose to act in the public service. It has been my good fortune to excite in that body a jealousy of the people, which wonderfully contributed to the stability and to the ease of my own administration. What need I say farther, when you have seen our measures, whatever they were, sufficiently protected in the Upper House by the insupportable dullness of Lord Grenville’s oratory?

“If you are desirous to see the effect of this artifice in the detail of its application, look at its success upon the Whig party, and you will there see the benefit of this eternal maxim, *divide et impera*, upon which I never ceased to act for a moment. You will there perceive the operation of this division in separating the natural autocracy from the people, stripping the one of strength, the other of counsel. Observe it, then, in its application, as it separates men from each other,

as it inspires distrust, as it degrades individual characters. You well know how little influence the schism of the Whig interest in place had upon the wheel of Government. In that vain elevation, they neither could carry good measures, nor prevent bad; though, to say the truth, they entered with such alacrity into all our plans, that they solicited the principal share of odium in every violent resolution. But in the association they irrecoverably forfeited their influence with the nation. They were forced to remain as instruments in our hands, or be thrown off unpitied and unregretted. The only honest man among them was obliged to forego station in order to preserve his character. The rest are now left entirely at our mercy. They have no alternative but to be submissive as dependants, since they can never hope to be formidable as adversaries.

"This, you must confess, is a cheering view of ministerial station. What is to be apprehended by a Treasury abounding in all the means of influence, from the feeble, ill-sustained efforts of a people without spirit, an aristocracy without independence, men of rank without reputation, and all without mutual concert and esteem? Do you think we have much to fear while we can keep things in this train? I cannot doubt that you know too much of St. Stephen's chapel, to be very much alarmed at the noisy contests of debate. Our troops are too well inured to discipline to be frightened from their propriety by the pomp and circumstance of such inglorious war. They are not to be discomposed by an assault that only rends the ear, while they know that the solid chambers of the Treasury are proof against such a battery.

"You must have already surveyed with pride and satisfaction that well-garrisoned fortress of which you are now the temporary governor. If you must defend it to extremity, you are nobly provided for the siege.

With what rapture must you have contemplated the strength of that citadel, to which time, that devours every thing else, adds solidity? With what wonder and admiration must you have examined those inexhaustible magazines which are renewed and recruited by the profusion with which they are drained? How must your heart swell with conscious pride to see the armoury you possess, filled with every offensive and defensive weapon? See ranged in splendid glittering array, peerages to seduce the shallow and the vain! See places and pensions, to catch the needy and the fervile! See contracts, and jobs, and loans, to fix the sordid and the avaricious! See the light but subtle influences of promises and hopes, to draw the unprincipled and the dependant! Last of all, see the immense and ponderous store of lies and calumnies, to mangle and disable those stout and resolute few who may dare to wage the unequal contest! Thus impreguably fortified, what have we to dread from external attack? A minister thus armed seems as invulnerable as if thrice dipped in the infernal Stygian wave! Nothing can overthrow him but some low courtly art; nothing touch him but some weapon tipped with poison from his own laboratory, and shot by a Edward's hand. There, indeed, my fears sometimes arise. But there too I have shut every avenue to surprise, and adopted every precaution of security.

“Having reassured you by an encouraging display of your strength and resources, I can with greater freedom point out some of the weak points of your position, and instruct you how, with the means we possess, they may best be defended. This will complete your instruction, and supply you with a perfect system of ministerial tactics. Thus arranged and provided, I could, without anxiety, address you in the words of the poet—

I decus, I nostrum, &c.

fearless

fearless of the dangers which you may encounter in your career. But when you reflect that your better genius watches incessantly for your safety, when your protecting parent divinity hovers over you unseen to ward off every threatening danger, let apprehension be totally dispelled. Under these auspices, can you doubt that you will meet the reward of devotion so rare, and a political piety more than filial?"

Upon calculating the contents of the rest of this paper, Mr. Editor, I find that I should trespass too much on your space were I at once to transcribe the whole; but in a day or two I hope I shall be able to send it to you fairly written out. I am, &c.

VERAX.

(CONCLUDED.)

SIR,

I NOW send you the third and last *livraison* of the MINISTERIAL INSTRUCTIONS. Whether the packet contains any thing more, worthy of being communicated to the public, must be ascertained by a more minute examination than my attention to the present morsel allowed me to bestow.

"You cannot be ignorant that the French revolution has for these ten years past been the grand regulator of all our foreign and domestic politics. Every step we have taken at home or abroad has necessarily been the consequence of the opinion we formed of that event, and the system it suggested. Against the principle of that revolution, before experience, or rather provocation, had tried its temper, all the courts of Europe, without intrigue or cabal, unanimously conspired. There was no need of argument or seduction to excite detestation of a revolution which of itself awakened every narrow sentiment and every selfish fear. It was not the evil which was predicted, but the good

that might have followed from the French revolution, that gave disgust and terror to those governments which proscribed every vestige of political liberty.

But, though the potentates of the continent happily had no need to consult any advisers but their indignation against the French revolution, and their determination to overthrow it by force of arms, a different conduct was imposed upon the ministers of this country. It was necessary to seem to be in the right, and to procure plausible justifications of a measure previously decided. The war was resolved upon when the Emperor and the King of Prussia entered into the contest: they expected the aid of this country, but they knew that prudence compelled us to wait till we could avail ourselves of the pretences which were created by artful practices against the enemy. At the time when the Emperor took the field, the people of this country would not have become parties to the war; they did not dread the principle of liberty, nor were they disposed to envy that blessing to their ancient rivals. It was of infinite importance that our allies on the continent should first attack the French nation. A nation the most keen and lively in their feelings, under the dominion of the passion for liberty, in its nature quick, jealous, and unbending, necessarily resented the infinite provocations directed against them from every court of Europe. Every artifice was employed to inflame the spirit of the French people by insults, which, though not the subject of diplomatic complaint, were, in all the circumstances of the case, real attacks and substantial injuries. When to these, military preparations were added, the French nation could not but see, that, already the object of hatred, they were destined to be the objects of hostility to the sovereigns of Europe. Their passions being artfully excited; the resentment, the pride, and the enthusiasm of liberty being roused, it was foreseen that their dic-

tates,

tates, necessarily leading to a deviation from ordinary forms and customary remonstrances, would be displayed with a considerable portion of violence, menace, and indiscretion: it was easy, then, for the confederates to justify their conduct by irregularities they had themselves provoked.

“ This scheme succeeded to admiration. The violence, fury, and injustice, into which the French nation were hurried, under the impulse of those passions thus artfully excited by insidious attacks and indirect provocations, became so many arguments for war. It was contended that the Propagandists of France must be opposed, while in fact the folly of the Propagandist clubs was but the counterpart of that of those cabinets which avowed as their object the entire restoration of the monarchy, and the subversion of the revolution. It was our policy, and that of the allies, to incite the French to folly and violence, and then convert the necessary consequences of the passions we excited into arguments for further attack. I pray you to attend to this short analysis of our policy in regard to the French revolution. It is by this address that we have been enabled to act under the colour of justice and necessity. The confederacy against France, and the war when actually begun by the continental powers; the perpetual machinations of the royalists, prompted by our suggestions and maintained by our resources; threw the whole French nation into a sort of panic. Roused to madness by the pressure of foreign attack, and the well-founded apprehension of domestic treason, they wreaked their vengeance indiscriminately, and scattered their threats of revenge without moderation. Hence we took advantage of the extravagant declarations and absurd designs, avowed under the dominion of their enthusiastic alarms and violent agitations. In truth, the question of positive aggression has never been properly treated. The act
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of aggression was nothing, when it is known who artfully, infidiously, and treacherously roused, by their dark intrigues and their corrupt practices, those passions from which acts of aggression spring.

“ It cannot be denied, however, that the events of the war have confounded all our great designs. None of us who entered with so much alacrity into the confederacy, ever for a moment anticipated the total failure of the attempt, with so many circumstances of disgrace. We expected that the pressure of a vigorous attack would discredit the leaders of the revolution, disgust the nation with its principles, and lead to the full restoration of the throne, with the former appendages of church and nobility. Europe has seen how wofully we have been disappointed: but, having begun, it was necessary to persevere. We had found it essential, in order to render the war popular, to represent the revolution in its whole principle and conduct as unfit to be sanctioned or recognised. The alarm we had raised of the anarchical, anti-monarchical designs of the Jacobins (which in fact were the echoes of the anti-republican, anti-revolutionary threats of royalty), compelled us to represent the revolution as still more dangerous, because more powerful. Hence the infinite efforts employed to excite insurrection, and to purchase treachery, in the interior of France. Some ray of hope still seduced us, and even still we do not abandon the pleasing chimera that the revolution will yet perish by our arts. Passion prompts us to persist, as well as our policy, in a war which a hatred to liberty began. Notwithstanding the experience of the past, we still act as if we believe that ‘ steel or poison, ‘ malice domestic, or foreign levy,’ will at last overthrow the systems, the agents, the supporters, and the partisans of the republic; that what neither the armies of Austria, nor the navies of England, could, some accident,

accident will at length accomplish, and that we shall behold prostrate that foe.

Quem non anni domuere decem non mille carinae.

“ But the irresistible evidence of facts has greatly changed the sentiments of the nation on this subject. It is certain that the desire of peace is almost universal; and in other times it must have spoken aloud with such concert and decision, as to drive from the helm of affairs a minister bold enough to defy it. What it was not given to oppose, at least we were permitted to elude. By yielding to the torrent, we broke its force. We have satisfied the impatience of the public; we have negotiated, but we negotiated not for peace but for war. With hearts most inveterate, with a language in our mouths the most cruel and outrageous against the enemy, we offered a nominal peace, and a sullen suspicious armistice. While the arrangement of an island was the subject of debate, the whole system of France and its rulers was the theme of perpetual declamation. The effect of such language was obvious. To a high-spirited adversary it was the consummation of insult; when coupled with a *projet* for peace, it was the last of outrage and mockery. The most extravagant terms that could have been proposed, could not be so anti-pacific as this language, nor could so certainly have led to the rupture of the negotiation. A proposal could have been modified; an injury could have been repaired; but insults like this to a high-spirited nation, are never to be wiped away or forgiven. Who could wonder at the failure of negotiations, while, at the moment we offered peace, our hearts were keen for battle; while, at the moment we proposed peace and amity, we reviled a whole people with the foulest indignities, and placed them at the ban of every thing that was great, dignified, or honourable in human society?

“ But

“ But the plan succeeded. Loans were obtained with facility; the triple assessment was imposed; and the income-tax has been entailed a perpetual burden on the English nation. The militia system was invaded, and every arm and every guinea in the country was put at the disposal of the Minister. Unfortunately, in an evil hour, that insidious policy of negotiation which had served us so effectually, was abandoned. An abrupt, unqualified rejection of Bonaparté's overtures, was the first departure from the shuffling and evasive conduct hitherto observed. A majority sanctioned our conduct, while they joined the whole nation in secret disapprobation of it. I saw that this unwise, rash, splenetic resolution, gave a greater shock to our power and popularity than all the disastrous enterprises, all the unconstitutional measures, which have crowded the annals of our administration. But was it surprising, that those who rejoiced in the failure of one negotiation, should, in the giddiness of their chimerical hopes, presumptuously and arrogantly reject an overture for another?

“ You see the error we committed in this instance, and you ought to profit by it. I entertain no doubt that this mistake contributed not a little to the necessity of my present retirement. You see the style of management by which a negotiation may be made the instrument of raising men and money. But in any negotiation you may set on foot, as negotiate you must, we shall be able to judge of the line of proceeding that will best suit the existing circumstances. Whatever you do, whatever you say, never forget to keep up, as much as possible, the alarm of Jacobinism. Fortify your government by men's fears. Fortify yourself with plots. These agitations will prepare men's minds to receive your commands with obedience, to listen to your arguments with prepossession, and to be gained to
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your side, not by the weight of your reason, but a surrender of their own.

“ The patronage of the Treasury is now immense. The peerage has of late been distributed with so much liberality, that the once formidable body of the landed interest is annihilated. Every rich Commoner, abandoning all political sentiment and independence, knows that by faithful service he may become a Peer. You are sure of these, with all their dependencies. Formerly, under the Whig administrations, the mass of country members were Tories. They were, though factious in their views, a formidable weight in the scale of Opposition. All these men are now the expectants of peerages, and the staunch supporters of the Minister.

“ You are sure of the monied interest, the heavy troops of the House of Commons. Those who swell their fortunes, not by liberal commerce, but by agency and brokerage of money, must strenuously support a system which sets afloat such immense sums, and affords such facilities to their calling. The men of per cents, the clippers of the circulation of the country, who traffic in money, and nothing but money, must support this war, that immense circulator. You have then the patrons of borough corruption and borough mongers, with all their interest. You have both Indies without exception, and that with reason !

“ But without entering into the inferior details of this affair, which belong to the secretaries of the Treasury, whippers-in, and other mechanics of Government, it may not be improper to say a word or two of your management of speakers and debates in the House of Commons. As to points of debate, you may refer generally to the example my own behaviour so long supplied. Study, above all things, a loud and sonorous delivery, a style vague, perplexed, and grateful to the ear, though unintelligible to the sense. Let your

your phraseology be obscure, and your sentences without precise application. Upon public questions never commit yourself by clear and positive declarations. Never answer any question directly. In order to improve this habit, never consent to a motion for printing a paper (already published), but with a proviso or amendment. By these means you will never be taken by surprise. Debate every thing, to shew that it is impossible your adversary can ever be in the right. Nay, when you agree to any thing proposed by the other side, do it for your own reasons, to prove that the Opposition are wrong, even when you must assent in their conclusions. Never attempt to answer your antagonist fairly. Seize upon a detached sentence, member of a sentence, or even a single word; totally misrepresent the speaker's meaning, torture this poor word a thousand ways, impute to it the most dangerous tendency, till you have entirely made your audience lose sight of the matter in debate, and convicted your adversary of Jacobinism. It would be a very unsafe thing, indeed, to treat an opponent's argument fairly. It is easy to create a refutable doctrine of your own, but not so to enter manfully into the question. By observing this rule I have often answered the luminous speeches, the irresistible persuasion, the varied and copious illustration of Fox, without meeting a single principle or a single position. Be careful, however, to preconcert a systematic cheer from the Treasury Bench, to be conveyed through the nodding benches behind. For this purpose station some of the most wakeful and vigilant of the Lords of the Treasury, or others, at convenient distances, to make the responses as the clerk gives out the note. Some of my best periods have fallen dead-born from my lips from the somnolence of those employed to repeat the signals.

“Your course of proceeding towards your opponents may be summed up in a few words. Misrepresent
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sent their arguments, distort their principles, and vilify their conduct. By this short system of eloquence you will answer them very much to your own satisfaction.

" But it is necessary to caution you against the assistance of your own supporters. Beware of accepting the dangerous aid of Mr. W——m's logic. You well know how artfully I explained away the officious harangues of that political Quixote. He spoke but too often the sentiments of the Cabinet in avowing a determined hatred to the French republic, and exposing the policy of warring against it to extremity. But though we approved in secret, it was not safe to sanction in public so violent and unpopular a language. W——m was disowned in debate with a marked personality that would have rendered any man of spirit desperate. He never uttered a sentence which I did not disclaim or comment upon. But the man's mind was so humbled, that he daily submitted to the unparalleled indignity of being corrected like a giddy, blundering schoolboy. In a word, you must treat him precisely in the same manner.

" I need scarcely recommend to you that you should cultivate the good-will of the little Nicodemus, as our friend W——ce is styled. That man has a petty tribe, of which he is the soul. His support is worth something. You must humour his caprices, and exaggerate his importance; for his vanity is at least equal to his talents. As to the slave-trade, I believe you may safely go along with him, and leave the rest to Lord Hawkesbury, the West India members, and the Treasury. W——ce will be satisfied with the aid of Mr. Addington's single vote—or even without it.

" But why should I point out the specific application for each individual case, since you have the catholicon for every variety of knavery, extravagance, or
VOL. V. I hypocrisy?

hypocrisy? Your own experience, with such means, cannot greatly err; but in all difficult emergencies you can resort to the source from which your power is derived. Go forth, then, relying upon that superior aid; go, and astonish the world at the novelty of an Administration without talents, connexion, reputation, or experience. Dissipate the vain illusion under which the world has laboured, that great endowments are requisite for great affairs. Prove to mankind that the interest of states can be managed by men that would not be employed as common attorneys; and that peace or war may be in the hands of those who would not have been chosen to conduct a suit for a petty assault and battery. But while the world contemplates the phenomenon with amazement, reflect with humility on the causes of your promotion; and, while you defy the sneers of malignity and the contempt of Europe, enjoying your temporary elevation, remember that you guide but for a day the chariot of the sun, and that your advancement may be fatal to yourself, should you forget to follow the precepts, and to employ the aid, of him who committed the reins to your feeble hands."

Here the MS. closes. The signature is effaced, but I shall employ no more words in support of the conjecture which I have already hazarded respecting the author.

I am, &c. &c.

Sept. 2.

VERAX.

MR. PITT'S ADVICE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH the information conveyed to the public by means of the Treasury journals, respecting Mr. Pitt's remaining in town to give his advice, has occasioned a considerable degree of alarm, yet that alarm,

alarms, in my opinion, like some other things of the kind, will, upon due examination, appear to have very little foundation; and, although it be the fashion at present to play upon the feelings of the public, I hope to offer some arguments to prove that this affair, at least, should not be a cause of trembling.

The paragraph, it must be observed, merely stated that Mr. Pitt, who meant to have taken a trip to Scotland with Mr. Dundas, remained in town to give his advice. Now, Sir, if we consider this paragraph in all its bearings and distances, what is there in it? what does it tell us?

I shall, for method's sake, divide the information it gives into two heads: first, we learn from this important article that Mr. Pitt meant to have gone to Scotland with Mr. Dundas; but what Mr. Pitt meant to have done in Scotland, or why he would have gone there in preference to any other place, we know not. All we can learn is, that his journey to Scotland was, for some reason or other, a favourite object, and yet that his sense of public danger was such as to induce him to give up Mr. Dundas and Scotland, that he might remain in town and give his advice; which brings me to

The second head: "He remained in town to give his advice;" and this is what has alarmed the public, although, in my opinion, unnecessarily; for, in the first place, it does not appear what advice he had to give; nor, secondly, whether our new Ministers were disposed to listen to his advice. Now it is certain that any man may give his advice. There is no law against it, nor is the giving of advice ever obstructed by ignorance or incapacity; and what renders it infinitely more easy for men to give advice in these days is, that experience has sunk into contempt, and no man thinks of the past as having any connexion with the present or the future. It is probable, therefore, that the Ex-

minister may have remained in town to give his advice ; but there is no manner of proof that he has actually given that advice, or that it has been taken. Observe, now, Mr. Editor, how little foundation there is for our fears, when our fears come to be analysed.

I am, indeed, surprised to find that this threat of giving his advice should have appeared in the ministerial papers. Surely the conductors of those pure vehicles of wisdom and information, must have strangely forgot themselves, or they are still in the uncertain state of many country gentlemen, who cannot tell yet who is prime minister. If Mr. Addington wants Mr. Pitt's advice, he wants something which he ought to have had before he accepted his present situation. If Mr. Addington is not so clever a fellow as Mr. Pitt, they ought to change places ; for a people who have paid so dear for original knowledge, will not be put off with a *second-hand* article. In my notion, these journalists have fallen into the same mistake with the clergy on a late occasion. To excuse their *non-residence*, they proved that their *curates* were as able to do their duty as themselves, or even more so. It immediately entered into the wicked heads of some people, that, if this were true, the curate ought to have been the rector, which, I humbly apprehend, was not the intended Q. E. D. in this case.

I have thus, Sir, thought it my duty, by logical deduction, to alleviate the fears of the public in this important matter, as far as I am able. The case, however, may be just the reverse. Mr. Pitt's advice may have not only been given, but taken : and, if so, the public will very soon know the worst. His advice is so strongly marked with peculiar characteristics, such a conspicuous stamp, such a glaring hall mark, that I think it will be impossible to mistake it, whether *in transitu*, or in its consequences. No minister, indeed, was ever so clear, explicit, and intelligible in his advice.

vice. No ambiguities, no far-fetched metaphors, no quibbles about words and particles. It was always adapted to the meanest understanding, and there is not a man in the kingdom who cannot reduce it to pounds, shillings, and pence. Other wise men have encumbered our libraries with folios—Mr. Pitt's works are all adapted to the pocket.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
 August 19. WHO'S AFRAID?

LONDON IN JULY.

[From the Oracle]

LET rural poets sing of "shady groves,"
 Of "balmy zephyrs," and of "billing doves,"
 Of "waving cornfields," and of "thymy hills,"
 Of "verdant meadows," and of "rippling rills;"
 And, if a toothless lapdog chance to die,
 In namby-pamby howl his elegy:
 Thou, Muse, shalt paint, in mournful, pitying strain,
 This naked town. And first, oh, Drury Lane!
 No more at thine and Covent Garden's doors
 Are heard the *mild*, the *sweetly*-sounding roars
 Of lamp-black linkmen, who with lungs untir'd,
 Swear that it rains, and cry out "Coach unhir'd!"
 Filches no more exert their nimble hand,
 And *idle* Jehus sleep upon the stand!
 The lone Piazza, once the gay resort
 Of flash, of slang, and meretricious sport,
 Now only echoes with th' unvarying sound
 Of drowsy watchmen pacing their dull round.
 Kiddies no more at *Glue* or *Brilliant* sup,
 And e'en the far-fam'd *Finish* is *done up*.

In those gay streets, where sprigs of fashion sigh'd
 For titled dames, now strawberries are cried.
 No more the pantaloons, the tinpowder'd spark,
 Displays his figure in the dusty Park;
 No more the curricles, as swift as wind,
 Skims through the streets with two smart grooms behind;
 No more the stylish, well-enamell'd fair
 Lolls in her *mudily* with affected air;

In vain do townish shops expose to view
 The tassell'd Hessian's shining jetty hue;
 The padded *dot-skin*, making *beaux* seem big,
 The natty hat, the fiercely-looking wig;
 In vain the *Cyprian* tries each practis'd wile,
 The luring eye, the soft alluring smile:
 All fun, all humour, all amusement's fled,
 The country's pleasant, but the town is dead.
 Haste then, oh, Winter! with thy mirthful train,
 And bring back Fashion, Spirit, Life, again.

T. B.

THE CAMP.

[From the Morning Post.]

TENTS, *marquess*, and baggage-waggons;
 Sutling-houses, beer in flagons;
 Drums and trumpets, singing, firing;
 Girls seducing, *beaux* admiring;
 Country lasses gay and smiling,
 City lads their hearts beguiling;
 Dusty roads, and horses frisky,
 Many an *Eton* boy in whisky;
 Tax'd carts full of farmers' daughters;
 Brotes condemn'd, and man who slaughters!
 Public-houses, booths, and castles,
 Belles of fashion, serving vassals;
 Lordly gen'als fiercely staving,
 Weary soldiers, fighting, swearing!
Petit-maitre, always dressing,
 In the glass themselves caressing;
 Perfum'd, painted, patch'd, and blooming
 Ladies—mantly airs assuming!
 Dowagers of fifty, simp'ring,
 Mist's for their lovers whimp'ring;
 Husbands drill'd to household tameness;
 Dames heart-sick of wedded sameness.
 Princes setting girls a-madding,
 Wives for ever fond of gadding;
 Princesses with lovely faces,
 Beauteous children of the Graces!

Britain's

Britain's pride and Virtue's treasure,
 Fair and gracious beyond measure!
Aid-de-camps and youthful pages,
 Prudes and vestals of all ages!
 Old coquets and matrons furly,
 Sounds of distant *burly-burly*!
 Mingled voices, uncouth singing,
 Carts full laden, forage bringing;
 Sociables and horses weary,
 Houses warm, and dresses airy;
 Loads of fatten'd poultry; pleasure
 Serv'd (to nobles) without measure;
 Doxies, who the waggons follow;
 Beer, for thirsty hinds to swallow;
 Washerwomen, fruit-girls cheerful,
 Ancient ladies—*chaste* and *fearful*!
 Tradesmen, leaving shops, and seeming
 More of *war* than profit dreaming;
 Martial sounds and braying asses,
 Noise, that ev'ry noise surpasses!
 All confusion, din, and riot,
 Nothing clean—and nothing quiet.

OBERON.

A WEDDED MAN, TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

ENCHANTING bird! in strains, ah! why so coy?
 My Delia boasts superior powers to you;
 Your varying notes the hours of eve employ,
 Hers all day long, and, d—n it, all *night* too!

NIM.

ON THE TITUS AND CARACALLA WIGS.

WITH hair whose whiteness ev'n with snow might vie,
 Did Strephon, yesterday, his head array;
 With hair whose blackness rivals ebony,
 Wand'ring I've seen his head bedeck'd to-day:
 By some new art, thus the Protean beau,
 A swan one day, becomes the next a crow.

LAMENTATIONS OF BONAPARTE FOR THE LOSS OF EGYPT.

In a private Letter from Paris, (Floreal) April 20, An. 9, 1801.

[From the Times.]

BONAPARTE's affliction for his flourishing colony is very natural and affecting, now that it is to be surrendered to the barbarous *English*. The *Moniteur* published only a mutilated account of it. It was young Beauharnois who heard him lamenting its fate at *Malmaison* last *Decadi* was ten days, in strains more pathetic, and with more scalding tears than he shed at *Grand Cairo* for the pug dog.

"Ill-fated flourishing colony!" exclaimed the hero of the eighteenth century, "who art about to exchange the light of French philosophy, and the humanity of republican soldiers, for the darkness of Christianity, and the cruelty of Britons!"

"Who are the barbarian generals that have expelled thy benefactors? What salutary massacres have they commanded? In what mosque have they abjured their religion, or insulted thine? They have sent home their laurelled letters, *à la Romaine*, to their country; but my eyes seek in vain for the signature, *à la Française*, of *Ali-SMITH* or *Abdallah-HUTCHINSON*! Have they carried out a single regiment of *Scavans* from the Royal Academy, or put in requisition a troop of comedians and prostitutes, to improve thy morals, from Covent Garden and Drury Lane? Every thing announces that the country of the *Ptolemies* is destined to return once more to ignorance and superstition. Alas! have they embarked in their expedition even a press or a journalist? Will there be a '*Courier of Alexandria*,' or a '*Chronicle of Cairo*?'"

"Farewell, my dear Cophts! beloved Arabs, darling Mamelucks, adieu! Ye will relapse into all the errors and miseries of belief in your religion, obedience
to

to the law, and fidelity to your government! For you, the revolution has been thrown away, and the '*Sul-tan Jusse*' will be forgotten! No more will you marvel at seeing me *eat and drink* at the same time *unpoisoned*; no more shall astonishment confound the faculties of your souls, while I mercifully pardon all the innocent among you—that is, the aged and the infants! All my kindnesses, my salutary executions, my endearing taxes, my affectionate requisitions, are no more! And you, dear objects of my parental solicitude! what shall comfort you for our republican marriages—where will you lavish the *tenderness* our troops used to receive from you? Will a barbarous Englishman return your practical philanthropy, or will you transfer it to a pacha of three tails?"

Citizen Beauharnois did not lose a word of this noble soliloquy, nor the public either, owing to the proficiency of this illustrious youth in brachygraphy or tachygraphy—for it is not certain by which of these illustrious arts he was enabled to keep pace with the rapidity of Bonaparte's rhapsody. It was read by Chenier the same evening at a sitting extraordinary of the *Institute*, where the sensation it created is not to be described. Copies have been sent to the playhouses, the prefects, the foreign ministers, and the armies of the *three elements*. Both the subterranean and flying divisions were electrified. The balloon troops fired a *feu-de-joie* which was distinctly visible at the same instant at *Alexandria* and *Copenhagen*, and the troops of the *Ditch*, as they are called, shouted so loud in their tunnel as to shake Dover Castle, and give birth to the late reports of an earthquake upon the eastern coasts of the Channel. In the camps at Boulogne, prudence suppressed the expression of military sentiment; but Citizen La Terrent, grenadier in the 143d brigade, who in the war of liberty has slain with his own hand seventeen hundred and sixty-one of the soldiers of kings, and taken four thousand and twenty-four prisoners,

was so transported, that he swore at the head of the battalion to dine in *Portland Place* upon the next anniversary feast of the regicide.

August 1.

SINGULAR IMPORTATIONS.

[From the *Morning Herald*]

A PARIS paper, the *Chef du Cabinet*, complains of the *Gazette of Berne*, as having said in the month of April last, "that Bonaparté had brought with him some curious articles from Egypt: 1. Six pieces of cannon belonging to the army of *Pharaoh*, which had been engulfed in the Red Sea when he pursued the *Israelites*, and which Bonaparté had fished up with considerable address. 2. Six flasks of the *darkness* which had spread over Egypt, *hermetically* sealed; one of these had burst on the 18th Brumaire, and spread its contents all over France. 3. Two *crocodiles*, from whom it was hoped to form a sort of *stud* in the palace of the Luxembourg; and in case it was found that the race could be propagated, that the Abbé Sieyès was to take the charge of their *education*!"

INVASION.

[From the same]

MR. EDITOR,

AS there is a little variance of opinion between some of our most enlightened generals, whether it would be more prudent to attack the enemy on their landing, or wait to "fight it out handsomely" with them, when they get into the interior of the country, the following two or three hints are humbly submitted to their consideration:

1. If the enemy should land at Beccles in Suffolk, it must be by *surprise*; and in that case the most val-

rious

rous Britons may be justified in a short *flight* up the country, in order to rally.

2. While our *men* are thus retreating in *disorder*, let our *women* shew no *confusion*, but a good *front*, as modern discipline enables them to do; by which many temporary advantages may be gained, by opposing the tactics of French gallantry to those of Gallic discipline.
3. Care should be taken to leave all the *forage* and *water* on the coast, as the surest mode of *breaking the wind* of their horses, and rendering them incapable of drawing their heavy artillery.
4. The same precaution should be had, as to live stock, by leaving all the *fattest cattle* snug in the marshes; and indeed if plenty of *beef, ready roasted*, could be left on the shore, with a sufficiency of *new-baked bread*, and *sugar-brewed beer*, a temporary inaction of the enemy might reasonably be looked for, as the consequence of appetites voraciously fatiated.

If these observations, Mr. Editor, are received with due respect, you will speedily hear again from

Yours, &c.

August 1.

AN OLD SOLDIER.

THE DEVOTED AND VICTORIOUS BRITISH SOLDIER.

A NEW SONG.

TO battle let despots compel the poor slave,
His country for him has no charms;
But the voice of fair Freedom is heard by the brave,
And calls her own Britons to arms.

Our country and King may triumphantly rest,
Encircled by loyalty's bands;
For the spirit of liberty glows in each breast,
And her sword shall ne'er drop from our hands.

Flow

How glorious to fall in youth's manly bloom,
 For Britain life's joys to resign,
 The voice of bright Fame will be heard from our tomb,
 And our names be enroll'd in her shrine.

Raise the song to the heroes of Britain's proud life,
 While in strains of exultance we tell
 How the soldier's lov'd Chief, by the blood-streaming Nile,
 Triumphantly conquer'd and fell.

Then, Britons, strike home—to the French on our shore
 Their Invincible standard display,
 By Moira array'd—on their vain legions pour,
 And rival fam'd Aboukir's day.

While proudly the banners of victory wave,
 The soldier exultingly dies;
 The trophies of glory shine over his grave,
 And his spirit ascends to the skies.

ODE TO BONAPARTÉ.

CHIEF Consul! Hero of Marengo!
 Are you gone mad, or drunk with stings;
 That, fame and fortune quitting,
 Nothing will serve your Highness now,
 But fierce invasion (sic! you -ow-
 ard) of poor little Britain?

Your victory at Algeiras,
 Where Saumarez in such hot fire was,
 I tell you, without flatt'ry,
 Was gain'd—denv it if you can—
 Not by your fleet, but—(O you Han-
 nibal!) a Spanish batt'ry.

Indeed, great Monsieur Bonaparté,
 One can't refrain from laughing hearty,
 To hear the pompous story
 Of this exploit that you advance,
 Boasting how it has cover'd France-
 's name with glory!

But

But when you read in our Gazette,
The drubbing poor Lincoln did get
From Saumarez soon after;
I think, my little Corsican,
'T will cool your courage, check your vanity,
and stop your laughter.

If you intend to keep your throne,
Now let invading us alone—
'T is dangerous and evil;
Remember—gun-boats may be sunk—
Remember Nelson; whether drunk
Or sober—he's the devil!

Dramore, Aug. 7, 1801.

HAFIZA.

ODE

ON THE LATE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT IN THE BAY OF
ALGÉSIRAS, IN WHICH THE FRENCH NAVY
WAS COVERED WITH GLORY!!!

[From the Morning Post.]

THE Muse has heard the wondrous story
That cover'd Gallia's flag with glory;
The din of bells and theatres
Has deafen'd all the Muse's rars;
Hark! how their long insulted shore,
And longer silenc'd cannons roar.
From port to port applauses swell the note,
And ship to ship resounds—ay! boat to boat!
Rehearse, oh! Muse, the mighty tale!
Why looks each British tar so pale?
Ah! from his mouth why drops the quid?
His thumb forget the pliant lid?
Why, rivetted as in a trance,
Survey the block'd-up ports of France?
And as the flames of bonfires gild the skies,
Tears, that might launch a fleet, flow trickling from his eyes?

Oh! sad disaster!—Lift, brave tar,
And, quenching cannons, cease your jar;

Ye bards, no more exalt your style,
 To tell the wonders of the Nile;
 Forget the passing of the Sound,
 Or ships that conquer'd, though aground:
 Far nobler prowess waits your heav'nly fire—
 Yours, did I say?—I mean the Gallic lyre!

Though shelter'd in a Spanish bay,
 Thy ships, oh France! unshelter'd lay;
 In vain the open main they shun,
 In vain to furt's or batt'ries run;
 Nor forts nor batt'ries can appal,
 Destructive shells nor furnac'd hall:
 No fears the breast of Albion's sons invade,
 These for her foes alone, and her defence were made.

Ah! what avails the Spanish arm,
 Or friendly interposing calm?
 The tars of Albion still deride
 The world and elements allied;
 And their dismayed squadron too
 No longer now had been a foe:
 No more essay'd its destin'd course to shape,
 Nor dar'd again with glory!—to escape.

But what a fatal accident
 Has Albion's navy to lament,
 When least she fear'd the routed foe;
 To stumble on a fiend—below:
 Her hearts of oak—her very soul
 Encounter'd by a Spanish shoal—
 An English ship aground?—Let Frenchmen scoff,
 While bards in wonder tell—how Linois got her off!!!

But, oh! what strains can equal deeds
 So great! that e'en the laurell'd weeds
 Would blush upon the victor's brow;
 The victors!—they're the French, I trow?
 The glory only do they claim?
 We envy not the empty name:
 Proud in her heroes, Britain claims their birth,
 And estimates her glory by their worth,

Banks of the Thames, Aug. 15.

J. MELLING.

FRANCE COVERED WITH GLORY:

BEING A FAITHFUL NARRATIVE,
TAKEN FROM THE REPORT OF THE *gallant* ADMIRAL
LINOIS.

[From the True Briton.]

GOOD people all I pray attend
A most surprising story;
'Tis of an action on the main
That cover'd France with glory.

'T was on the sixth day of July,
From Cadiz port away
Six sail o' th' line, and frigates three,
To Algeiras Bay.

For kept by th' English in blockade,
The mighty Linois lay,
With five large ships, a frigate too,
In Algeiras Bay.

These to relieve Moreno came,
Not to engage in fight,
But to the port of Cadiz straight
With them combine in flight.

A fresh east wind rose on the twelfth;
The French and Spaniards go,
For Cadiz swift they sail, and take
The Hannibal *in tow*.

Now this same eastward gale, alas!
Brought on the English fleet,
Who seem to wish for nothing more
Than enemies to meet.

Five sail o' th' line the English had,
A frigate and a brig,
They came as if they did not care
For France and Spain a fig.

The night came on, and France and Spain
Were very much in fear,
As stronger blew the eastern breeze,
More English might appear.

Hence they were puzzled what to do,
 That is, which way to fly;
 For what indeed are France and Spain,
 When British tars are nigh?

At length th' allies heard cannon three,
 And fires saw far behind;
 They thought them English signals, so
 They push'd before the wind.

Then they congratulate themselves
 That they were got together,
 And that they sail'd so very well,
 Beyond Old England's utter.

A conflagration soon they saw,
 Burst through the dark of night;
 Which seem'd to be their ships on fire,
 Oh! then how great their fright!

Such their first thoughts, but soon they fear'd
 'T was fire-ships of the foe;
 That was enough to urge their speed,
 And wondrous fast they go.

No longer then could be a doubt,
 The foe had pass'd the Strait;
 Nay, they had reach'd the Gallic wake—
 This was no time to wait.

The French at their maintopmast-head
 Had put a light to rally;
 But pull'd it down when th' English came,
 Lest they too near might fall.

For well the wary Frenchmen knew,
 If they held forth a light,
 It must have led the English on,
 To force them into fight.

The night the French in anguish pass'd,
 Because it did not shew
 Whether some ships that were in sight,
 Were enemies or no.

At length the day dispers'd their fears ;
 A day it was most sweet,
 For why? The French soon found themselves
 In midst of their own fleet.

At five o'clock they heard a sound
 That did denote a fray,
 Which made the Frenchmen all rejoice,
 They were so far away.

The wind about eleven rose,
 Four vessels came in view,
 They thought them friends, but found them foes,
 And then again they flew.

The Formidable then they saw
 Driving before the wind,
 As if she said, " The devil take
 All those that are behind."

At length the French with-rapture found
 They need not fret and chafe ;
 The foe they had escap'd, and then
 Anchor'd in Cadiz safe.

And now to all our naval lads
 May Heav'n still give a blessing ;
 And if *defeat* with glory *clads*,
 May France ne'er want a *dressing* !

August 8.

STANZAS ON THE VICTORY OF ADMIRAL SIR JAMES SAUMAREZ.

A GAIN triumphant harps resound !
 See westward from the Straits the flying sails !
 With coward haste they sweep the green profound,
 And Spain her port inglorious hails !
 Nor Gaul escapes—proud, heart-swoln Gaul,
 Whose threats imperious menace England's coast,
 Lifts up his giant voice to call
 Allianc'd shame to fight, and mourns his recent boast."

Was it for this, insulting foe,
 Thou bad'st the world thy valour gaze,
 When snatch'd by chance from utter woe,
 Thy vaunting glory spread its blaze?
 And Victory! and Victory!
 Was France's universal cry!
 Tear from thy front the wither'd wreath,
 The waves to British valour yield,
 Nor let one idle whisp'ring breath
 Tell where great Linois lies conceal'd.

Victorious Saumarez! for thee
 We wake the strings to songs of praise;
 Beneath this huge o'ershadowing tree,
 Oft have been heard the poet's lays.
 Haply from this majestic oak,
 Whose trunk the northern storm defies,
 The rended honours shall provoke
 Some nymph whose lineage claims the skies.
 But, gentle Hamadryad, spare
 The wreaths assign'd by Britain's vow,
 He, whom united navies fear,
 Shall gird thy foliage round his honour'd brow.

Him shall an after-age admire!
 His fame the British youth inspire
 With British emulation.
 So be our England ever seen,
 What now she is, and still has been,
 The great heroic nation.
 Strike the loud harp! the notes prolong!
 These deeds to heavenly strains belong.
 Strike the loud harp! rejoice! rejoice!
 And while from yon despotic lands
 The savage threats are hurl'd, our voice
 In rapturous freedom greets the bands,
 Who, call'd to meet invasion's host,
 Not backward tread their native coast!
 Who swear to die in Freedom's cause,
 For England's King, and England's laws!

August 3.

C. J.

FRANCE

FRANCE AGAIN COVERED WITH GLORY:

BEING A FAITHFUL NARRATION OF THE SECOND ATTACK ON BOULOGNE, AS RECORDED BY THE FRENCH HISTORIAN.

[From the True Briton]

A GAIN, good people, lend an ear
To mighty deeds of fate,
That happen'd in fam'd Boulogne road,
Which thus the French relate.

In pinnaces the English came
By night, at one o'clock,
In hopes that they should suddenly
Our great flotilla shock.

But as we just before had known
How much these English dar'd,
Some new devices we had plan'd,
And for them were prepar'd.

The English they in silence came,
To take us by surprise;
And in the darkness of the night
No object met our eyes.

Between our vessels and the land
They soon contriv'd to slip,
In hopes of straight surrounding us,
And burning ev'ry ship.

And now began their bold attack;
But then they in a trice
Were baffled in their dreadful aim
By our sublime device.

Their boldness, stratagem, and skill,
Thank Heav'n! were all in vain;
Fast to each other, and to land,
Our ships were by a chain.

Thus frustrated, the English then,
Each sailor, with a sword,
Advanc'd upon our vessels' sides,
Attempting us to board.

Foild

Foiled by another sly device,
 They could no farther get ;
 For, lo! our sailors and our troops
 Were snug within a net.

The nets had been full well prepar'd,
 And spread before night-fall ;
 So wide and high they cover'd safe
 Ship, soldiers, sailors, all.

And now in turn we boldly strive
 The foe-men to annoy ;
 We did not pris'ners try to take,
 Resolv'd BUT TO DESTROY.

And hence we straight our baffled foes
 With horrid carnage check ;
 For soon their fingers, hands, and toes,
 Were strew'd on ev'ry deck.

Yet we 've of English prisoners two,
 Who rush'd within our bounds ;
 They're now at Boulogne, and, 'tis thought,
 Will not survive their wounds.

Th' engagement lasted till 't was day ;
 And then the English fleet,
 Finding that we were too secure,
 Amidst grape-shot retreat.

Small was our loss, as we with truth
 Can positively say ;
 But thirty wounded, seven kill'd,
 Amidst this noble fray.

Of valour prodigies were shewn
 Upon our country's side,
 In which, indeed, if all were told,
 The world would not confide.

With his own hand a sergeant slew
 Six who did at him drive—
 An officer of the Marines
 With his own hand slew five.

Then

Then of the empire of the main
 Though Britons still may brag,
 We, wiser, on our shores maintain
The honour of our flag.

MORAL.

Hence nations who for glory yearn,
 And would her cov'ring get,
 From France, in Boulogne road, may learn
 That cov'ring is a net.

August 29.

THE SWEATING SICKNESS.

[From the Times.]

AMONG the annals of our public calamities, there is none more distinguished than the ravages which were caused a few centuries ago, in the population of the country, by a dreadful and peculiar distemper, which, from its fatal symptoms, was called the *Sweating Sickness*.

This horrible epidemic has never visited any other parts of Europe, notwithstanding their nearer proximity to the sun; so that its causes have justly been considered as local and peculiar; and its return cannot be watched or prevented with too much vigilance and anxiety.

It is with infinite concern that we feel it our duty to announce some very suspicious and formidable symptoms of this malady, which have lately made their appearance in various quarters of the town, and among the most opposite classes of society.

The first signs which we have been enabled to trace, broke out on the 5th ult. in several great houses at the west end of the town. Lady Godiva —, who had worn her characteristic undress during all the severity of the winter, was among the first who were attacked. Her disorder broke out in a violent elastic black velvet,
 with

with an incrustation of gold net, from head to foot; and the Hon. Mrs. Figleaf herself was not to be known by her nearest friends, being covered all over with a terrible eruption of pink farinet and black satin. Many sweet dancers were discovered to be privately afflicted with flannel and calico, and to have assumed articles of male attire; while others were ascertained to have taken the infection at the bosom, by the quantity of infected cotton, which made the sufferers look like so many wet-nurses.

In the progress of the sickness the patient has been known to take her cat or her lapdog into bed with her; and some have asked their friends to provide them with good bedfellows for life.

The present calamity, however, is not confined to the fair sex. It is in every sense epidemical, and affects not only natural but political bodies. A hundred red-hot deputies from another country have been invited to sit in a room, in which for a century there has never been space enough for two thirds of its own members. They are designed to contribute to the heat of the assembly, as many of them are known to take fire upon the slightest occasions, and others are now baking in a certain oven, after which they intend to wrap themselves in ermine for the rest of their lives.

The worst symptoms, however, have appeared in the market-places, where a class of persons called middle-men, composed of the warmest citizens, have increased the sweating sickness to such a dreadful paroxysm, as to threaten the whole kingdom with consumption. It is certain, that thousands of families have already been sweated down to skeletons. The same is the case with any thing they touch, whether it be meat, bread, or corn. If they lay their hand upon a bushel, it instantly sweats itself down to a peck; and a quartern loaf has been known to waste by
their

their deleterious heat down to the size of a twopenny roll.

Their art of sweating the people is so complete, that some persons have thought they actually ground the faces of their patients. But we shall have to speak more of this symptom of the sickness at another opportunity. At present it is our duty to caution the public particularly against taverns and post-chaifes, in which the infection is violently taken, and the perspiration sudden and profuse. The very bottles in some inns have sweated themselves down to pints. But the most dangerous circumstance one has yet heard of is, a combination in one of the branches of a most respectable profession, to sweat the suburbs in the gross. They have been known to order seven sweats at a time, and to increase the effects of their prescription by a new and violent species of action.

August 1.

EFFECT OF SUDDEN PREPHERMENT.

[From the Looker-on.]

IN this land of industry and commerce, where fortunes are ever in a constant flux, it is curious to observe the rapid changes which perpetually occur in the consequence and figure of different individuals. These revolutions have, without doubt, their social advantages: they break the force of pride, which is always attended with an exclusive spirit; they open a wider field for the emulation of talents; and, by diffusing the feelings of fellowship and the ties of affinity among us, give a freer range to the duties of benevolence, and the practice of virtue. If such be a natural result of this community and participation of riches and honour, it is painful to observe the exceptions exhibited in the conduct of certain individuals. There are some ordinary spirits among us, who having just emerged,

emerged, by a perverse partiality of fortune, from the lowest conditions, conceive that the only way of shewing themselves qualified to maintain their new character, is to manifest an extreme scorn of the old one; and that, to evince an elevation of mind proportioned to their rise of fortune, they have only to discard the associates and witnesses of their humble beginnings. A gentleman who finds himself in this description of deserted friends, has made the following complaint to me by letter, permitting me to make my own use of it.

TO THE REV. SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH.

"DEAR SIMON,

Oxford.

"You remember, no doubt, your old fellow-collegian, Tom Varnish, whose principal recommendation was his apparent good-nature, and his companionable qualities. You will be surprised to hear, that, by a fortunate connexion, he is become Dean of ——. The first time I saw him after his preferment I stretched out my hand to him, to wish him joy, in quality of an old friend and associate, but could only grasp the tip of his longest finger; he made me, however, a very polite bow, and told me his dinner was always on table at half after five, if I ever came his way. He left me in such utter surprise, that I was fixed on the spot for some moments. It occurred to me, however, upon a little reflection, that this must have been a mere joke, which would serve us to laugh over at some snug meeting at the Deanery. His subsequent conduct has undeceived me; and I plainly see that I am never to be acknowledged on the ancient footing. I own I should feel a very violent indignation towards this poltroon, and should be provoked to some signal revenge, if such behaviour did not in a great measure carry its punishment with it; but I observe, that, since his elevation, there are fewer smiles on his countenance, and there seems to be a constraint in his looks and demeanour,

meanour, which betrays an inward perplexity, the constant companion of pride. There is always, methinks, a sort of treason in these abuses of friendship, that leaves a conscious stain upon the mind, a secret sense of unworthiness, that sinks us amidst our triumphs, and falsifies our greatness.

"I happened to meet him the other day in a large company, where it was my fortune to be seated next to him. I thought this a favourable opportunity for pressing some anecdotes home to his recollection, that might stir up some ancient regards, if any were left, at the bottom of his mind. I talked to him of the old tree, under whose shade we had passed so many hours in reading a story of Chaucer, a play of Shakespeare, or the humours of the Knight of La Mancha. I reminded him of our names cut out together on the examining-chair in the Schools. I told him, that his likeness was still hanging over my mantlepiece, which brought to my mind a thousand soothing remembrances of my youth; and that I often pleased myself with contemplating the unconsciousness that appeared in my friend's countenance, of any views towards that elevation which he has since experienced. I assured him that our little laundress, though not in the pride of her looks, was still fresh, florid, and good-natured, and often talked of Tom Varnish's genteel leg and sociable temper.

"All this, however, appeared to give him rather offence than pleasure. At the mention indeed of Miss Jenny, his eyes seemed to sparkle a little, and his fingers involuntarily moved towards his band, which had formerly passed through the renovating hands of the pretty laundress. I returned home, chagrined at the littleness of human pride, and the sorry make of our minds, which can be content thus to barter the real enjoyments of life for its pageantry and impossibilities. Seeing a loose bit of paper and a pen on my
 y . . . z . . . table,

table, the thought occurred to me of putting down certain obligations conferred upon our worthy Dean in the days of our intimacy, which serve to point out the meanness from which he has emerged. As I think myself justified in keeping no measures with such a character, I authorize you to insert the following list in one of your periodical essays, if you think it worth your notice.

Dec. 25, 1778. Being Christmas-day, lent to Tom Varnish a clean shirt, and a sermon for the occasion.

Jan. 3. A crown for a Christmas-box to Jenny.

— **31.** Corrected a declamation for him, by making a new one.

March 1. Lent him a pair of worsted gloves during the hard frost.

April 4. Paid Mr. Gangrene for the setting of his collar-bone: also his forfeits to the Free-and-easy club.

June 22. Paid two thirds of the expense of Jenny's misfortune.

Aug. 28. Saved him from drowning, in a scheme down the river to Henley.

Oct. 6. Lent him a pair of boots, a whip, and a shilling for the turnpikes, besides paying for his horse, to enable him to ride over to his uncle the cow-doctor, who lay ill of a dropfy.

March 3, 1779. Puffed him off to Sir H. O'N. by whose interest he went with the Lord Lieutenant to Ireland.

July 15. Made up a quarrel about potatoes, which took place at the moment of his landing.

Aug. 7. Saved him from a challenge from the Rev. Dr. Patrick O'Bryan, by proving that he had no meaning in any thing he said.

A mul-

"A multitude of little services have escaped my recollection, but these will be sufficient to shew, that the Dean of — has clean forgotten Tom Varnish, and Tom Varnish's friends. Be so good as to make a memorandum of this letter; and if I perceive any future changes in this self-tormentor, I will not fail to give you some farther accounts of him. Yours ever,

"ANTHONY TRUEMAN."

I thought there was so much honesty and good sense in this letter, that I determined to make a present of it to my readers; and though the catalogue which my friend Trueman has sent me, may seem to bear rather too hard upon the Reverend Dean, yet a pride of this sort does so eminently misbecome a teacher of Christianity, and betrays such a corruption of heart, that I cannot think the punishment improper either in kind or degree.

For my part, with my sedate habits and sober complexion, these frightful transformations of my countrymen surprize me strangely. For as, in my own family, whole generations have exactly agreed, and the father has regularly reproduced himself in the son, I am the more astonished to see a man so much at variance with himself. There must certainly have been some witchcraft in Tom Varnish's history, which puts me very much in mind of the poet's account of the metamorphosis of Atlas into a mountain; his beard and hair shot up into a huge forest, his shoulders and hands became ridges, his head supplied the place of a pinnacle, his bones were converted into rocks; then his whole person swelled out to a monstrous size, on which all the stars of heaven reposed.

*"Quantus erat mons factus Atlas : jam barba comæque
In silvas abeunt, juga sunt humerique manusque;
Quod caput ante fuit, summo est in monte cacumen;
Ossa lapis fiunt. Tum partes auctus in omnes*

Crevit in immensum (sic Di, statuistis), & omne
Cum tot sideribus cœlum requievit in illo."

Cicarella, in his life of Pope Sixtus Quintus, tells us, that that pontiff used frequently to please himself with jesting upon the meanness of his origin. He would say, that he was *domus parva perillustri*; the cottage wherein he was born being in out of repair, that the sun shone through every part of it. Cicero, with more gravity, observes, *Satis est meis gestis florere quam majorum auctoritatibus inniti, ut ita vivere ut sum posteris meis nobilitatis initium et virtutis exemplum.* "It is more honourable for me to be dignified by my own actions, than to lean upon the authority of my ancestors; and so to live, that I may be a fountain of nobility, and an example of virtue to my descendants."

Our worthy Dean does not appear at present to feel all the force of these laudable sentiments; but I depend upon his coming over to our party, at some period of his life. When old age and sickness press upon him, he will look around him, perhaps in vain, for his old friend Anthony Trueman, to refresh his mind with the pleasing recollections of his youth, and to talk with him about young Jenny and the old tree.

Yesterday, as I was pursuing my reflections on this subject, it occurred to me, that some good advice to such characters as I have been describing, might be conveyed in the notion of a letter from a man's former self to his present self, which might run as follows :

"WORSHIPFUL SIR,

"THOUGH perhaps you recollect, with no great cordiality or esteem, the person who now takes the liberty of addressing you, I feel so much interest in your honour and happiness, that I cannot refuse myself the satisfaction of laying before you some truths which you may turn greatly to account. I own I cannot but
complain

complain bitterly of the contempt with which you treat a person born of as good a family as yourself, and bred to the same expectations, and one too whom you formerly loved better than your father or mother, and as much as your own life.

"If I am rightly informed, Sir, you have extended this illiberal conduct to my friends, and have represented Mr. Shortland as a person of mean condition, to whom, nevertheless, you are in a great measure obliged for your present elevation. As to myself, be assured, Sir, your efforts to cast oblivion and obscurity around me, will only make me the more noticed; and that, whatever comparisons shall be made, they will be to the disadvantage of yourself. I do not conceive in what circumstances you pretend to be my superior, except in the base article of wealth. You may be a greater man, but you have not so much ease, so much leisure, so much youth, so much health, so much strength, so many real friends, and so much content. I am pretty sure too, that a certain lady whom we have both addressed, prefers in her own breast my little farm to your fine house and your laced liveries; but I respect your happiness so much, that I would resign her to you, if you would but adopt a more amiable and rational way of thinking.

"I shall never make any farther overtures towards a reconciliation; but shall always be ready to embrace you whenever you feel yourself disposed to sink this awkward distance between us. You will be most likely to find me, on such an occasion, in the poplar-groves behind your house, or on the terrace just out of the village, at the hours of nine and ten in the evening, particularly if it be moonlight. Be assured you will never hear of me at any public places, for crowds are my abomination. I am sensible that the pride and deceit of these corrupt resorts, first produced the melancholy separation that has taken place be-

tween us. I knew what was to be my fate from the moment that old Lady Margaret Mildmay whispered in your ear the words, 'seducing arts,' and 'delicate situations.' Ever since these ominous phrases you have kept me at the most mortifying distance; but finding it rather difficult to shake me off at once, you pinched, buckramed, and pomatumed me up to such a degree, that I could not hold out any longer. I have often tried to meet you since our total separation, but, as I have not been used to the smell of perfumes, I could never come within your atmosphere, except once, indeed, when, in flying from two unmannerly catchpoles, you ran full against me in turning a corner, and did me the favour of jostling me into the kennel.

"One thing, however, Sir, I must insist upon, which is, that you will forbear any contemptuous insinuations respecting my friend Dick Shortland's family, since you cannot boast so good a one; and as to myself, Sir, you cannot be ignorant that your great-grandfather was a chimney-sweeper, as well as my own, and that if it were not for that noble invention for which the world is indebted to a person who was great uncle to both of us, of liquid shining blacking for shoes, you could never have expected to maintain so much consequence in life, as even your neglected friend and humble servant,

"HUMPHRY QUONDAM."

* I cannot forbear following up this letter with an exhortation to my readers to reflect, that the humane and social duties press equally on all situations of life; and that, if prosperity deprive us of our unbought friendships, it must ever after remain in hopeless arrears to us, whatever degree of plenty it may shower into our bosoms; it has robbed us of the daylight, which no borrowed glare of lamps and crystals can supply.

THE SECT OF SCRIBBLERS.

[From the Freemasons' Magazine.]

MR. EDITOR,

THERE cannot be a more pleasing reflection than on the general diffusion of knowledge over our island; it is almost incredible what a number of well-informed persons are now to be met with in every large town; there are very few of the middling rank of people who have not read a great deal, and there are many who can write on common topics with ease and elegance: this I take to be chiefly owing to a free press, and the general circulation of monthly publications conducted by persons of learning and abilities. Perhaps even the daily journals contribute not a little to this spreading of knowledge; independent of their political information, they catch the lighter effusions of genius, and arrest for a while the fugitives ere they glide into the pool of oblivion: but, Mr. Editor, out of this general good there has lately arisen a very great evil, which I am afraid will not easily be eradicated, I mean, that inundation of nonsense with which the world is daily pestered by a set of young men, to whom I shall give the appellation of *Scribblers*. These gentlemen have commonly learned to read, write, and cast accounts, and are intended by their parents for some reputable calling, as a grocer, mercer, or a clerk in an office; when at the age of about fifteen or sixteen, when the mind most readily receives impressions, unfortunately for their own repose, and the interest of their masters or friends, some of the works of our best poets fall in their way. I have generally remarked that Thomson's Seasons is the first book that begins to derange these youngsters; this author is perhaps of all others the most agreeable to a young mind; he has contrived to give such a romantic cast to the simple scenes of nature, without having recourse to fiction, that the youthful imagination pants to behold those

those Arcadian scenes which it finds described, and which it is conscious may be realized, though adorned by all the magic of poetic imagery; henceforth every beauty of Nature brings to the recollection some elegant description of the poet, and thereby gives a poetical bias to the mind, very difficult to counteract, and which has very dangerous effects on a weak capacity; if then to this they should add Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, Pope's *Essay on Man*, and an odd volume of Shakspeare, they are irretrievably lost; from this time you observe a strange alteration in their behaviour, they no longer speak the language of conversation, but are for ever filling up their periods with poetical rhapsodies; they seldom can give an opinion but they add, "As Thomson says," or, "As Pope says," &c. Should any person express resentment against some one, a Scribbler will tell him, "You must really think no more on it, you know Pope says,

"To err is human, to forgive divine."

If you mention the death of an acquaintance, "Ah!" replies a Scribbler, "he is gone to

"That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns."

Independent of the soppery of such quotations, that do a real harm to people of true poetical taste, who absolutely contract a dislike to some of the finest passages of our best authors, by hearing them so often buzzed in their ears by these Parnassian flies; it is just as if one were to hear one of the sublimest odes of Pindar or Horace repeated by an ape, which could never be read again without exciting our risible faculties at the remembrance of the performance. Yet it would be well if these gentry would only endeavour to amuse the world with their vocal performances; but, like many of our modern sons of Thespis, from being mere reciters they

they turn authors ; adieu then to all rationality, from thenceforth their masters or friends can expect no good from them ; if in a shop, they write verses in the day-book, scribble upon the waste paper, and are so entirely possessed by the poetical mania, that, when asked for any article they deal in, they start from a profound reverie, and, inflated by their own vanity, bounce round the counter like a blown bladder, while the amazed customer either goes away unserved, or is in danger of having an ounce of snuff substituted for the same quantity of coffee. It is wonderful what a facility of making rhymes some of these Scribblers possess. I know one of them who can make verses as fast as he can write them down, and who, through the medium of pocket-books, &c. has peppered the world with some thousands.

But it is not only in verse, but also in prose, that the Scribblers exert their talents. Among the various kinds of scribbled essays which I have seen I shall only notice one species, I mean such as pretend to imitate Sterne, whose manner of writing is exactly calculated for the meridian of their genius, if I may so prostitute the name ; not being able to think clearly so as to comprehend their subject, and treat it with accuracy and precision, they find an admirable assistance in the broken and disjointed style in which that whimsical author has chosen to touch some of the finest feelings of the heart : having then filled a page with a variety of affirmations, exclamations, questions, answers, notes of interrogation and admiration, blank lines, &c. &c. which may be perused either backward or forward with the same degree of pleasure and information, they prefix to the top, in large letters, " A Fragment, after the manner of Sterne," and which bears pretty near the same resemblance to the more exquisite pages of Yorick, as, pardon me the simile, his dead ass does to the beautiful and pensive Maria.

I hope,

I hope, Mr. Editor, you will have the goodness to insert this in your elegant miscellany, as it will really be doing an essential service to the public,

"To check these heroes, and their laurels crop,
To bring them back to reason and their *shop*."

And I hope, if it should fall into the hands of any of those gentlemen it is intended for, that they will consider seriously what a difficult undertaking it is to write well, how few there are who succeed, and how many have incurred the censure and contempt of the world by their attempt at authorship, particularly in poetry.

"I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre-ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axletree,
And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
'T is like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag."

(CONTINUATION.)

AS there is no art so extensively cultivated as that of Scribbling, I intend to make a few further remarks upon it; and as Aristotle planned his rules for the ancient drama from a critical examination of the ancient dramatic writers, so shall I draw my observations on the modern art of Scribbling from the practice of the present numerous race of modern Scribblers.

First then, to proceed regularly, I shall define Scribbling to be the art of putting words together without any regard to matter, method, manner, or meaning; under this definition therefore are included all the works and compositions of the present age.

There are but very few things primarily requisite to constitute a professed Scribbler. It is indeed absolutely necessary that he should learn his alphabet at least; and I think it would be some additional advantage

tage to him, if he has made a tolerable proficiency in his Spelling-book : but this is not so material, because the printer's compositor, or the corrector of the press, whose reading is doubtless more extensive than the author's, will rectify any mistakes of this sort in the copy. The Scribbler indeed must learn to write, that is, to put his letters together ; but it signifies little, how slovenly soever he does it, as it is a mark of a good education to write almost illegibly, and is always affected by the best authors.

All other erudition is needless, and proves an incumbrance, as it clogs the invention, obliges a man to think before he writes, ties him down to the laborious task of revising and correcting, consequently takes off from that negligent spirit of easy freedom so essential to modern writings, by adding a scientific stiffness, and the reserved closeness of rational deduction.

A Scribbler, with the advantages of the education before premised, wants nothing now to enable him to go to work directly, but the fortuitous assistance of pen, ink, and paper. We insist very little upon his having what is called a talent, or a competent knowledge of what he is about : he has very little occasion for a head, if he has but a hand. Hence it is, that the booksellers, who are the task-masters of geniusses, and (if I may be pardoned the allusion) often oblige them to make brick without straw, have taken up the expression, " Such an one is a good hand : he is but a poor fist : he has it at his finger's end," and so on.

Some authors are very often put to their shifts in procuring these useful conveniencies of pen, ink, and paper : and here the verse-turner has vastly the advantage over the prose-spinner, as his words lie in a closer compass, and he never sets down his lines till he has made his tag ; whereas the other always runs on in a continued course, as fast as he can, clapping down the first sentence that comes in his head, before he has considered

person. The long, dissolvent chapter in the printing of novels manifestly shows that people in general only consider the bulk of the work, without examining the contents; while they are made to pay a most exorbitant price for a mere trifle, infinitely spun out to twice as much as the length necessary.

The most material point usually considered, is a talking, or (as some would read it) a take-in Title-page. This is frequently the all in all, and worth the whole book: many a heavy piece has owed its prodigious sale to a lucky hit of this sort. And I cannot but lament the invaluable loss that the trade suffered in the immortal Curl, who had certainly the best head for inventing a title of any man breathing, and always kept a collection ready by him to serve any occasion. For a work of a shorter line the Half-title, as it is called, comes in very opportunely to take up a leaf; and I have seen many a sixpenny pamphlet swelled out to the price of a shilling by its assistance.

In longer works, when you have fixed upon your Title, you must be sure to compose a tedious Preface or Advertisement to the Reader, which may be printed in a larger type than ordinary. After this aptly enough comes the Dedication to some upstart nobleman, with or without his permission; or, if this fails, to the man in the moon, or any body. In this you have another help out, and—I am, my Lord, with the utmost submission and respect, your Lordship's most obedient, most obsequious, and most humble servant;—may, when properly disposed, be spun out to near the whole length of another page, without any apparently designed expatiation.

If your book is divided into Chapters, the Contents will here naturally follow; and whatever still can be made to make will be clear gain, as they need not be repeated at the head of every chapter in the course of the work. And here again you will get a great deal of ground by setting these conspicuously in overgrown capitals,

capitals, as Book III. and so on, till you have got
derneath Chapter V. which will not only save you a
great deal of room, but be ornamental also.

It above all requires the greatest economy to ensure
that the foregoing Book or Chapter should end with
about two or three lines run over into the subsequent
page; where a pretty wooden device, of a flower—
supported by two chubby cherubims, or a little wood
squirrel perched up with a bushy expansion of tail, may
be stuck into the centre of the vacant blank, and to
prevent the unthrifty profusion of your matter. You
will always take particular care to split the contents
of your piece into innumerable divisions and paragraphs,
which will extend it to very near the length of a moder-
ate volume extraordinary.

Your copy being thus managed, you must now call
in the assistance of your printer, to *swell* it still farther:
he will therefore furnish you with a large type, that it
may not strain the eyes of the reader: he will also take
care that the margin be very wide at the top, bottom,
and sides: besides this, he will put spacious distances
between every line, and leave what they call a whole
line between every paragraph. Many other artifices
may be used, to bilk the purchaser, and swell the profits
of the sale.

When your piece is thus spun out into several more
volumes than is necessary, you will puff it off in the ad-
vertising; and to satisfy the impatience of the public,
you may tell them that I don't know how many presses
are at work to get it printed off. If afterwards your
sale should not prove brisk enough, and you have many
left on your hands, you may advertise a second, third,
fourth, fifth, and sixth edition repeatedly, though you
have not got off near the number of your first impres-
sion.—But hold,—I must not reveal the mysteries of
the trade:—I have already gone too far:—Some parts
of this essay I was obliged to strike out, as the printer

absolutely refused, for some private reasons, to set them ; —and I know not how far I may hereafter be forced to a dependance on those generous, those humane, those honourable, those honest gentlemen, the bookfellers.

Q.

VARIOUS KINDS OF QUACKERY.

[Translated from the French.]

PHYSICIANS live in great cities ; there are few of them in the country. The reason of this is obvious. In great cities there are rich patients ; and among these, debauchery, the pleasures of the table, and the gratification of the passions, give rise to a variety of diseases. Dumoulin, not the lawyer, but the physician, who was a no less famous practitioner, observed at his death, “ That he left behind him two great physicians, Regimen and River-water.”

In 1728, one Villars told his friends in confidence, that his uncle, who had lived almost an hundred years, and who died only by accident, had left him a certain preparation, which had the virtue to prolong a man’s life to an hundred and fifty years, if he lived with sobriety. When he happened to observe the procession of a funeral, he shrugged up his shoulders in pity : “ If the deceased,” said he, “ had taken my medicine, he would not be where he is.” His friends, among whom he distributed it generously, observing the condition required, found its utility, and extolled it. He was thence encouraged to sell it at a crown the bottle ; and the sale was prodigious. It was no more than the water of the Seine, mixed with a little nitre. Those who made use of it, and were attentive at the same time to regimen, or who were happy in good constitutions, soon recovered their usual health. To others, he

he observed, "It is your own fault if you be not perfectly cured; you have been intemperate and incontinent; renounce these vices, and, believe me, you will live at least an hundred and fifty years." Some of them took his advice; and his wealth grew with his reputation. The Abbé Pons extolled this quack, and gave him the preference to the Marechal de Villars: "The latter," said he, "kills men; the former prolongs their existence."

At length, it was discovered that Villars' medicine was composed chiefly of river-water. His practice was now at an end. Men had recourse to other quacks.

Villars was certainly of no disservice to his patients; and can only be reproached with selling the water of the Seine at too high a price. He excited men to temperance, and in this respect was infinitely superior to the apothecary Arnoud, who filled Europe with his nostrums for the apoplexy, without recommending the practice of any one virtue.

I knew at London a physician of the name of Brown, who had practised at Barbadoes. He had a sugar-work and negroes; and having been robbed of a considerable sum, he called together his slaves. "My friends," said he, "the great Serpent appeared to me during the night, and told me, that the person who stole my money should, at this instant, have a parrot's feather at the point of his nose." The thief immediately put his hand to his nose. "It is you," cried the master, "that robbed me; the great Serpent has just now told me so." By this method the physician recovered his money. This piece of quackery is not to be condemned; but, in order to practise it, one must have to do with negroes.

Scipio, the first Africanus, a man in other respects so different from Dr. Brown, persuaded his soldiers that he was directed and inspired by the Gods. This piece of fraud had been long and successfully practised.

Can we blame Scipio for having recourse to it? There is not, perhaps, a person who does greater honour to the Roman republic; but how came it, let me ask, that the Gods inspired him not to give in his accounts?

Numa acted better: He had a band of robbers to civilize, and a senate that constituted the most intractable part of them. Had he proposed his laws to the assembled tribes, he would have met with a thousand difficulties from the assassins of his predecessor. He adopted a different method. He addressed himself to the Goddess Egeria, who gave him a code, sanctified with divine authority. What was the consequence? He was submitted to without opposition, and reigned happily. His intentions were admirable, and his quackery had in view the public good; but if one of his enemies had disclosed his artifice, and said, "Let us punish an impostor, who prostitutes the name of the Gods to deceive mankind," he would have undergone the fate of Romulus.

It is probable that Numa concerted his measures with great prudence, and deceived the Romans, with a ~~to their advantage.~~ with an address, suited to the time, the place, and the genius of that people.

Mahomet was twenty times on the point of miscarrying; but, at length, he succeeded with the inhabitants of Medina, and was believed to be the intimate friend of the Angel Gabriel. At present, should any one announce himself at Constantinople to be the favourite of the Angel Raphael, who is superior in dignity to Gabriel, and insist that they must believe in him alone, he would be impaled alive. Quacks should know how to time their impostures.

Was there not somewhat of deceit in Socrates, with his familiar Demon, and the precise declaration of the Oracle, which proclaimed him the wisest of men? It is ridiculous in Rollin to insist, in his History, on the sincerity of this Oracle. Why does he not inform his
readers,

readers, that it was purely a piece of quackery? Socrates was unfortunate as to the time of his appearance. An hundred years sooner he might have governed Athens.

The leaders of philosophical sects have all of them been tinctured with quackery. But the greatest of all quacks are those who have aspired to power. How formidable a quack was Cromwell! He appeared precisely at the time when he could have succeeded. Under Elizabeth he would have been hanged; under Charles II. he would have been an object of ridicule. He came at a period when the English were disgusted with Kings, and his son at a time when they were disgusted by Protectors.

MEN OF SPIRIT.

THERE is no term in use in common life more misapplied, perhaps, than that of *spirit*: there is always a contemptuous idea annexed to the want of *spirit*; though I have known many a man rise to the dignity of an alderman merely for wanting that *spirit* which has brought another to the workhouse. I am myself one of those persons who are charged by my acquaintance with a want of spirit, and for no other reason but that I do not live above my income. I have *spirit* enough to keep out of debt, and endeavour to make all my friends welcome when they visit me; but, when I make an entertainment, they cry, "It is not done with *spirit*," though it is always as elegant as my circumstances will allow. I know several of these men of *spirit*, who are *mean-spirited* enough to borrow money of me. Our gaols swarm with men of *spirit*, and our streets are crowded by children, whose parents were persons of *spirit*. There are men of *spirit* of all degrees, from the peer in his gilded chariot, to the porter with his

But of all the variable creatures none can compare with Limberham, whose whole life is a strange medley of religion and debauchery: he lives in a brothel-house four days in a week, and spends the other three in prayer and repentance; and when he thinks he may have reconciled himself to Heaven, and set aside his sins, he returns to them again, and makes new work for new devotion.

Thus whim, wine, and affliction can make a man differ from nothing so much as he does from himself; but let us inquire whether pride, good fortune, &c. have not the same power, and produce the same effects.

We are generally so partial to ourselves, that, whatever good fortune we have, we immediately ascribe it to our merit rather than Providence, chance, or the friendship of others, and value ourselves on our worth when we should rejoice at our fortune. If you approach a man after any new acquisition of wealth or honour with that degree of freedom and familiarity you before used, his haughty behaviour will soon inform you that you are unacquainted with a new accumulation of merit, which should command a greater deference and respect.

Jack Myrtle was a good-natured, affable, honest fellow about five months ago: I was intimate with him, and many agreeable hours have we spent with a familiarity that is necessary for friendship: I perceived indeed some time ago the seeds of grandeur and haughtiness rising in him, on his elder brother Harry being taken ill. His brother's disorder increased, and consequently my friend's pride; but still he retained a decent respect to me till his brother died. When I came to congratulate him on his succeeding to his brother's estate, I immediately found that John Myrtle, Esq. was in no way the same person I was before acquainted with, called Mr. Myrtle. His indifference increased as his liveries came home, and by the first day,

day he went out in his new chariot he entirely forgot me; but as he had forgot himself, it gave me no surprise nor uneasiness that he should not remember me.

But Will Lace differs from himself not according as he himself appears, but according to the appearance of his friends; and is intimate more or less, just as the dress they wear makes any figure. A person who is sometimes his crony may pass him in the Park twenty times, and, if he is not dressed, Will always takes care to turn his head another way, and betrays a great deal of concern for fear of receiving a bow. Meet him in the side-box in the evening, he'll protest a prodigious joy at the sight of the person he in the morning so industriously shunned; he laughs aloud, talks aloud with you, and takes care that the whole playhouse shall know that he and you are particularly intimate. Next morning you appear in another dress, and he in another opinion.

Inner Temple.

II.

SATIRICAL HARANGUE,

DELIVERED LATELY BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN THE
CHARACTER OF A PEDLAR.

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES,

I AM an itinerant merchant, who make a trading voyage from town to town, and from street to street; and as for my *gimcracks* here, I sell them cheap enough: you shall have them for a laugh, but then I never give credit. Here is a purse to hold *bonestly*; it is worn with *simplicity* and *plain-dealing*, a little out of fashion but it confests, but not the worse for wear. I need not tell you how much it is wanted by *stewards*, *oversers*, *custom-house officers*, and *waters* at an election.

What say ye to these *masks*? they are neither French nor Venetian, but true English ones; they are called

masks for knavery, and worn by people of the best fashion of all professions. This *smiling smooth-faced* one will conceal the *rancour* of a *couriser's* heart. This, with the *white of the eye turned up*, the *atheism* of a *priest*; and that with the *supercilious brow*, the *ignorance* of a *quack*.—What! no one buy? but no matter—I can dispose of them either at the Temple, Charing-cross, Whitehall, or St. James's.

This *smelling-bottle* may, perhaps, have a better recommendation: it is filled with the *quintessence* of *ignorance*, some drops of *stupidity*, with a few grains of *impudence*, extracted from the speech of a *coffee-house politician*, the *pericranium* of a *proctor* in the Commons, and a *billit-doux* of an *ensign* of the Guards. Lady Prattle uses this sort in all assemblies; and Lady Scandal was seen to pull it out more than once at church last Sunday, whilst she kept a correspondence with Mrs. Modely, a pet on two children. It afflicts thought infinitely better than Respect at Havana, and produces a *je ne sçai quoi* in it.

The next thing I offer is a *pocket looking-glass*; in it a *side-box* may view her new complexion; and a *beau* be shocked at his *own grin*, notwithstanding the *charms* of a well-dressed *head*. Should an *alderman* peep in it, possibly he might stand at his *branching frontlet*; and *takers of bribes* may see in it the *price* of their *conscience*. It will shew a *usur* what he presented the *quire* for his *presentation*; and to a *dean* it may exhibit the *three years purobuse* that was stipulated with my lord: but an *usurer* will not be able to see his *conscience* in it; a *Quaker*, his *sincerity*; or some fellows of colleges, their *learning*. Now I look upon it myself, I see my *own folly*, and that none of *these toys* are wanted by *this company**; so your servant, Sirs.

* Few people see their own failings, or, if they do, like to acknowledge them, more the pity.

WISDOM AND FOLLY.

I LATELY happened to be reading a performance of Fielding, in which he represents Signor Opera, Miss Novel, Monsieur Pantomime, and other personages, as in high favour at the court of Queen Nonsense, and avowed enemies of Queen Common Sense. Reflecting on Fielding's description, I regretted, that the discerning mind and fertile genius of that author had not pursued the votaries of Nonsense through a greater variety of situations. I could not help amusing myself with fancying his talents employed in tracing and exhibiting the manifold characters, practices, and pursuits, at variance with Common Sense.

Musing on this subject, in an easy chair, I fell asleep; and the impressions of the evening being strong upon my mind, I dreamed the following dream.

Met' thought I was in sight of a range of very high mountains, rising from a deep valley, covered with a thick fog. Whilst I was contemplating the stupendous height of the mountains, a person of a mild, penetrating aspect, approaching, accosted me with great complacency, in the English language. Anticipating my intended question, "Friend," he said, "the mountains which you see are the Mountains of Wisdom; and the plain is the Vale of Folly, a country very extensive, and at present still more populous. The principal provinces are Frivolity, Silliness, and Stupidity.

"Adjoining to it are the dynasties of Vanity and Obstinacy. The inhabitants of Fool-Land are far from being *all natives*: many of them are emigrants from the neighbouring country of Wisdom, allured by the accessibility of her sacred Majesty Queen Folly. Her Majesty is indeed eminently distinguished for the affability of her manners, refusing admittance to no one who desires to visit her court. The *aliens* generally pitch their abode in the province of Frivolity;—Silli-

ness and Stupidity being occupied by indigenous subjects.

"Adjoining to the region of Folly is a neutral territory, frequently in alliance with Fool-Land, called *Dull-Land*. This joins on one side the lowest district of Wise-Land, called *Plain-Sense*. The Dullanders are often very useful to their upper neighbours; unless they have been spoiled by visiting the adjacent domains of Vanity and Obstinacy, and from thence passing into Fool-Land. As they are generally very plodding and exact, as far as their comprehension reaches, they are *serviceable drudges* to the Wiselanders (or, as, for brevity sake, they are called, the Wise) in those details to which these will not deign to submit themselves. The Dullanders (or Dull) are particularly successful as *miners*; they can dig with much more patience, through *dirty rubbish*, for the precious metals, than the Wise. The Wise are, indeed, very sharp-sighted at discovering the best places for digging, as well as at discovering every thing else; but the Dull are the diggers. The Wise form the projects, the Dull get the gold. Dull-Land is also blessed with an excellent breed of *beasts of burden*, and particularly famous for those very useful animals, *Asses*."

My guide now touched my eyes with a salve, which instantaneously enabled them to see to an infinitely greater distance than they could have done before through the finest telescope, and, as I afterwards found, to see through the fog.

Surveying the mountainous country, now that my eyes were cleared and strengthened, I perceived that, like Etna, it rose gradually, but for a much greater space. I observed that it was divided into different regions or compartments, increasing in the two dissimilar qualities of sleepiness and fruitfulness, as the ascent rose.

One phenomenon struck me, which was, that it was indented by a number of dens, which participated of the

the fog that overspread the valley below." "These," said my guide, "are dangerous passages, through which inhabitants even of the higher regions of Wisdom often either insensibly *glide*, or rapidly *plunge* into the valley below—an *easy descent, but a difficult recovery*. Many, however, of the subjects of Wisdom, who have occasionally visited her Stultan Majesty, or even sojourned some time at her court, do, by their innate and habitual vigour, regain the regions of Wisdom."—"What is the qualification required," said I, "to become a subject of Wisdom?"—"Seeing," answered my guide, "and pursuing the most useful and pleasurable *ends*, and applying the most adequate *means*. The qualification of a subject of Polly is habitually either to pursue *useless ends*, or to apply *inadequate means*."

"Turn your eyes to the right of the country you have been contemplating, and tell me what you discover."—"I see," said I, "another mountain almost as high, and more steep, than Wise-Land. Heavens, what a grand and beautiful prospect! what woods, and lawns, and streams! what delightful verdure! The top appears to be sublime, the middle exquisitely beautiful, but the lower part is grotesque, and seems to lose itself in the confines of Folly."—"That," said my guide, "is Mount Fancy. Here are the vineyards and flower-gardens of Wise-Land. Observe their eminences, which so join Mount Fancy and Wise-Land, that it is difficult to say to which they belong. These are called the districts of Wit and Humour."

"Straight down from Wit and Humour, but at a great distance, is the region of Quibbles and Puns; thither the Dull resort when they get frisky, for the Dull are very fond of jokes, but can mount no higher than to the parts just mentioned. Formerly the Wise used very often to visit Pun-Land; but now generally keep to the upper regions of Wit and Humour, and leave the lower parts as a *play-ground* to the honest Dull, knowing that they can go no where else."

"Turn now to the left, and tell me what you see?"

"I see a gentle acclivity, but rising to a great height; abounding in corn of all sorts; pastures well stocked; kitchen-gardens, orchards, fruit-trees of every kind; oak, elm, ash, fir, and all trees most valuable for timber; horses, cows, sheep, hogs, deer, poultry, game of all kinds: in short, a vast variety of productions, animal and vegetable."—"These are the Hills of Knowledge, less picturesque and romantic than the Mountains of Fancy, but more useful. There are the farms of Wise-Land, her grazings, her forests, her fish-ponds.

"The food from the upper regions is extremely nutritious and savoury; its excellence, however, is relative to the strength of the eater's stomach, as the very same quantity and quality which nourishes and invigorates one, will overload another, and be vomited up *en masse*, to the great annoyance of all that are near.

"The wines of the upper vineyards of Fancy are extremely high flavoured and strong, so potent indeed as often to intoxicate the very strongest head in Wise-Land, after a most plentiful meal of the best productions of the farm. From the middle vineyards the wine is also very fine, but more mild. From the lower it is brisk and bouncing, but without strength: it will *sicken* the drinker (who is accustomed to good wine) so soon as to prevent any danger of intoxication."

"I observe," I said, "a fog adjoining the lower region of Knowledge, much more shifting than that over Fool-Land."—"That is the fog of Ignorance, a waste land, now decreasing: and as the ground is cultivated, and the marshes drained, the vapours are fewer, and the fog less."

"What a fine air and bright atmosphere do these inhabitants of Wise-Land enjoy! I wish I were one of them."—"I shall make you acquainted with the most distinguished personages: but that you may, from the *contrast*, more fully know their value, I shall first take you

you to the Court of Queen Folly. This is a levee-day, and her Majesty's levees never fail to be numerously attended. You will find her Majesty's *native subjects* much less amusing than naturalized foreigners, who, from having sojourned in other countries, have much greater variety than the aborigines of Stupidity."

He then transported me into the court-yard of a spacious palace, apparently of very flimsy materials, of a most irregular form, with an immense variety of heterogeneous decorations.

Over the principal gate a group of figures were engraved, of harlequins, monkies, opera-fingers, cats, coffee-house politicians, owls, field-preachers, dancing-dogs, lecture-mongers, parrots, common-council men, fed geese, attornies, sharks, courtiers, prostitutes, borough-mongers, pimps, spouters, magpies; a fine woman listening to a stupid fop, a beautiful mare galloped by a jack-ass; with many other associations to be met no where else.

We entered an antechamber, where there was a great crowd of people, listening, with marks of very great delight, to a variegated *treble* of an Italian overture, as an accompaniment to the squeaking of a Spadone. Among those who manifested their delight with the greatest distortions of countenance, was one person, who, my guide told me, was *quite deaf*; another, who having devoted his attention exclusively to music for two years, found that "*Bobbing Joan and Walter parted from the Sea*" were different tunes. I was surprised at the pleasure produced by the music, as it appeared to me merely *quick shifting of fingers*—not melody of sound, harmonious combination, or pathetic expression.

My guide told me that the *Wife* relished music more than the *Fools*, but that the Fools affected to relish it more than the Wife. The Fools, really ignorant of music, regard merely *difficulty of execution*: the Wife, the *expression and effect* on their own ears and hearts.

quick shifting fingers not being, in their opinion, music, any more than any other species of *manual dexterity*.

We passed through sundry apartments, through rows of persons, many of them dressed with the most splendid and glaring finery, though evidently without any regard to the comfort of their person or the exhibition of their shapes. Costliness, and not convenience, seemed to be their principal object; and next to costliness, imitation. If one Fool was fantastic in the mode of his habiliments, hundreds more followed him, "as dogs, &c." The ladies had their faces and necks bespangled with jewels, which made no addition to their beauty, if they were beautiful; and if ugly, no more concealed or lessened that ugliness, than a nose-jewel in a certain quadruped renders its features more lovely and attractive.

Fashion, I found, was so prevalent, that to it beauty and grace were sacrificed. I saw many ladies, whom, from their motions, I discovered to be finely shaped, encumbered by gorgeous habits, which confounded and lumped together the whole economy of the female figure; and who, by daubs of stucco, had done all they could to conceal loveliness.

"Nothing," my guide told me, "more delighted Queen Folly than the sacrifice of beauty to fashion.

"Did Lady Broome or Lady Charlotte Campbell environ themselves with large sacks, hoop their lovely limbs in ponderous petticoats, shovel loads of gipse on their faces, crisp their flowing ringlets in the form of hedgehog's quills, their attempts, though unavailing to deface beauty and disfigure symmetry, would charm her Stultan Majesty."

We were at length ushered into the presence-chamber, where, high on a throne above surrounding crowds, containing fops, fine ladies, fiddlers, dilettanti, dancers, harlequins, amateurs, connoisseurs, mili-

ners, antiquaries, shell-gatherers, butterfly-hunters, fanatic preachers, romance-writers, buffoons, blatherspillers, and mob-lecturers, Queen Folly exalted far, whilst these, and many other loyal subjects, paid their humble, but sincere homage; and many of them recounted their exertions in extending her Majesty's influence.

As her Majesty rose, those who were her greatest favourites were admitted to the high honour of saluting that part of her person, which, as the most glorious, had been next the throne. The personages so dignified were, in their turn, solicited by the most humble entreaties of those next them, to permit them to have a distinction of a similar salute of them; those, again, by others: so that from the lowest courtiers to her Majesty, there was a climax of kisses. Whether this was a chain of communication peculiar to the court of Folly I could not say, having never been at any other.

A person went up to her Majesty, and, after the usual ceremony, was accosted by her. He was, I found, a cabinet minister, named *Signor Opera*. "My dear, my faithful servant, what have you to communicate? You generally bring good tidings. Pleasing to me are those parts of our literature which are dedicated to you. Almost every production which you countenance is hostile to Queen Wisdom. I defy the most acute of her subjects to prove that they produce any object to her mind. On the contrary, they lull asleep any of her subjects who ever attend to them. How have I been gratified to see the Wiselander, when contemplating my favourites of your proteges, either languid or listless, or bewildering themselves in searching for meaning where there is no meaning; while my own subjects, suspecting no meaning, thinking of no meaning, wishing for no meaning, enjoyed themselves with sweet inanity; laughed without wit,"

talked

talked without sense, and were in perfect unison with the performance."

"I am always extremely proud of your Majesty's approbation," recited the Prime Minister of Folly. "My opera *é sempre* devoted to the service of your sacred Majesty—*Mia Ecola Maritata*——" "That," interrupted the Queen, "was one of the best that ever bore your name. Shew me if any subject of Queen Wisdom can produce any such thing as *scolding in melody*. But it would be doing you, *mio caro Signor*, gross injustice to particularize any of your works as devoted to my service, when almost all are so *loyal to me*, that I cannot well prefer one to another."

"That word *almost*, my liege," said Opera, "conveys a censure which I acknowledge to be just; but I trust I have *rarely* been the object of your displeasure; your wonted goodness will pardon a few slips. I have engaged a modern poet, who, I think, is thoroughly qualified to sing the *sweet strains of inanity*. But before I suffer him to dedicate a work to me, I wish your Majesty's judgment of an ode which he has just composed in praise of Inanity, or *Namby Pamby*."

"I love the subject," says the Queen; "I hope the execution is equal. Let us hear it."

After an overture, with many accompaniments, Mr. Lackense, the poet, sung;

"O che dolce namby pamby!

O che dolce pamby namby!

Nambinaa pambinaa!

Nambinaaaaa pambinaaaa nambinaaaaa, &c.

O che dolce pamby namby!

O che dolce namby pamby !!!

"Glorious song! glorious execution!" exclaimed the enraptured Queen. "Who of my most favourite rhymers can compress more of the essence of *our own poetry* into so small a space? You have as completely excluded common sense in these few lines as any of the
Della

Della Crusca school (so deservedly dear to Queen Folly), after labouring through hundreds of verses. Glorious indeed was *Della Crusca*! glorious in himself—the cause in others of glorious effects! Much imitative nonsense we owe to his original powers.

‘Formosi pueri custos formosior ipse.’

“With what rapidity versified nonsense, setting off from *Della Crusca*, spread from fool to fool! When *Crusca* announced himself by a love sonnet, *Anna Matilda* imitated it by a piece of nonsense almost equal to the original. *Laura Maria* followed next; then *Carlos*, *Orlando*, *Reuben*, *Miranda*, *Leonardo*, *Adelaide*: all was nonsense and *Della Crusca*!

“Thus *Æsop* records, that where one ass has contributed his quota towards the formation of a river, other asses are equally liberal in their productions. The waters of the asses and of *Della Crusca* and Co. though less pure than those of *Hippocrene*, flow with abundance of ease. My subjects generally took to poetry; but to a poetry that marked their zealous loyalty to Folly. *Laura Maria*, *Della Crusca*, *Anna Matilda*; what they attempted established more and more (if after one attempt there had been any doubt) their claim to be indigenons subjects to Folly. With them, as with many others of my poets, the words of one of my greatest enemies are verified:

‘Some have for wits, and then for poets pass’d;

‘Turn’d critics next, but prov’d plain fools at last.’

“Heaven confound *Giffard* for driving my poets away from *that mode* of rendering me service! He hath done much evil to the cause of Folly: the Lord reward him according to his works! But though he silenced them as *rhymers*, he has not stopped them as *writers*, I have set *Laura Maria* to compose romances,

in which she succeeds wonderfully; and writes as complete nonsense in prose as ever she did in verse.

"Heaven forbid that Giffard should attack the Otranto school of romance, as he did the Della Crusca school of poetry; otherwise, my dear Hobgoblins, the delight of every fool, may be driven from the face of the earth.

"But, Opera, how came you to countenance that old Spanish *Duenna*, Margery, I think, they call her? Is there any thing in her story friendly to me or mine? Is it not decidedly favourable to the enemy? Why did you suffer a work to be honoured with your name, *Opera*, which is so contrary to my interests and your practice? That *Sherry* (so I think they call the author) is a native of the higher regions of Wisdom, a denizen of Wit and Humour. Why did you encourage such a man? *His very songs* are against me. That fellow has done me much mischief, and will do me more, unless I can get him diverted to dissipation. I have heard it said that he supports a maxim totally incompatible with my authority; that shew and splendour are extremely absurd when nations are deeply in debt; and that talents and conduct ought to govern men, instead of court pageantry; and that kings are great in proportion to the happiness which they cause to their subjects: whereas my maxim is, that greatness consists in dress, equipage, and retinue. Sherry says, greatness arises from mind: I say it arises from milliners, jewellers, tailors, and coach-makers; and when I cease to say so, I shall cease to be called Queen Folly. You ought not to have encouraged my enemy."

"I humbly entreat," said the Minister of Folly, (and oh that all ministers were equally zealous for their sovereign!) "your Majesty would vouchsafe to hear me. That *Duenna* made her appearance in a town, of which the principal inhabitants, the frequent visitors

visitors at your Majesty's court, are yet much more attached to Wisdom. Pure nonsense, the real essence, as your Majesty knows, of Opera, I found means to make pass current in the house devoted to myself: but wishing for a footing in the mansion of Mrs. Comedy, I allowed a piece dictated by her to take my name; and she, in return, allows hers to my pieces, containing as much as any of your Majesty's favourite operas; and also admits real opera, that is, sheer nonsense, to her own house. Witness, my liege, *Artaxerxes*; witness *Cœur de Lion*, in which an English army passes through Germany *in disguise*. I have, besides, often prevailed on Mrs. Comedy to lend her name to the works of my much-respected friend Miss Farce: works which contain as much nonsense as any of my best operas. Your Majesty's candour will admit, that, if we weigh the nonsense of modern comedies against the sense that has crept once or twice into operas, the balance is greatly in favour of nonsense."

"I admit your apology," said Queen Folly; "but abstain as much as possible from lending *your name* to such persons as Sherry."

"Please your Majesty, nobody like him has lately asked for it. None at present are engaged in operas, but our own *Fools*."

"Since the *Old Beggar*," said the Queen, "I was never so angry with any of your operas as with that *Ducenna*."

"I shall in my best obey your Majesty," said Opera, "and if I cannot altogether confine my name to *our own* productions in other places, your Majesty may be assured that nothing that has a single grain of sense shall ever defile the virgin purity of *my own house*."

"One circumstance, please your Majesty, often obstructs our operas: certain ladies talk so loud, that there is no hearing us."

"Do

"Do these ladies," said Queen Folly, "acknowledge my authority?"

"They promote it strenuously," answered Opera.

"Then we must indulge them. If they interrupt your nonsense, I suppose they bring as good of their own in its place."

ON THE AFFECTATION OF INFERIORITY, OR INVERTED AMBITION.

[From the Sentimental Magazine.]

SIR,

AFFECTATION is of many kinds, but that which is proper and *legitimate* affectation is very nearly allied to pride. It is the affectation of superior merit, virtue, or talents. But there is another kind, the very reverse of this, which consists in affecting to be inferior to the rest of the world in some qualification, either bodily or mental. First, bodily: how many very amiable young men have of late affected to be very near-sighted, if not totally blind! Whence this blindness came, whether it arose from some new and noxious principle in the atmosphere, or from something in our diet, or whether it be come upon us like an Egyptian plague, I cannot take upon me to determine; but it is certain that the manufacture of spectacles and opera-glasses is of late years amazingly extended, and what is *blindness* in one part of his Majesty's subjects, gives *bread* to the other. It is remarkable, that this desire of being blind, affects us most when we are going to any place where the perfect use of sight would be most convenient, at the theatres, for instance. The approach of a distinguished actress, or the opening of a new scene, operates like the word of command, and a thousand glasses are applied "in the twinkling of an eye." In my younger days, I remember that blindness was accounted a very great misfortune,

misfortune, and mentioned with tenderness and delicacy. Those who were afflicted with it, concealed the disorder with as much care as possible, pretending to see where they did not. But now, nothing is so genteel as to complain of a defect in those valuable orbs; and the production of a glass is supposed to add more grace and dignity to the person, than total blindness could possibly take away.

Talking the other day to an old friend upon this subject, he repeated the proverb, "that there are none so blind as those who will not see;" and added, that this blindness of modern times was not merely an affectation, as I was pleased to think it, but a political scheme, which answered certain wise and important purposes; "many more, Mr. Oldstyle," continued he, "than you and I can discover; for now, when one wishes to avoid a disagreeable person, such as a creditor, a poor relation, or any other *bore*, it is but pleading the weakness of your eyes, and you come off with a tolerably good grace: formerly one would have said, Such a great man is too *prudent* to acknowledge his poor friends; but it very much softens the matter, when you say he is only too *blind* to see them." I am inclined to think, Mr. Editor, that there is some truth in my friend's observations, although, as he is somewhat of a cynic, I would not allow the full extent of his conclusions.

When once we have begun to part with the use of one valuable organ, there is no saying where we may stop; and I observe that the ears are lately become nearly as defective as the eyes. It is wonderful how many deaf people one meets with among the young and healthiest part of the creation; but here I am nearly as much disposed to be suspicious as my friend is with respect to the eyes; for I think I have more than once observed that the communication between the ears and the *inclination* has lately been much

more intimate than agrees with the anatomy of the former; in other words, a man seems to *bear* exactly what suits him, and no more. But in order to effect this, a very ingenious contrivance has been fallen upon. I am sorry I do not know who was the inventor, that I might do ample justice to his merit. Some say he was a minister of state, and others a judge; but as this is little better than conjecture, I do not mean to infer any thing from it. The invention itself is this: a communication is made from the external part of one ear all the way to the external part of the other, by which means any thing that passes in at one ear, passes out at the other without the least hindrance, or stopping by the way; and I understand, that, as it would be very improper that this should always be the case (for then hearing would be of no service), there are certain artificial valves, by means of which any thing may be retained that the person pleases; these are moved by the *will*, and, it is said, will last a man's lifetime.

Beside blindness and deafness, which are great calamities, there are others of less consequence, which are very much *affected* by persons of a certain description. A defect in speech is considered as very ornamental; so much, indeed, that the conversation of many persons occasions a concert of sounds not much unlike the chattering of monkeys, and good old English is clipped and deformed so as scarcely to be known. It is certainly a very great improvement in *taste*, when stammering, lisping, and an unintelligible rapidity of tongue, are considered as genteel. I might also mention certain bodily deformities and protuberances, which were very lately counted graceful; but as they have almost totally disappeared, I hope, never to return, I shall pass to a second class of affectations, which are, perhaps, less pardonable than what I have mentioned; and

and as these are corporeal, those I am now to consider are *mental*.

The most remarkable of these, which I think must proceed from an excess of humility, is the affectation of being far more wicked than nature or inclination enables, or disposes one to be. I have known a man boast of drinking more wine at a sitting, than he could carry on his back; and another talking very freely of his amours with ladies of distinction, who had not impudence enough to attack a milk-maid. Some would make you believe that after a great debauch they went home perfectly sober, when it is well known that the least excess would kill them; and others will endeavour to persuade you of their having joined the neighbouring hunt, who are fearful to mount a horse in a riding-school. A young fellow amused a company lately by an account of his having ruined his landlady's daughter, and of her now being on the town; his friends smiled, for they all knew the extreme tenderness of his heart, and that he would have been the "veriest miserable wretch" upon earth, had he even in the most distant degree assisted, or even connived at villany. It was but the other day, I represented the distress of an unhappy family to a party of my acquaintances, and informed them, that I proposed to raise a small sum for their immediate relief, until something more substantial could be provided for them. Most of the company gave me a contribution, but Ned Careless declared with an oath, that he would give nothing; such applications were endless; as for the woman and her brats, there was the parish work-house. "I wonder, Mr. Oldstyle, that you would disturb the conviviality of a company of gentlemen by such stuff." I did not resent Ned's language. We all knew his foible, and before parting he took an opportunity to slip into my hand a sum equal to all that I had gathered, accompanying it with a squeeze

and a shrug, "Don't let this go farther, my dear Oldstyle." Ned has a cousin, Sam Serious, a young fellow who is always cracking jokes at religion and the parsons, and may be seen every Sunday at — church twice a-day, into which, however, he steals, as if he were doing a bad action. Ned, I ought not to omit, has worked himself into a pretty bad character, and I am much at a loss to know how he will be able to extricate himself from it. Nothing satisfies him short of being the *first* in all sorts of wickedness and debauchery. If one boasts that he drank three bottles at a sitting, Ned is sure to have drunk four; when he goes astray, it must be with two frail ones at least; and where another would have rode the same horse fifteen miles without stopping, Ned adds a mile or two for superiority's sake.

One would really think, Mr. Editor, that the acquisition of a good character was a very disgraceful thing, and that we ought not to be only *as bad* as our passions and our situation may incline us, but that there is something noble and dignified in concealing all that is evil. I have said that this affectation must proceed from an excess of humility; and truly that man who is contented to be accounted infamous must be as *humble*, as he ought to be *contrite*, if he really were so. I, who hold some antiquated notions, do humbly presume to be of opinion, that the portion of wickedness which we cannot easily avoid is quite enough to *boast* of, if there be any merit in the case, and quite enough to repent of, when we come to entertain different views of things. I cannot see the propriety of thinking ourselves so contemptibly virtuous, that it becomes necessary for us to be reputedly vicious, contrary to inclination and ability. But I am aware that other people consider this in a different light, and that feats of frolicsome life are *virtues* in some estimation.

It would else be perfectly unaccountable that any man should wish to inform his friends that he had made a beast of himself, destroyed the peace of a family, or killed a horse in mere wantonness.

My name, Sir, lets you partly into the secret of our family. The *Oldstyles* are now fast decaying. A few of us exist, the ruins of our former consequence and grandeur. It was always a maxim in our days, that it is not necessary for any man to appear worse than he is, and that when he confessed his follies, he ought to do it with fidelity, and not *caricature* them into improbabilities. To do otherwise is, in the language of one of our family, "an *inverted* ambition," and those who are guilty of it are not true but *false* hypocrites; a strange expression—but strange follies require strange expressions. The motive, says he, of this monstrous affectation, I take to proceed from that noble thirst of fame and reputation, which is planted in the hearts of all men. As this produces elegant writings and gallant actions in men of great abilities, it also brings forth *spurious productions* in men who are not capable of distinguishing themselves by things which are really praiseworthy. As the desire of fame in men of true wit and gallantry shews itself in great and good actions; so, in men of a contrary disposition, it runs wild, and discovers itself in a thousand extravagancies, by which they would signalize themselves from others, and gain a set of admirers.

My advice to young men, who are addicted to this *inverted* ambition, is, to consider whether they really have so many good qualities and virtuous dispositions as to expose them to ridicule; and whether it be really a fact, that such dispositions do expose them to the ridicule of persons whose good opinion it would be an honour to acquire. I have many doubts on this subject myself; I question very much whether the young gentlemen of our days be in danger of falling

into contempt, upon account of the rectitude of their conduct; and, as far as my observation goes, I do aver, with some earnestness, that I know of none whose faults, simply and fairly represented, are not quite enough to form the shade of character. As to the opinion of the world, much may be said: If by the world we mean geographically the whole earth, the majority, I believe, will determine in favour of goodness; but I know that, in the common acceptation of this word, it means no more than the circle of a man's acquaintances. If they be such as to be charmed with the exaggerations of this inverted ambition, he will, no doubt, gratify them with a caricature of his foibles, but out of that circle I am afraid he will lose more reputation than he will gain, and will be accounted very insignificant and very contemptible, in compliment to his having endeavoured to be really so.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

OLIVER OLDSTYLE.

REMARKABLE SPEECH

OF BARON TOMLINSON TO THE SHERIFFS OF LONDON,
WHEN SWORN IN, MDCLIX.

How do you do, Mr. Warner?—

God save you, Mr. Love.

GENTLEMEN CITIZENS,

I OBSERVE in you three things; first, that ye are well clad; from whence I note, that ye are no flowers. Truly I wish I were a sheriff, so it were not chargeable, and that I might always be in the office; for certainly a sheriff can never be a-cold, his gown is so warm; and, on my word, yours seems to be excellent good scarlet. Some men may ask, Why do you wear red gowns, and not blue or green? As for blue, it

it is a colour which signifies constancy; now constancy cannot be attributed to sheriffs; for a sheriff is a sheriff this year, and none the next. As for green, it is Mahomet's colour, and so too heathenish for a Christian. I confess *feuille morte*, which signifies decay, had been the most proper colour for a sheriff, because he puts off his gown with the fall of the leaf; and, secondly, because it may decay his estate, if he be too expensive in his office. But next to that, red is the most convenient colour; for indeed most handsome and delectable things are red, as roses, pomegranates, the lips, the tongue, &c. so that indeed our ancestors did wisely to clothe magistrates with this decent and becoming colour. It is true, I have a gown too, but they make me wear the worst of any Baron of the Exchequer; it is plain cloth, as you see, without any lining; yet my comfort is, I am still a Baron, and I hope I shall be so as long as I live; when I am dead I care not who is Baron, nor whether there be a Baron or no. The next thing I observe is, that ye look plump and ruddy; from whence I give a shrewd guess, that ye feed well; and truly if you do so, then you do well, which is my third and last observation concerning ye. But do you know wherefore you come hither? I do not question but you do; however, you must give me leave to tell ye; for in this place I am a better man than either of you both, or indeed both of you put together. Why then, I will tell ye, ye come hither to take your oaths before me. Gentlemen, I am the puiſne Baron of the Exchequer; that is to say, the meanest Baron; for though I am not guilty of interpreting many hard words, yet this has been so continually beaten into my head, that I do very well understand it; however, I could brook my meanness well enough (for some men tell me that I deserve no better), were it not the cause of my life's greatest misery; for here I am constrained, or else I must lose my employment, to make speeches in
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my old age, and, when I have one foot in the grave, to stand here with the other talking in public. Truly, Gentlemen, it is a sad thing; you see what a forced put I am put to; even God help me out of this sinful world; for, when my bones are at rest, my tongue will be at quiet. I remember, Gentlemen, when I was a child, if my mother asked if I would have any vic-tuals that pleased me not, why then I would grow fullen, and make no answer: then would she say, "Sirrah, will you have it? speak!" still not a word from me. "Nay then," said she, "if you won't speak you shall have nothing." This is my condition now, either speak, or have nothing; that is, be no Baron. I have prayed to God to mend my weak capacity; now if I speak better to-day than I used to do, you will know he hath heard my prayers; if not, then it is as it was. But since it is my misfortune, I shall talk to ye as well as I can: but, friends, you must not expect that I should bawl to you, like fellows who cry carrots and turnips in the street; for that would be troublesome to me, and, perhaps, cause the almonds of my ears to fall, with overstraining my impotent lungs. And now it comes into my mind, I desire you, when you are in your office, not to let those fellows yaul so in a morning; for they will not let the people sleep: the cry of wisdom can never be heard in your streets for the perpetual bawling those carters keep; and truly if you do not remedy it, I am afraid you will as soon hear the lamentation of wild nightingales, as the voice of wisdom in your city. Yet though I do not bawl, do not think that I will whisper neither; for then it were impossible you should hear me, and I should seem to sit upon the bench like a madman talking to myself; besides, the proverb says, "that where there is whispering there is lying." Truly, Gentlemen, I am an old man, and have lived long in the world; and I can assure you I have observed these proverbs, and find them

them to be wise sayings. I remember when I was a young youth, it is a great while ago, Gentlemen, I warrant ye it is above five and forty years ago, my mother saw me fooling with a knife; "Lay down the knife, boy," said she; "it is a dangerous thing to play with edged tools." Truly, Gentlemen, I believe you find the truth of this; for, had your city never meddled with edged tools, they and you, I believe, had been in a more thriving condition than now. At first you played with these edged tools in your military and artillery grounds, and made sport with them before your wives; but I think they have made sport with you since.—Truly, for my part, I cannot tell what to do for these edged tools; and I believe you are in a quandary too: for my part, I resolve never to meddle with them; and I hope God has given you so much grace and cowardice, as to do so too. King James would never meddle with them, you know; now if you will not take my foolish advice, take his wise counsel. But to return where I left; I say I will neither bawl nor speak softly, but talk in an indifferent tone between both, that you may hear me, and I may hear myself, and so we may all hear one another; and truly there is great reason for it; for by hearing we convey our reason one to another. Now that I have reason, I will prove, for every man is a rational creature: now I am a man, therefore I am a reasonable creature. Gentlemen, this makes as much for you as for me, for by this do I prove you likewise to be rational creatures, and so fit to be sheriffs. Thus I find ye qualified for your office. And truly, Gentlemen, sheriffs are men of great antiquity and authority: some are of opinion that sheriffs were invented in Tyre and Sidon; truly, Gentlemen, it stands with reason, for I am sure they were the first inventors of scarlet. But to leave this opinion, I do find in the Bible how Joseph was, by Pharaoh King of Egypt, made sheriff of Grand Cairo; and
Daniel

Daniel also was, by Nebuchadnezzar King of Assyria, made sheriff of Babylon. In the first place, their habit proves this to be true, for they wore the same badges of their authority that you have; that is to say, scarlet gowns and gold chains. I will not dispute whether their gowns were lined with fur or no, neither was it material, nor indeed so requisite; the hotness of their countries not permitting that formality. Secondly, we read how Joseph arrested his brothers for carrying away his plate, which he could not have done had he not had bailiffs and sergeants under him, officers peculiar to a sheriff; and to make it more evident, we do not find that he took his writ out of any other office but his own; which he could not have warranted, had he not been sheriff himself. But you will say, Where were the two sheriffs to parallel our two sheriffs? To that I answer, Where was there a county of Middlesex belonging to any of those cities, for the other person to be sheriff of? Was it requisite there should be two sheriffs in those places where there was never a county of Middlesex, because there were two sheriffs of London, where there is a county of Middlesex? No; for it is the county that makes the sheriff, not the sheriff makes the county. This, Gentlemen, is law. Now, Gentlemen, I shall tell ye more than ever ye heard before, to shew you that I have not spent my time in idleness; which is this, that as there is an archangel, and an archbishop, and an archdeacon, so is there an arch-sheriff, which is Satan, or Beelzebub, the prince of the air. This is evident from the duty of his employment; for as it is your duty to punish offenders and sinners in this world, so it is his duty to punish sinners and offenders both in this world and the world to come. And now I speak of your employment, I shall tell you what it is; first, you are the chief jailors of the nation, and it is your duty to keep those prisoners who are committed to your charge, as close as
your

your wives lock up their best jewels; to this purpose, Mr. Warner, are the two counters at your disposal; and Newgate, Mr. Love, is appointed for your portion. Secondly, you are the chief executioners of sentences upon malefactors, whether it be whipping, burning, or hanging. Mr. Sheriff, I shall entreat a favour of you; I have a kinsman at your end of the town, a rope-maker; I know you will have many occasions before this time twelvemonth, and I hope I have spoken in time; pray make use of him, you will do the poor man a favour, and yourself no prejudice. Pray, Gentlemen, what have you for dinner? for I profess I forgot to go to market yesterday, that I might get my speech by heart.—Truly, Gentlemen, I count it no dishonour to go to market myself; there is no trusting to servants; had you lived so long in the world as I have done, you would say so. When I was a young man as you are, I scorned to go to market then as well as you; but since I went myself I find that my servants cheated me of, I warrant you, five pounds in the year. They would reckon me two shillings for a leg of mutton, which I can buy as good a one now for five groats and twopence. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve o'clock: well, good-bye to ye, Gentlemen. But stay! I have forgot the main thing ye come for: I must give you your oath. Lord, what a crazy memory have I! But you must excuse me, Gentlemen, my thoughts are not ubiquitous; they cannot be in your kitchen and my head both at one time. Gentlemen, there are several sorts of oaths; there is the Protector's oath, "By the living God;" there is the cavalier's oath, "God damn me;" and there is the chambermaid's oath, "As I am honest:" then there is an oath which you are to swear, and which all men swear who take upon them employments of trust, "So help me God." Now some men say this is not an oath, but my conscience tells me to
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the contrary. Truly there are so many opinions, that a man cannot tell which to believe. However, I have sworn this oath twenty times, and would do twenty times more before I would lose my place: but why do I use persuasion? I see you are come with a resolution to swear, and I am come to swear ye, and so we are agreed. Well, now you have heard what those things are which you must swear; lay your hands on the book, and say, "As God help us, Mr. Baron, we will perform all these things as well as we can." Thus, Masters Sheriffs, you hear what you have sworn; pray be diligent and careful to observe every particular; fear God, obey your superiors, and rule your city with prudence; that, as you are sheriffs, you may become mayors; and, being mayors, may be knighted; and, being knighted, may die full of age and worship, and may be buried with escutcheons. Now, Mr. Sheriffs, get ye home, kiss your wives, and by that time the cloth is laid I will be with ye; so good-by till I see ye.

THE CRAFT AND MYSTERY OF WRITING ANTIQUITIES.

THE literary world is still shamefully deficient in the department of Antiquities, the only study deserving the attention of a truly sapient and profound reader. What are such flimsy themes as polite criticism, life, or manners, or the feelings of the human mind, to such deep researches and important objects as Gammer Gurton's Needle, Old Parr, or Whittington and his Cat? We are the less excusable in being thus barren in antiquities, because it is full as easy to write antiquities as to build them; and we know the latter has been successfully practised by many a country squire, for the embellishment of his pleasure-grounds.

In the first place, no man need be deterred from writing

writing antiquities by the difficulty of writing good English; for we find by the example of the most admired teachers of the antiquarian school, that it is wholly unnecessary to trouble one's head about style, correctness, and grammatical niceties; these are kick-shaws fit only for your little modern subjects; but the more uncouth, harsh, irregular, and obscure the style of the antiquary, the more perfectly is it adapted to the dark and obsolete nature of the subject matter. There is a sort of mental perplexity and intellectual darkness that are highly venerable to readers of a certain description, and admirably accord with dark caverns, Gothic cloisters, and ivy-crowned windows, those solemn and favourite objects of antiquarian research.

In the next place I would observe, that a true antiquary must never laugh, never be ashamed; nothing is to him little or low, provided it be old; he will dive, with the same steadiness of muscles and diligence of inquiry, into a sepulchral vault or a privy; no situation is ridiculous to him, no research disgraceful. A pig-sty (in the contemplation of an antiquary) becomes a majestic creation, and a rap farthing a considerable treasure, when they happen to bear the sacred marks of time. I myself, Mr. Editor, have in my possession an inestimable treasure, in the estimation of true antiquaries; it is a genuine specimen of a *Roman fir-reverence*, which has escaped all the ravages of time: it was found in a *civica*, amidst the ruins of Herculaneum; I would not exchange it for a ruby of the same magnitude, and yet to vulgar eyes—but *odi profanum vulgus et arceo*.

Next to that venerable obscurity of style, and amiable perplexity of thought, that distinguish good antiquarian writers, it should be our study to attain a certain vigorous asperity of temper and agreeable acrimony of language, that operate like pungent salts on the

slowly reader, and most wonderfully stimulate him to labour with fortitude through an antiquarian essay: thus a proper balance may be maintained. Language of thought and weakness of reasoning are compensated by virulence of reproach and dogmatical assertion; and the fatnels of the writer, and insignificance of his subject, are relieved by energetic volubility and Billingsgate flowers of oratory. Duncie, blockhead, liar, scoundrel, ignoramus, shameless pretender, and bungling impostor, are among the wildest terms of the antiquarian vocabulary. The reader need only take up the first archæological book that comes to hand, to be instructed in the use of this mode of eloquence, and convinced of its very great utility.

There are two rival systems open to the choice of the antiquary; he may take which he pleases, and probably be as right in adopting the one as the other. Whichsoever he adopts, plausible reasons will not be wanting, if he is but lucky enough to find them, to justify his choice; but let me caution him, that, having once made a choice, he must adhere to it steadily, right or wrong, and refuse to listen to any arguments in favour of the other side, or he will shew his ignorance and lose his credit; and he must also take care to remember, that all who differ from him in opinion are fools, fools, knaves, impostors, and deserve to be hanged.

The candidate antiquary should by all possible means cultivate his imagination. You may at the first view be a little surprised at this precept, Mr. Editor. Methinks I hear you exclaim, "How! desire an antiquary, the coldest, the dullest, the clumsiest of God's creatures, to cultivate his imagination!" It may seem strange, but I persist, with a true archæological pertinacity, in asserting that I am in the right. I have seen the cow and the ass bound and gambol; the fowls, though little formed for feats of agility, carvet

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and frisk amidst the hilarity of the kennel and the enlivening influence of the mud; and the gloomy he himself forsake his hole, and caper and frolic, enlivened by the balmy vapours and mephitic festivity of the common sewer; and I have also seen, Mr. Editor, the archaeological writer attempt to be ironical, sarcastic, and facetious, and with as much success as the nimble frisky animals above-mentioned have attempted to be frolicsome and airy. It is not strange, therefore, that I should look for imagination in the true antiquary. There is as much imagination, such as it is, in the gloomy dreams of the mystic, as in the agreeable reveries of the comic poet.

Now as to the advantages which will redound to a pupil from cultivating his imagination, I would observe to him, that nothing great was ever yet accomplished without enthusiasm. Enthusiasm makes the poet, the hero, the orator, and the antiquary, the top of the climax; and as to enthusiasm, it is the favourite child of imagination. What food for imagination in the labours of the antiquary—why? He is all made up of imagination. He imagines himself wise; he imagines that he is usefully employed; he imagines that his researches are science; he imagines that he is more profound than his neighbours; he imagines that he is penetrating to the centre of the earth when he is only scratching and growling on its surface; he imagines that he is an object of general attention; he imagines that he is a great man.

The redundancy of imagination in the true antiquary will at once produce and gratify the love of the marvellous. It will generate a sort of mental second sight, that will exalt and dignify surrounding objects; thus every thing appearing under a new form, and in a new point of view, will seem to bear the venerable rust of antiquity, and become a worthy subject of a grave and prolix memoir. Viewed by the scientific and discerning

verning optics of the true adept, an old mill-stone becomes a druidical altar; an old dunghill, a barrow or a tumulus; a common ditch, part of the fosse of a Roman encampment; a deserted pound, or limekiln, an ancient castle; a piece of a broken crock, or cracked pitcher, a sepulchral urn; an old spout of a watering-pot, an antique trumpet; an iron skewer, the tongue of a tibula, or clasp for the Irish mantle; a brass button, a medal, or Irish, Runic, British, or Roman coin, according to your fancy, on which, if your eyes are but sharp enough, you may trace a head and inscription; and a brass farthing, or silver penny, becomes a talismanic medal*. Possessed with this spirit, and inflated with enthusiasm, the true connoisseur in antiquities will ever be on the watch for the darling objects of his pursuit, and if he fails to find, he will be sure to create them.

To assist the candidate for fame in his abstruse inquiries, he must first acquire a habit of perseverance and diligence. He must be vigilant in his researches, and patient in sustaining scorn, reproach, and even, if occasion should require, a kicking or a beating; he must venture his neck, and he must venture his —; he must climb the mouldering turret that nods tremendous over his head, and he must ascend the creaking stairs to the squalid cockloft. He will not be deterred by the funereal vapours of the caverned cemetery; nor will he despise the filth and rubbish of a root-woman's cellar, if that root-woman can but furnish him with some original anecdote touching the neighbourhood, or its inhabitants.

I must warn my sage pupil, that his researches will frequently lead him into scrapes: some will laugh at him, others beat him; sometimes he may be taken for a thief; sometimes it will be suspected that he lurks and dodges, in order to pick pockets; sometimes that

* Vide Transactions of Royal Irish Academy, vol. ii. part 2d.

he does so in order to pick up wenchies: but conscious pride will sustain him, and rise within his soul to tell him that he is a true antiquary. I myself have met with many comic, many tragic misadventures, in the course of my inquiries; I have been bewildered in bogs, and ducked in horse-ponds; I have been decoyed into pig-sties, and drenched in necessary-houses; I have been thrown out of windows; and I have been thrown into Bridewell.

The great objects of antiquarian research are the occult and obscure: the professor of this deep branch of science must determine, therefore, to practise many devices that to the vulgar might appear mean, indecorous, and unwarrantable; he must make many inquiries that to the world in general may seem impertinent and unmannerly. He must be an evesdropper and a listener; he must tattle with nurses and midwives; he must bribe servants, he must intrigue with cook-maids, and be cup and can with sextons and gravediggers: thus shall he successfully fill his common-place book with anecdotes and epitaphs. He must open letters, steal copies of deeds and wills, and peep into desks and bureaus, if the owner should incautiously turn his back, and leave them open to his curiosity; but above all, I would strenuously recommend to him an attentive study of the inside of wig-boxes and hat-cases, and a careful and frequent perusal of those inestimable morceaus of literature and engraving, which commonly decorate the walls of the temples of Cloacina. To facilitate an acquaintance with the latter, which is such a necessary branch of learning, I am preparing for the press a most elaborate and magnificent work, called *Silva Silvarum, grove abuentum, or Cloacina Hibernica redigenda*: it will be embellished with curious engravings; I mean to publish it in three folio volumes, at the very moderate price of ten guineas.

But with all the diligence and zeal of my pupil, his

collections will probably be very deficient, whether he sets out as a collector of antique rarities, or as a compiler of antiquarian essays; if he should unfortunately happen to be of a fastidious turn, and incredulous disposition, he must be assisted and invigorated in his inquiries and collections by a due degree of credulity: thus will he find his collections increase in number, his works in bulk and weight, and his fame will spread in a due proportion. How many extraordinary and well-authenticated reliques of other times have been rescued from the forge and the foundery, and placed in the collections of the grave, the learned, and the great? How many anecdotes, genealogies, and historical legends have been taken from the mouths of unlettered cow-boys and doting crones, where they would have been confined to a small circle, and have perished with the frail breath of the reporter, and consigned to immortality in the well-printed pages of academic and archæologic quartos and folios! And how? By the fostering hand of antiquarian credulity. Cultivate, therefore, my son, cultivate thy credulity, and I do not despair of seeing thee become as voluminous a writer, and as great an antiquary, as ——— or ——— or ———.

As one great business of the antiquary is to collect odd things from odd places, and odd stories about odd people, I need not tell my pupil that he must be an hunter of oddities. He will perceive the obvious utility of keeping odd company: if a man is remarkably tall, or remarkably short, a great walker, a great eater, a great wit, a great painter, a great bruiser, a great orator, a great politician, or a great jockey, he immediately becomes an object of interesting inquiry to the antiquary. The best mode of collecting information which I can suggest is that adopted by the wonderful Mr. Boswell, whose productions I would advise every young antiquary *nocturna versare manu, versare diurna*, as inimitable models of the true cackling garrulous anility, that

that should mark the adept; his method, I say, was to enter in his common-place book, every night on his returning home, what he heard in company, during the day, whether good or bad, true or false, wise or foolish, decent or indecent, proper or improper to be reported; with the author and subject of it, and the time of uttering; duly marking the mode and tone of voice with which it was uttered. Then pour out the whole collection on the public, in a volley, without ever reflecting whether the persons who are thus hauled into notoriety, and forced to make up part of a literary olio, against their will and knowledge, and often to their great surprise and confusion, will be pleased or displeased with your purloining their secret thoughts and unguarded expressions, and forcing them to walk the streets and meet strangers, as I may call it, in a mental nightcap and banyan. Such conduct may produce mischief, excite quarrels, set irreconcilable enmities between friends, and kindle active animosities between strangers; it may blacken the memory of the dead, and embitter the peace of the living. But what of that, my son? Why should you care? You are an antiquary, and are only labouring in your vocation. Some may be weak enough to call such conduct a violation of the laws of hospitality; some may term it a literary grand larceny, some may call you fool, others rascal; nay, some may be so absurd as to kick your b——: but what of that? Despire it all, and consider that you are only an antiquary, and labouring in your vocation.

PHILO BOROMICUS.

LINES

WRITTEN BY THE ELDER CAPTAIN MORRIS, ON VISITING
THE HOUSE IN GRAFTON STREET, FITZROY SQUARE,
BELONGING TO THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL KNOX, WHO
WAS DROWNED ON HIS PASSAGE TO HIS GOVERNMENT
OF JAMAICA, THE VESSEL IN WHICH HE WAS EMBARKED,
HAVING FOUNDERED IN A STORM*.

"Much he admir'd the place, the person more."

PARADISE LOST.

[Original.]

O KNOX! while sorrow o'er the land is spread
For thee, untimely number'd with the dead,
Dear to thy Sov'reign, to thy country dear,
While all who knew thee name thee with a tear;
Accept my feeble praise; 't is all I can,
Who only from the mansion judge the man:
Here genuine elegance of taste I find,
A true criterion of the master's mind;
The simple and the beautiful unite
To captivate the heart, and charm the sight;
In ev'ry object excellence I see;
But all, alas! are lost, in losing thee.
Thy bright example hath conviction wrought;
I feel the truth of what I long have thought;
That all are vulgar who their riches waste,
And none but men of worth are men of taste.

ODE TO THE BRAIN.

[From the Morning Post.]

MYSTERIOUS source, and seat of sense,
Whence all our whimsies spring,
I now presume, with bold pretence,
Thy energies to sing.

The poets' celebrated fount
(Whate'er its title be),
That sprung from old Parnassus' mount,
Was but a type of thee.

Thou art the true Pierian well,
 From which great Homer drank,
 And all those bards that since excel,
 Throughout the classic rank.

Thy inspiration Maro crown'd
 With everlasting fame;
 Hence lyric Horace lives renown'd;
 Hence Milton's epic name.

Hence Shakspeare still supremely shines
 In the dramatic sphere;
 Hence flow'd the sweet descriptive lines
 That sung the circling year.

Hence Pope and Prior charm by turns;
 Hence Goldsmith's polish'd lays;
 And hence, lamented Scottish Burns!
 Thy recent claim to praise.

To thee, too, sentimental source!
 Each lofty son of prose
 His tale's effect—his moral's force—
 His varied beauties owes.

Plutarch and Tacitus of yore
 Thy visions did illumine;
 With many a fam'd historian more,
 Down to the days of Hume.

Nor less indebted to thy aid
 Is Eloquence confess'd;
 From thee she learns to rouse, persuade,
 And rule the human breast.

Thou taught'st Demosthenes's tongue
 To lead the Grecian throng;
 From thee those pow'rful periods sprung,
 That Cicero roll'd along.

When British Fox pours forth the tide
 Of argument so clear,
 Thou art the intellectual guide
 That governs its career.

Philosophy, led by thy light,
 Her deep researches makes ;
 Astronomy her boldest flight
 Beneath thy guidance takes.

Great Newton hence, on eagle wing,
 Through boundless systems soar'd ;
 Hence learned Locke each hidden spring
 And maze of mind explor'd.

When Painting leads Taste's raptur'd eye
 Her mimic scenes among ;
 When Music wakes the symphony
 Of soul-entrancing song ;

Thy nervous influence alone
 The zest, the pleasure gives ;
 And Painting's tint, and Music's tone,
 From thee its charm receives.

But, ah ! if Melancholy's clouds
 Obscure the mental sun—
 If round thy seat distemper'd crowds
 Of wild conceptions run ;

Then Genius, Judgment, Fancy, sink
 In the tremendous gloom,
 And Madness rends each social link,
 Regardless of her doom !

Dromore.

T. S.

THE LAWSUIT.

CALENUS, when his purse was light,
 Got twenty guineas as a loan,
 Swearing he would repair his plight,
 And pay me ere a week was gone.

A year went off—the lawyer Aulus
 Persuades me to commence a suit,
 Crying, “ The rascal sha'n't cajole us,
 The story cannot bear dispute ! ”

But,

THE COURT OF DEATH.

But, lo! this paper war has lasted
Longer than Homer's siege of Troy;
Ten times my debt has Aulus wasted,
And ten times more would fain destroy.

Now since I'm not so rich as Clive,
Nor yet for Nestor's age design'd,
I'll quit the combat while alive,
Nor force my heir to purchase wind.

Calenus at the triple tree
Ought surely his success to tell:
But Aulus no sufficient fee
Can hope for—till he reaches H—!

Novus,

THE COURT OF DEATH.

[From the New Joe Miller.]

THE supreme tyrant Death lately held a grand court,
Of diseases and doctors the awful resort;
Here appear'd parsons, sextons, and grim undertakers,
All th' attendants of death, down to epitaph-makers;
When the sov'reign destroyer being plac'd on the throne,
To th' assembly his will and high pleasure made known:
"My friends and supporters! I've call'd your attendance,

Knowing well that on you I may place my dependance;
For though kings on the earth, and their ministers still
War will ever pursue, and bring grift to my mill;
You, at all times and seasons, in peace and in war,
Or for pleasure or pay, daily drag to my bar
Those poor wretches who come within reach of your claws,
Whom you force to obey my immutable laws.
But with grief I announce, that in London resides
One who laughs at our threats, and our projects derides;
ISAAC SWAINSON his name—a true friend to mankind,
And a foe to all those who with us are combin'd:
But why need I go farther? for each of you well knows
The accursed preparer of SYRUP DE VELNOS.

You,

You, my messenger *Merc'ry*, have long felt his pow'rs,
And his fatal attacks, made from *Twick'nham's* * green
bow'r;

In this contest he laurels immortal hath won,
And his *syrup* completes what his *pen* had begun †;
He has set you, *stark-naked*, to mortals' full view,
Vow'd your poison's destruct' ve effects to subdue.
Nay, but all of you suffer from this bold intruder,
Who admonishes men against every deluder,
And, in stead of those *min'vals* which favour our cause,
He to *botany* trusts, to assist Nature's laws.
Then let us confed'rate his plan to destroy,
Who incessantly labours our schemes to annoy.
It is you, my best friends, that I chiefly regret;
Swainson can but retard, he can't obviate fate."

Here the grim tyrant ceas'd; when a numerous host
Of erst fatal *Diseases*, exclaim'd they had lost
Their pestiferous sting, from th' invincible hand
Of dread Swainson, whose med'cine spread health through the
land.

Scurvy, Dropsy, and Palsy, by him were laid low,
Even Cancer herself had receiv'd a great blow;
Whilst Consumption and Asthma had felt his attack,
Gout, and Ague, and Small-pox, were driv'n far aback;
Erysipelas now was bereft of her heat,
And fell scrofula experie' d a serious defeat;
Tender childhood by Worms was no longer distress'd,
Nor were females by horrid Obstructions oppress'd:
Near a hundred Diseases complain'd, that their toe,
Directing men's blood-streams unsullied to flow,
Long postpon'd their descent to the regions below. }

The dispensers of drugs next lamented their case,
And their practice already consign'd to disgrace;
The most skilful physicians with Swainson were join'd,
To restore their lost vigour and health to mankind.
Real grief undertakers and sextons display'd,
For the Syrup de Veiros had ruin'd their trade;

* Mr. Swainson's villa.

† Mr. S. has published a pamphlet, entitled, *Mercury stark-naked*.

Such its sanative virtues their victims to save
From the fangs of disease, and the jaws of the grave.

Death, enrag'd, started up, and by Mercury swore,
This proud mortal should frustrate his measures no more,
But be instantly cited himself to attend
At the bar of this court, and no longer pretend
Thus to combat, unpunish'd, th' assaults of disease,
And suspend the completion of Death's fell decrees.

At this instant loud thunder concuss'd the vast dome,
Whose huge gates bursting open, straight enter'd the room
Great *Apollo* himself!—The whole troop stood aghast,
Whilst the health-bringing god his arch-foe thus address'd:
“Vain and futile thy threats—henceforth Swainson I name
On the earth my vicegerent, my rival in fame;
Who yet long shall enjoy the important commission
Man to rescue from death, or amend his condition;
And when Swainson at length shall be call'd to the sky,
The reward of his actions in heav'n to enjoy,
Still the youth * shall remain who well knows to combine
Surg'ry's art with the use of the Syrup divine,
Which its blessings to earth's utmost bounds shall extend,
And maintain its repute till the world's at an end.”

J. B.

IMPROMPTU AT TWICKENHAM.

Mr. Swainson, proprietor of the Vegetable Syrup, some years since purchased a villa at Twickenham. Pope had once a summer-house surmounted with a Mercury on part of the ground; and at the entrance stood a statue of *Apollo*. This the poet afterwards removed to his own villa, late Lord Mendip's, but the statue of Mercury was left in its old situation. Mr. Swainson having removed that, gave rise to the following impromptu:

WHEN Pope here tun'd his classic lyre,
Phœbus and *Hermes* grac'd the spot:
With Pope the God of solar fire
Withdrew—to stay was *Hermes'* lot.

* Mr. Isaac Swainson, jun

"Had Phœbus tarried," Swainson cries,
 "O'er vegetables he might sway,
 But t'other's aid I quite despise,
 So pray take Mercury away."

EPIGRAM.

A HAMPER I receiv'd, of wine,
 As good, Dick says, as e'er was tasted—
 And Dick may be suppos'd to know,
 For he contriv'd his matters so,
 As every day with me to dine
 Much longer than the liquor lasted :—
 If such are presents—while I live,
 Oh ! let me not *receive*—but *give*..

STANZAS.

BY MR. P. L. COURTIER.

GIVE me the kindling eye, from whence
 I learn within what tumults swell !
 Give me the lip's mute eloquence,
 With more than tongue could ever tell !

Too coy to breathe the gentlest vows ;
 Too warm to let her wishes die :
 Though modest, yet what love allows
 She gives ; the look, perhaps the sign.

But ye I spurn of stoic breed,
 Who, nought admiring but yourselves,
 For self for ever joy or bleed,
 Ye heartless and ye tasteless elves.

The beaming soul ye never know,
 The raptur'd tear ye never feel ;
 Yours is the blank and sullen woe,
 Your eyes are dim, your hearts are steel.

But

But come, thou sympathizing pow'r;
 Dear Sensibility, descend!
 And O, with Youth's delicious hour,
 Thy magic and thy sweetness blend.

ON VISITING DUNDRENNAN ABBEY *.

INSCRIBED TO MISS A—S—.

BEGUILING the sorrow of life's chequer'd day,
 With toil-beaten footsteps and flow,
 O'er the cloud-cover'd mountains of Scotia I stray,
 And mark the sweet scenes as I go.
 Enraptur'd, I muse o'er the time-mouldering towers,
 Where Valour heroic with Beauty was fir'd,
 Where Music to charm them exhausted her powers,
 And the Bard's storied song wing'd with pleasure the hours,
 While Nature his numbers inspir'd.
 Dundrennan! thy moss-crust'd ruins I hail,
 And with reverence enter thy doo!—
 No longer thy monks with night-vigils are pale,
 Instructed in mystical lore.
 No longer the song of devotion ascends,
 Nor the sigh of repentance is heard through the gloom;
 Nor the way-weary pilgrim at evening bends,
 To give thanks to the Healer of Prayer who defends
 From storms him who has not a home!
 Oft have I revolv'd on the days that are gone,
 And Time's mouldy records survey'd,
 When dread Superstition ascended the throne,
 And prostrate the nations obey'd!
 In deep, leaden slumbers, was seal'd Learning's eye;
 By Ignorance, Science in fetters was bound;
 Truth languish'd; and Genius beheld with a sigh
 Her wild flowers expos'd to a cold wintry sky,
 Which scatter'd their leaves on the ground!

* It was in this abbey that Mary Queen of Scotland first halted, when flying from the unfortunate battle of *Langside*.

Yet in midst of the gloom darts a transient ray,
 When pity afforded relief ;
 And wip'd the sad tear of misfortune away,
 And sooth'd the pale victim of grief.
 These rude-sculptur'd walls once receiv'd with a tear
 Their Queen, lovely Mary, who fled from the foe,
 With a heart torn with anguish, an eye wild with fear,
 And death close behind her!—a prospect how dear!—
 To finish her measure of woe !
 “ Unfortunate Mary ! why wilt thou depart ?
 Why, why to Elizabeth fly ?—
 Compassion's warm glow never melted her heart,
 Nor the sweet tear of pity her eye !
 Her cold, frozen bosom 's the throne of deceit ;
 She proffers protection in hopes to betray !—
 For thee all the woes of confinement await,
 And from the damp dungeon thou 'rt led to thy fate,
 From which thou wouldst hurry away ! ”
 Now Time's iron hand has demolish'd these walls,
 In story so often renown'd :
 'Mongst the night-weeds the turreted battlement falls ;
 And Ruin stalks grimly around !—
 Here, the ill-boding owl her lone dwelling maintains,
 And with her hoarse notes teaches Nature to sigh,
 And fills with affright wakeful Silence, who reigns
 When night's sable mantle envelopes the plains,
 And the star twinkles dim in the sky !
 To these scenes, Meditation, my wandering guide,
 Where the daughters of Beauty are laid ;
 And the brave sons of Freedom, who conquer'd or died,
 When the foe dar'd their country invade !—
 There, Nature proclaims, neither Beauty's bright eye
 Nor Valour from death's cruel empire can save !
 And the moment is swiftly approaching, when I,
 Who now o'er the ruins of Time heave the sigh,
 Forgotten, shall sleep in the grave !
Inverleithen.

J. N.

INN-KEEPING, OR—KEEPING-IN.

[From the Morning Post.]

MR. EDITOR,

SHENSTONE has not thought an inn a subject unworthy of his muse, and, perhaps, the affairs of one will not be beneath your notice. You must know then, Sir, that a great change has lately taken place at that old and well-established inn the *King's Head*, in *Little Britain*. It is upwards of seventeen years since the original landlord took into his employment Will the waiter, a smart lad, and second son of Old Will, a trusty fellow, who had died in his service. Being of a quiet, domestic turn, he did not like the bustle of business, and therefore he engaged Will, not only as waiter, but also as acting partner during pleasure, with a considerable share of the profits of the concern for his trouble. The majority of the customers declared he could not have made a better choice. The house soon boasted a monopoly of all the trade in that part of the world, and Will conducted the business so dextrously, that some pious and devout men actually proclaimed him an *heaven-born* landlord. He had the best-stocked cellar in Europe, and his viands were so delicious, that even his *cheese-parings* were eagerly sought after by the first nobility. With these advantages, Will knew he could command a housefull of company whenever he liked, and therefore he would not scruple to turn out the oldest customer in the place who should say "*No*" to him. The real landlord, however, though an easy man, was a little jealous of his prerogatives, and consequently would be sometimes for interfering in the management of the concern, particularly in the choice of the servants. Sometimes he would express a wish to have one of his old labourers appointed as helper in the yard, where many snug perquisites are picked up; sometimes that one of his tenants' sons might be em-

ployed under the cook in the kitchen ; or, perhaps, he would solicit the place of chambermaid for one of his poor cottagers' daughters. Will, who knew the advantage of having none but his own creatures about him, was always sure, upon these occasions, to refuse his consent. He said, he was the best judge of what was for the interest of the concern, and that the whole management must be left to him, or he would resign his place. In this way he continued to carry his point until last Christmas, when he proposed no less a change in the premises, than to turn part of them into a Roman Catholic chapel. His employer, for so we may call the original landlord, was astonished ; not that Will had not made changes equally extraordinary ; but, being a conscientious, religious man, and the sworn foe of the Pope and the Pretender, he felt himself touched in a tender point. Will, who had often found the good effect of obstinacy on similar occasions, resolved to persevere in his plan, and had recourse to his old threat of resigning. The conscience of the employer could not yield. Will was taken at his word, and turned off.

Will now enjoyed the promised fruits of his domestic policy and intrigue. All the rest of the servants, his creatures, down to the very scullion, threw up their places. " They would stay no where that Mr. Will was not—no, not they."—" This unanimity among my friends," said Will, " aggravates the inconvenience. The affairs of the inn are too extensive and involved to admit of a moment's neglect ; I must, therefore, be invited back on my own terms ; a discharged servant once restored to his place is for ever after complete master." Will, however, soon found that he had mistaken his man ; all attempts at reconciliation proved vain ; and it was possible that some stranger might be brought in, notwithstanding the prejudice which Will had excited against all except his own creatures.

This

This was a terror not to be endured. The appointment of a clever, independent servant in his place, would not only deprive him of all share in the pickings up about the inn, but would also preclude all possibility of his restoration. He wished, therefore, for a successor, who would be his friend under the rose, and whose abilities would not stand in his way, in case his late employer should ever be disposed to reinstate him. For this purpose, he turned his thoughts to *Hal Hollow*.

Hal Hollow managed the tap where the common folks assemble to smoke their pipes and talk over the affairs of the nation. Hal was very much liked by every one. He shewed no partiality to the customers, but civility to all. Even the persons who frequented *The Constitution Inn*, which was set up in opposition to *The King's Head*, were equally well served by Hal, as his master's most particular friends. "*First come, first served*," was Hal's maxim, and whoever first caught his eye, or gave him the first nod, was sure to receive his first attentions. Hal was, besides, a very honest, good-natured fellow; he kept himself clear, and there was a stateliness, a dignity in his deportment which commanded respect, and a solemnity which often passes in the world for wisdom. It was also the custom of the tap to apply in all cases of dispute to the umpirage of Hal, as billiard-players do to the decision of the marker. The respect which was thus paid to his place, Hal did not fail to attribute to his person; and thus, without innate impudence or pride, he soon became a marvellous great man in his own opinion, from the mere influence of flattery constantly acting upon weakness. Will, who well knew Hal's shallowness, and had often proved his fidelity, immediately resolved to place him in the management of the inn, being satisfied, from the very circumstance of his incapacity, that he would act secretly under his direction. Besides,
Hal

Hal had been a sort of mediator between Will and his employer, who liked him very much, and had a high opinion of his abilities. With a little private management and address, in which a *Cumberland* friend assisted, the business was, therefore, soon settled, and Hal stepped from the tap to the coffee-room.

The business has since gone on much better than could have been expected; but this arises more from the previous mismanagement of Will than Hal's cleverness. Will had quarrelled with some of the best customers of the house. Hal, however, set about making all friends again, and has been tolerably successful. He has, indeed, given them, particularly those in the North, too much of their own way; "but then," says he, "people in the public line, who would wish to go through the world well, must be civil and complying." To this mode of conduct he is inclined, not only by his affectation of popularity, but also by the secret advice of Will, who, it is said, has seen his own error, and heartily repents his late saucy behaviour.

Hal, however, does not find himself always upon velvet. About three months ago there was a warm dispute about billeting soldiers, and *putting them at five quarters*, on which occasion it must be confessed Hal made a very sorry figure, blaming one of his waiters, and exculpating himself at the poor lad's expense, in such a pitiful way, that any servant of spirit would have thrown off his livery, and despised such a sneaking master. It must be allowed in mitigation, that he was confounded by the spirited and severe rebuke of a *Northumber* and gentleman. But still, it must be confessed, that he is generally confused and evasive. He is never at a loss for something to say for himself, it is true; but then, like many others in the world, he will not always answer to the point. If you complain that his charges are exorbitant, he answers, that *he fears God and honours the King*. If you say his wine is bad, he

he boasts that *he discharges his duties as a husband and a father.*

Although Hal does very well to strut about the coffee-room, attend the bar, and wait upon the customers, it is well known that these duties make the *least* important part of the business of a head inn. Corn, wine, horses, &c. must be bought: great skill is necessary in making bargains, and also a thorough knowledge of accounts. In his outset Hal allowed himself to be shamefully taken in by some Jews and money-lenders, who purchased of him a pair of *wheels* of great value, far below the price at which Will had returned them in his annual inventory. This affair sunk Hal very much in the opinion of the neighbourhood. Some time after a *tradesman of Southwark* examined the books, and discovered in them so much extravagance and waste of money, as must, if persevered in, lead to inevitable bankruptcy. The accounts during Will's time were liable to the same objection, and therefore both Hal and he put their heads together, but could not, with all their ingenuity, make out a plausible defence. To retrieve his character, so much hurt by the *wheel* bargain, Hal is now in treaty for the purchase of some *French olives*; but though he has been six months higgling about the price, it is supposed, after all, that he will never conclude the bargain. This is not extraordinary, as he set about the business very wisely, by telling all the world he would give the most liberal price for the olives; in short, the highest penny that could be reasonably demanded. Meanwhile Hal, like his predecessor Will, has contrived to empty the *till*, and, it is thought, will be obliged to call his creditors together, in less than two months.

But the most amusing part of Hal's character is the pompous plausibility with which he pretends to conduct the business, and passes himself off as the real manager, while, in fact, every step is as much directed by

by Will as before he was turned off. This is well known to the old and constant customers, who grin in a corner to see Hal act the great man, while he is obliged to slip sily three or four times a day to Will for his advice and instructions. It is little less amusing to see Will sit down in the remotest corner of the coffee-room, an unconcerned *spectator*, and affecting a total ignorance of all the concerns of the inn, and to hear him talk of selling off his property to pay his debts, when every body knows he has feathered his nest well, and may have every thing in Hal's power to grant. The under-waiters and hostlers in particular laugh in their sleeves to see the humbug carried on between them, and none more than your humble servant,
BOOTS.

THE IMPERIAL DILLY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

BILLY P—, old established *driver* of the Imperial Dilly, hereby acquaints the *Nobility, Gentry*, and *Public* in general, that having had some complaints of his man *Simple*, who has *driven* during his short absence, occasioned by *unavoidable* circumstances, he intends very soon to take the *reins* and the *whip* again into his own hands; and he hopes to give satisfaction to his friends.

In the mean time Billy P. begs leave to assure his friends, that there is no truth in the reports of his having *made over* his contract for driving the *Imperial Dilly* to *Simple*, as has been maliciously said by the Proprietors of the *Old Opposition Coach*. The truth is, that Billy P. finding himself hampered with certain *Irish concerns*, and some French business, which he could not bring to a settlement, was obliged to keep in the back ground for a time, but he is happy to think that his affairs will speedily be adjusted to the satisfaction

faction of all parties. During this Irish business *Billy P.* was advised to quit the box, and accordingly he thought of putting *Simple* forward, as being a quiet, inoffensive fellow, who had rode many a year in the *basket*, blowing his *horn* to let the people know when the coach was *setting off* and *coming in*, morning and evening. *Simple*, as all the world knows, is a sober, well-conditioned creature, that does what he is bidden, and never could dream of *setting up* for himself.—*Billy P.* therefore recommends his friends to put up with *Simple* a little longer. To be sure, he goes on at a *small* pace; but he is safe, and, unless run against by the new dashing *Paris Diligence*, the *Bonaparté*, will not overturn the carriage.

Tally-ho, the French *Driver*, and *Simple*, have indeed been shaking their whips at one another for some days past, and the passengers in the *Imperial Dilly* have been splashed, notwithstanding each bound himself by *Treaty* to keep *his own side of the way*. *Simple*, however, is directed, for *the present*, to make no disturbance on the road, so that there is little danger of immediate accidents. As soon as *Billy* in person takes the whip, he may perhaps one day run himself in the way of *Tally-ho*, as he did before, having care at the same time to get *witnesses to swear* that he was *on his own side*. By this trick he about nine years ago threw the *Paris Dilly* into a ditch; though, to say the truth, the expense of the repairs of his own coach, for the damages it sustained, is not paid off to this day! No matter, the Proprietors pay all with a hearty good-will—no inquiries made!

The Coach will start, as usual, from the bottom of *Parliament Street*, bait at the *Treasury*, and take a *whet* at some of the *public offices*. Passengers *set down* according as they agree, at any *place* between St. James's and the India-house.

Billy P. likewise acquaints his friends, that as he

has always run very capital cattle, he intends to start with an entire new set of *backs*, superior to any in the kingdom, some with blood, some with bone, some Irish, of *high mettle*, some of the *Scots breed*, very useful drudging, serviceable animals; and he expects that he shall shew in his harness some old racers that have won the *King's Plate*! He has now some pure beasts in his eye, and is sure of a bargain!

N. B. The *New Opposition Coach* will soon give in, as Billy P. offers the drivers and guard a *small concern* in his driving business.

B. P. warns his friends not to venture into the *Old Opposition Coach*, which has been very ill driven of late. One ——— has got on the box, and allows his cattle no *eats*. It is thought he was only started against *Simple* for the sake of the joke, and though he always run him pretty hard, never got before him but *three times*!

ROYAL CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

[From the Morning Chronicle]

NOTWITHSTANDING the boasts of foreigners concerning the ingenuity, industry, and learning of their naturalists and antiquaries, we may safely affirm that our own King has now the most *curious Cabinet* that ever was collected. The *intrinsic value* of the articles may be small, and perhaps it would be a very easy matter to pick up *any one* of them in a country village; but the *collection*, in rarity, singularity, and strangeness, far excels every thing hitherto possessed by a Prince. The number of *weeds* is astonishing, the coins are chiefly *counterfeits*, got together with infinite care, and the statues are so *admirably mutilated*, that there is scarcely a *head* among the whole.

WHAT IS A PRIME MINISTER LIKE?

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

UNHAPPILY much cause of offence has been given to the worthy Anti-Jacobins, and loyal France-haters, of this realm, by an unfortunate comparison which was made of the late Minister to a *Jack-boot*; and the propriety of its application has been denied or asserted by the respective parties, which divide the kingdom, with a vehemence and virulence of controversy which the question does not seem to deserve. For this reason I have been casting about to find a *simile* which shall accommodate all parties. I have sent out my invention to range for it through art and nature—I have sought it among “all the birds in the air,” and “all the fishes in the sea;” and I think that at last I have discovered exactly what I wanted.

Whoever has been at *Sadler's Wells*, Mr. Editor, must needs have observed a conspicuous character, invested with a *coat of motley*, and armed with a *sword of wood**, whose mother was a *Fairy*, and who performs all his magic operations by means of *infernal demons*, a *skipping, shifting, evasive* character, in a *mask*. This Right Honourable Personage is attended by a *Clown*, sometimes called *Pierrot*, and sometimes *Ralph*, the constant mark and *butt* of his roguish tricks, who nevertheless officiously abets *Mr. Harlequin* in his designs upon the *French† Gentleman's* daughter.

* From this appendage antiquaries undoubtedly derive his lineal descent from the old *Fool or Vice*, who

With dagger of lath,

In his rage and his wrath,

Cried ha! ha! to the Devil.

† The *Pantaleon* is evidently of *French* extraction, as the name denotes, *Pantaleon (Fr)*, which *Bailey* explains to be “a garment worn anciently, consisting of breeches and stockings fastened together, and both of the same stuff.”

This *Harlequin* is a *Prime Minister*. His mother is said to be a *Fairy*, because Fairies are supposed to possess the power of bestowing upon their children, with a *wish*, riches, and *wisdom*, and power: a *Minister* is necessarily rich, *wise*, and powerful, by virtue of his office. His agents are *infernal demons*: here we are obliged to pause, and confess, that, in this one instance, the parallel does not run exactly even. A British House of Commons, elected by the free suffrages of the people, is the *natural agent and instrument* of a *Minister*. *Harlequin* is invested with a *coat of molley*: this is that ingenious quality, by aid of which a *Prime Minister* is enabled to adapt his speeches and actions to the *colours* of existing circumstances. *Harlequin* is full of *shifts* and evasions: when you think that surely you have caught him, and shall now hold him fast, hey! *Presso!* be gone! the nimble Gentleman changes more shapes than *Proteus*, and will certainly slip through your fingers. Whoever has attended to the conduct of *Ministers* in Parliament, and how next to impossible it is to get *fast hold* of them, and force them to give a *direct answer*, will find no difficulty in applying the parallel in this case. *Harlequin* wears a *mask*: I pray, who ever saw the plain *naked face* of a *Minister's* genuine meaning? *Harlequin's* face is *black*: this is typified by a *Minister's* never *blushing*. He is armed with a *sword of wood*, weak and inefficient against *foreign enemies* in the field, but mighty and effectual to produce civil commotions and intestine combustions *at home*—to alter the appearances and substances of things: by means of this *sword* a *Minister* shall convert a flourishing empire into a *desert*; he shall cause *bread* to be changed into *stones*, *gold* into *paper*, and *paper* to be taken for true and proper *gold*; he shall forge *chains* for the *legs*, and *padlocks* and *gags* for the *mouth*, which he will persuade the wearers to be nothing else but convenient *ornaments* and *security* for the legs in walking,

ing, and graceful *jewels* for the *lips* in speaking: by one touch of his magic sword he shall transform a scene of social *merry-making* to a prison, and convince men, that the fittest way to become *social animals* is to be cooped up in *solitary cells*; and to conclude, Mr. Editor, this Harlequin shall, as a *coup de maitre*, make his man *Ralpho* jump out of his own skin, and become his *double*, and the metamorphosis shall be so perfect as to make the multitude believe that the *copy* is as good a *conjuror* as the *original*.

Sept. 1.

PLUTARCH JUNIOR.

THEATRICALS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

YOUR paper conveys a great deal of Theatrical information. Not only during the winter do you give us a full account of every thing at all remarkable that is going on at Covent Garden and Old Drury; but, through the medium of the Morning Chronicle, we often learn the exploits of the heroes and heroines of the sock and buskin, during the summer months, at Newcastle, Manchester, and Hereford. There is one Company of *His Majesty's Servants*, however, whose *stage performances* you have almost entirely overlooked. You cannot surely say that they are less *players* than the others you have mentioned, or, that they repeat less accurately what is *set down for them*. Their trap-doors are well constructed, their painters are deeply skilled in the science of optical delusion, and their scene-shifters uncommonly expert; but no one who has ever been in a Theatre before can imagine for above half a minute that any thing he sees or hears is *real*. The silence of the Morning Chronicle, no doubt, proceeds from an oversight of the gentleman who conducts the dramatic department: and you and your

readers,

readers, I flatter myself, will reckon yourselves obliged to me for the following sketch of the Saint James's Company's campaign.

At the beginning of the season they were very unsuccessful, and it was generally believed that they would be obliged to give up the patent. The tragedy of *The Conspiracy* was then acted; and, from its former popularity, great hopes were entertained that this would set them on their feet. But it did not take. The excellence of this piece lies almost entirely in the *plot*, and, when that has become familiar, it is extremely insipid, and even disgusting. This drama of *Pittachio's*, therefore, though it was acted several nights, drew no houses, and soon died a natural death, to the great discredit of the Manager. I trust it will never be revived. It is a curious circumstance, that this Author's works, though they sometimes make a considerable noise at first, never fail in a short time to sink into disrepute.

The Manager now sat down in despair, and was on the point of abdicating his office, when the *Prompter* advised him to try the *Farce* of *The Negotiation*. I ought to tell you that this gentleman is a broken-up Manager himself.. He conducted this very Theatre for a great many years, and acted the principal characters himself, with great *eclat*. He was always, however, giving into wild impracticable schemes, which he persisted in with the most excessive obstinacy, and he thus at last got himself into such difficulty that he was obliged to resign. He received the finishing blow from continuing to act, after all the world was tired of it, an execrable production of his own, called *The Restoration of the Bourbons*. Although he had almost completely filled the House with orders, the piece began to be hissed, and, unless he withdrew it, he found that it would be impossible for him to fill the *Treasury*. He therefore pretended that he had promised

ruised to make some improvements in the one shilling gallery, which the Lord Chamberlain's conscience would not permit to be made, and that to remain longer Manager was inconsistent with good faith to the Gods. He appointed the Box-keeper to succeed him, and took himself the situation of Prompter. People do say, that, though he no longer appears when the Manager is called for, he settles every thing that is *to be acted* more absolutely than when really in office.

Be that as it may, his advice in this instance was followed, and the event justified the deference shewn to his abilities and experience in his profession. *The Negotiation*, got up with new scenes, dresses, and decorations, succeeded to admiration. This farce has been so often acted of late, that it were quite superfluous in me to analyze its parts, or to offer any critical remarks upon it. Every one knows that it was originally written by Il Diábolo; that it has been translated into almost every language that ever was spoken; that it has become a great favourite in modern Europe, above all in Great Britain, and especially within the last seven years; that it is played always as an interlude, in the midst of a deep tragedy, to induce the audience to sit it out; that the characters are execrable, but the sentiments they utter full of humanity; and that it abounds with satire upon the knavery of rulers, and the easy credulity of mankind. To an audience impartial and discerning, there is no piece more difficult to act. Every thing depends upon stage effect, and, unless the audience consent to remain in the dark, or to shut their eyes, it never fails to be d——d. It was owing, I think, less to the skill of the actors, than the excessive good nature of the hearers, that *The Negotiation*, on this occasion, continued to go off so well. I allow that the character of *Humbug* was tolerably well supported by Mr. Tonad-
ding.

King. This gentleman has a whining, canting tone of voice, extremely well suited to the part, and in the *constitution* scene a *stranger* would actually believe that he thinks as he speaks. Yet his friends must allow that he was indebted for much of the attention with which he was heard to his never having appeared upon any stage before, and that he has no chance of being able to maintain his reputation another season. *Junior-jenking* makes a most miserable *Double-dealer*. Not that he has not a very adequate idea of the part; he enters into it with great spirit; but his powers of execution are very inadequate. Indeed he always seems as if he were on the point of falling asleep, and, during the famous *panegyric upon peace*, he is obliged to make repeated application to his snuff-box. The characters of *Blood-sucker*, *Squeeze'em*, and *Lovewar* were not much better supported. However, the piece ran for many nights.

At last people began to tire of it, and murmurs against the Company once more began to rise. The Manager, in great consternation, went to consult his friend the Prompter. Said Mr. Prompter, "Do you suppose that I am unprovided? We ought to be thankful that the town has endured this wretched exhibition so long. They shall now have something new. I am afraid that my *Jacobinism*, or the *French Revolution*, would not exactly do just now; but there is a *pantomime*, (blessed be the memory of the author!) which, if properly got up, has never once failed. I need not tell you I mean the pantomime of *Invasion*. It shall run you six weeks; and, though it will cost an immense sum of money, to see such a pantomime as this the people will think no sum too large." *Invasion* accordingly made its appearance about the end of July, and met with unbounded applause. It certainly is a very magnificent spectacle. The processions are grand, the people on the stage are innumerable,

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the sea-fights are terrific, and a chorus of the cries of women and children makes the effect irresistible. This piece, by receiving now and then a new scene, and by being weekly diversified by fresh frolics of Harlequin, retains its attractions to the present hour. It sometimes gives place to the *Conquest of Egypt*, the *Ambition of France*, or the *Loves of Madame Bonaparté*; but, with the assistance of these, it promises to the St. James's Company a glorious termination to the campaign.

I shall here bid you adieu for the present, Sir. If I find that this meets with your approbation, I may send you a more regular and circumstantial critique upon some of the performances of this Theatre.

September 15.

Yours,

ARISTARCHULUS.

CHANGE OF MINISTRY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

AS I am certain it is neither your wish nor your interest to offer any affront to your friends in the city, who are neither few nor inconsiderable, I hope you will permit me to make some remarks on one or two paragraphs in your paper of last week, in which the name of a worthy and facetious Alderman is dragged in in a very improper manner, although (judging from your usual circumspection) it may have been done inadvertently.

The *secrecy* with which affairs of Government are now conducted may be officially right, but it is not without its disadvantages. The impatience of public curiosity having nothing extraneous to feed upon, turns on itself; and fancy, or right or wrong, supplies the place of information. See to what this has led.

Mr.

Mr. Alderman Curtis goes to Weymouth; he is seen conversing with his Majesty. Mr. Addington is likewise at Weymouth, and is *not* seen conversing with his Majesty. This is the news of *Weymouth*. A report is spread that Mr. Addington is about to resign. This is *London* news: and London news ingeniously tacked to Weymouth news brings forth the report in your paper that Mr. Addington is *jealous* of Mr. Alderman Curtis; or, in other words, is to be *succeeded* by the worthy Alderman; for if it does not mean this, it means nothing.

What is the consequence? The ministerial writers represent this as disrespectful to Mr. Addington. The citizens of London take umbrage at the affront offered to one of their aldermen, and say, with some truth, that if Mr. Pitt had wanted an able, honest, and efficient ministry, he should have come into the *city* first, and not have shewn the public, as he has done, that the west end of the town was *exhausted*, and that he was obliged to *stir up* the *sediments* of his own ministry, and make it *float* awhile at the *top*. No, say they, there might have been some credit in succeeding the Pitt administration, but for Mr. Alderman Curtis to come *after* Mr. Addington, would be to —; and here they use certain comparisons which I do not think it necessary to publish. Certain it is, however, that, although the people of this country may wish for a future change of ministers, they must not be fastidious in their choice, but wait with patience the result of the experiment now trying, and which is intended to prove that *any thing may do!*

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

September 15.

A CITIZEN.

EPIC POETRY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH every lover of the literature of his country; and every man ambitious that his country should stand pre-eminent in the display of genius, must naturally rejoice that Epic Poetry is rearing its head among us, and hail as a happy omen that no less than four poets have dared a flight to the upper regions of Parnassus; yet this just feeling is not unaccompanied with an alloy of regret. Even supposing (which is a great flight of fancy) that the genius of Homer, Virgil, and Milton is revived in our modern poets, it is still to be lamented, that, when they choose a subject, they must search in regions so remote, and among a people so little known, that they bid defiance to critical precision, and become independent of historic faith. They pass over the glories of the last eight or ten centuries, as if they had produced nothing worthy of celebration, and as if an age of refinement could take delight in nothing but the revival of barbarism. And, what is more singular, these modern epic writers, although professing to exert their genius in support of religion and social order, are indebted for their machinery to Pagan deities and mythology, to Spirits, ghosts, giants, and witches; and these agents are become so necessary, that, as an excuse for going into remote antiquity for a fable, they plead that they must go to a period, and among a people who believed in such absurdities.

Now, if I were disposed to admit this excuse as valid, and allow that half a dozen more centuries must expire before we can cease to be pleased with Heathen deities and hobgoblins, still my anxious mind would inquire what shall become of the present glorious æra of arms and arts, when some future genius shall form
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an *Iliad* of the administration of Mr. Pitt? Where will he then look for machinery, in an age when every thing that is wonderful happens in a natural way, and nothing excites surprise because we have not a quantity of wonder left for any thing? This is with me a matter of the more serious consideration, because I am doubtful whether the *history* of our times will be believed: I am of opinion that it will wear so much the air of fiction, as to want nothing of poetry but the arrangement of the lines. On this account the task of the poet would be the more easy, if he were only permitted to borrow a little of the machinery of the ancient epic, and place a war minister sometimes on a dolphin and sometimes on a broomstick; and the objections would be fewer, for nothing can illustrate improbable facts so much as the agency of imaginary beings. Indeed the thing, if I may speak vulgarly, is done to their hand. Every circumstance in the *Conquest of France* (which, I presume, will be the title of the poem) is so like fiction, and the characters employed either to talk or act, so out of nature and probability, as to leave little for the poet but mere arrangement; and even in that a great deal of skill is not wanted, it not being of the least consequence where he begins, whether at Pilnitz or Pavia, at Dunkirk or Boulogne.

He has another advantage—the emotions of fear and terror are raised to his hand; the whole machine has been made to work by fear only, and every reader of sentiment knows its wonderful powers in romance. The way, indeed, in which this fear has sometimes operated, will require the disguise of sublime writing to prevent certain ludicrous emotions from arising in the reader's mind. *Assessed Taxes, Schedules of Income*, and other parts of our solid system of finance, will make but a poor figure in the solemn language of the epic, unless adorned with very striking imagery; and it
would.

would be only in such ludicrous poems as the *Lutrin* or *Dispensary*, that cheese-parings and candles' ends could be introduced with propriety. In a word, Sir, let us not be discouraged. If we survey the whole materials for this great work, we need not despair: our late statesmen have left us a *Chaos* and a *Pandemonium*, and our present give us a lively idea of Milton's "*Limbo of Vanity*."

Pye Corner,
Sept. 10, 1801.

Excuse these brief hints from
A LOVER OF THE MUSES.

PANOPTICON PRISONS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

GIVE me leave to express my approbation of the plan lately published* for prisons on a new construction. Nothing have I seen of late years, pregnant as this age is with reforms, so much deserving of attention. We have heard of the plan of the *Inquisition*, the plan of the *Bastile*, of Mr. Howard's plans, and of Mr. Blackburne's plans; but the plan of a prison constructed on the principles of *optics* was reserved to gild the declining rays of the eighteenth century†. And although I am seldom either the first

* See Vol. iv. p. 14.

† *Outline of the Plan of Jeremy Bentham, Esq. above alluded to.*

The building circular; an iron cage, glazed, a glass lantern, about the size of Ranelagh; the prisoners, in their cells, occupying the circumference; the officers (governor, chaplain, surgeon, &c.), the centre.

By blinds and other contrivances, the inspectors concealed (except in as far as they think fit to shew themselves) from the observation of the prisoners: hence the sentiment of a sort of invisible omnipresence. The whole circuit reviewable with little, or, if necessary, without any change of place.

One station in the inspection part affording the most perfect view of every cell, and every part of every cell, unless where a screen is thought fit occasionally and purposely to be interposed.

or the last to follow the fashion, yet I cannot help stepping *forward* in my approbation of this scheme. I value not the objections which petty cavillers may make. I care not that one says it is a *visionary* scheme; and another, that it may be easily *seen through*. The principle of it is certainly new and surprising, and I may add *economical*, for it reduces the number of senses formerly employed in reforming criminals to one only, namely, the sense of seeing, and thereby confirms what one of our best poets asserts, that "vice to be hated needs but to be *seen*."

The ingenious author of the scheme is justly aware, that the "station of *gaoler* is not a very elevated one, and that the addition of *contractor* has not much tendency to raise it." But this objection is done away when we consider that the name of gaoler may and must be changed into that of keeper, and keeper (*muta o k pro p*) easily becomes *peeper*, an office peculiarly adapted to *lantern lucubrations*. As to the name *contractor*, it certainly is not a very popular one; but when a man contracts to *mend felons* by a cast of his eye, independent of the ingenuity of the thing, the attempt is too laudable to be laughed at.

One great advantage of the *Penitentiary Panopticon* is its *size*; and this, too, shews an intimate acquaintance with the theory of vision. I should be glad to know what has got Dr. Herschel his great fame, but the *size* of his telescopes? Now, Sir, I apprehend that a lantern about the size of Ranelagh is an equivalent to the vast telescope at Slough, and that the latter will not discover a planet sooner than the other will bring a pickpocket to a focus. The inventor, too, of the Panopticon Prison, will have all the advantage of *microscopical* observation, for his objects being confined between the two lenses, cannot shift their place, so as to elude the strictest examination. Indeed I much question if we shall not attain at last what the Spectator delivers as a dream of his own, and impracticable,

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namely,

namely, all the advantages arising from a man having a glass before his heart, through which you may peep and know every thought. I have a notion that some gentlemen, who have lately discovered a wonderful acuteness in judging of people's intentions, must be provided with glasses of this description. But this by the by, as it has no immediate relation to my subject.

Another incalculable advantage in mending *morals* through the medium of *glasses*, is, that every *little object* becomes *magnified*. Now, Sir, in watchmaking, and various other ingenious arts, the workmen cannot perform without glasses, so minute are the parts of the machine upon which its excellence depends; and if it be with crimes as with money, namely, that if "you take care of the *pence*, the *pounds* will take care of themselves," it is obvious that we cannot do good in either case, without viewing both our *pence* and our *peccadilloes* through a medium that shall give them a consequence in our eyes. And this, I take it, is a doctrine that all *inspectors* are acquainted with, particularly those who are concerned in the protection of morality and social order, who in the *smallest syllables* will discover seditious *sesquipedalia*, and, like their great predecessor Katterfelto, can prove a riotous meeting in a *drop of milk*, and have given the world much reason to suspect that *fleas* may be *lobsters*.

I have many other remarks to make on the excellency of this plan, which my time will not at present permit, yet I could not delay a moment in *beginning* to express my approbation of a plan which, when perfected in *prisons*, may be hereafter recommended in *private houses* as an effectual bar against all concealment, and tend more than any thing yet invented to banish that scoundrel *Secrecy* out of the world.

I am, Sir, yours,

A LOVER OF SPECTACLES.

OATHS RISEN IN PRICE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

IT is justly observed that when any one article of extensive necessity rises in price, other articles, with which it has no apparent connexion, rise also, and one general excuse serves for the whole. Of this I had so singular an instance a few days ago, that I cannot help relating it for the amusement of your readers. A country friend of mine had occasion to take an oath before a city magistrate. We all know that a *shilling* has been the price of an oath time immemorial; but my friend, to his great surprise, was charged *sixteen-pence*; for which his Worship's clerk assigned no other cause, than that "Oaths had *rizz*."

This is certainly a remarkable instance of the all-pervading power of *dearness*. Had it happened in Scotland, I should have supposed that his Worship's clerk was thinking of *oats*, between which and *oaths* there is, at least upon paper, but a trifling difference, and am afraid that the former has produced the latter in that country in a very considerable degree. But I am rather inclined to think that a magistrate of London would keep his eye upon the *affize* of *bread*, and make his customers *swear up* to the *quartern loaf*.

Be this as it may, it affords a melancholy prospect, when an article is made to rise in price of which no *scarcity* can be pretended. Swearing is not liable to be affected by the seasons, as the seasons affect every thing else, by *diminishing* the quantity, but directly the contrary; and the same thing may be said of the war, and the expeditions, and the taxes, matters which must make any man swear, who knows how. The hardship, however, must be felt; *fourpence* is a great and sudden rise; and if it extends to that grand *depot* of

of *So help you Gods*, the Custom House, will it not amount to a tax on the commercial world, without the knowledge or consent of Parliament?

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

Z.

DICK STRYPE; OR, THE FORCE OF HABIT.

A TALE.—BY TIMOTHY BRAMBLE.

[From the Morning Post.] *

HABITS are *stubborn things*;

And by the time a man is turn'd of *forty*,

His *ruling passion*'s grown so haughty,

There is no clipping of its wings.

The truth will best be shewn,

By a familiar instance of our own.

Dick Strype

Was a dear friend and lover of the *pipe*;

He us'd to say, *one pipe of Kirkman's best*

Gave life a zest.

To him 't was meat, and drink, and physic,

To see the friendly vapour

Curl round his midnight taper,

And the black fume

Clothe all the room,

In clouds as dark as *science metaphysic*.

So still he smok'd, and drank, and crack'd his joke;

And, had he *single* tarried,

He might have smok'd, and still grown old in smoke:

But Richard *married*.

His wife was one, who carried

The *cleanly virtues* almost to a vice,

She was so *nice*:

And thrice a week, above, below,

The house was scour'd from top to toe,

And all the floors were rubb'd so bright,

You dar'd not walk upright

For fear of sliding:

But that she took a pride in.

Of all things else Rebecca Strype
Could least endure a pipe.

She rail'd upon the filthy herb tobacco,

Protest'd that the noisome vapour

Had spoil'd the best chintz curtains and the paper,

And cost her many a pound in stucco:

And then, she quoted our *King James*, who saith,

"Tobacco is the devil's breath."

When wives *will* govern, husbands *must* obey:

For many a day

Dick mourn'd and miss'd his favourite tobacco,

And scolded oft Rebecca.

At length the day approach'd, his wife must die:

Imagine now the doleful cry

Of female friends, old aunts, and cousins,

Who to the fun'ral came by dozens.

The undertaker's men and mutes

Stood at the gate in sable suits,

With doleful looks,

Just like so many melancholy *rooks*.

Now cakes and wine are handed round,

Folks sigh, and drink, and drink, and sigh,

For grief makes people *dry*:

But Dick is *missing*, no where to be found.

Above, below, about

They search'd the house throughout,

Each hole and secret entry,

Quite from the garret to the pantry,

In ev'ry corner, cupboard, nook, and shelf,

And all concluded he had *bang'd* himself.

At last they found him—Reader, guess you where,

'T will make you stare—

Perch'd on Rebecca's *casin*, at his rest,

Smoking a pipe of Kirkman's best.

WALKING MATCHES.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE wonderful feats which some gentlemen have lately performed in *walking*, are not to be considered as trivial or unimportant to the public. They have

have already led to some singular discoveries, which will probably end in as singular improvements.

We already learnt that our bodies are naturally unfit for the exercise of walking, and that a great deal of solemn preparation is necessary before a gentleman can foot it to any advantage. The consequence has been, that many gentlemen are now studying the anatomy and physiology of the lungs, and the proper means of securing such a portion of *wind* as may be adequate to a handsome wager, while the vulgar part of mankind are content with the breath that life usually requires. The faculty have been consulted on the occasion, but their practice has been so much with people who cannot stir a foot, that they know not how to prescribe for patients who are going on at the rate of five miles an hour. And as this has hitherto been the quality of horses rather than men, I am in doubt whether the faculty will not be glad to turn over these new cases to the Veterinary College. An eminent empiric, indeed, taking advantage of the rage of the moment, has prepared what he calls *Pedestrian Pills*, and when he has procured a few well-attested cases, which is the practice with such gentry, I will venture to say, he will soon be enabled to ride in his coach, by enabling other people to trudge on foot.

The process of preparation, as I am informed, consists partly in extreme temperance, which, by the by, will not hurt a man even if he were to sit still after it, and partly in certain prescriptions, which will convert a man into a being somewhat between a *porter* and a *cannibal*, namely, carrying heavy burdens and eating raw flesh. Carrying burdens may be useful; it seems likely enough that a man who can walk well under two hundred weight, will walk better without it: but, as to the raw flesh, I do not so plainly see the use of it. A peripatetic of my acquaintance, however, has suggested, that this is prescribed, not during preparation,

but when the feat is begun, to save time on the road. Cooks may be bribed to foul play, and *Cum gratia*, Sir, may be repeated till the hour is past. Besides, it is pretty well known that it is easier to get a beef-steak raw, than properly dressed, in most inns on the road.

But whatever may be the advantages of this new employment, there are always some who have a budget of objections. I know that the owners of stage-coaches have taken the alarm; and if horses could speak, they would doubtless complain of a practice that is likely to render them useless, at a time when the disbanding the cavalry has taken so many of them into the wide world. The bailiffs, too, mean to petition against the new fashion, but their complaint I cannot think very reasonable; at all events they have the means of redress in their own hands. If some are going in training to *walk*, let others go in training to *follow*. We should then have a clearer conception of what is meant by *leg bail*. As to murmurs among the gentlemen of Long Acre, they are still worse founded. No man of fashion now rides in his coach, or has any thing more to do than to pay for it. The house, the rout, the coach, the chariot, the curricule, are all Lady —'s, or Mrs. —'s. And the ladies are not likely to adopt the new fashion. It is too expeditious for shopping, and not expeditious enough for an elopement. It may do for a short distance, but one can't procure a *relay* of legs; and what a shocking thing it would be to *founder* on the road to Gretna Green, or *break down all four* on the first stage!

Upon the whole, there are so many advantages in this new exploit, that I am of opinion it amply merits public encouragement; and I have taken the liberty to send you these few hints, as preparatory to a treatise which a learned friend of mine is now writing, to be entitled "Every Man his own Horse." In this he lays down all the various modes of training, from five miles

miles to an hundred, and this in so perspicuous a manner, that it must be the reader's fault if ever he is out of *breath*. I suggested to him, indeed, some doubts of the propriety of teaching this science by books, that the sedentary employment of *reading* would counteract the benefit arising from the instructions. But he obviated this by observing that *boxing* and *bull-baiting* had not only been taught by books, but even recommended in *speeches*; and that, as to his own work, he should contrive that reading and locomotion should go together, and the student be placed on a *hobby horse*.

I am, Sir, yours,

PERAMBULATOR.

ADVICE TO PEDESTRIANS.

[From the Times]

PEDESTRIAN exercises having now become fashionable, and for some time the general topic of conversation, have led me into a more serious consideration of the subject than I, at first supposed it could deserve; but I do not despair of drawing from it such national advantages as will, in the end, obtain for me the approbation of every liberal and enlightened man in these united kingdoms. Having been myself always an enthusiastic admirer of pedestrian exploits, I have long thought on the means of arriving at excellence in so laudable an amusement; and, after the study and practice of a number of years, I find the following regimen, diet, and method of training, the best calculated to ensure success.

There are three principal things to be attended to in preparing for a pedestrian effort, viz. *strength*, *cunning*, and *agility*. It is my purpose, briefly to treat of the food proper to increase each of these grand desiderata.

First,

First, as to *strength*: certainly the flesh of that noble animal the lion, is superior to any thing else that could be procured; but then, how difficult to obtain it! His Majesty's collection in the Tower is too much prized, and too well guarded, to give us the least shadow of hope from that quarter; indeed Mr. Pickcock, of Exeter Change, not long since announced the circumstance of the death of a favourite lion, but such another opportunity of obtaining this prime food may not occur again for a number of years; therefore I would recommend a *succedaneum*. The strength of a bear, I believe, is generally allowed, and well known; and, I apprehend, was discovered by the *warmth* of its embraces. Now, the flesh of this animal may be at all times purchased of the renowned Mr. Vickery, now living in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden; or his equally modest successor in Bishopsgate Street, the ingenious Mr. Ross. I would recommend a due portion of this to be eaten *raw*, as a breakfast, changing from the leg to the shoulder; then a few slices of the loin, afterwards returning to the limbs; but carefully to avoid the entrails; and indeed every part but those I have named, except picking the petticoats, which I would allow merely as an amusement; but all to be taken *raw*. As a drink, I shall name goat's milk (being a *sure-footed* animal); and reluctantly I consent to the *melting* a small quantity of the bear's suet, in order to mix with it, by which means it will slip down more easily; for, in this business, *velocity* is to be considered a grand object. What is on the shin bone will afford an admirable lunch; and for dinner (to promote my second requisite, *cunning*), nothing will be found so efficacious, as a plentiful portion of fox's brains; these, together with the feet of that sagacious animal (which must assist the speed), will furnish a wholesome light dinner. Should it not appear

appear to entirely satisfy the stomach, a slice from the bear's haunches will complete the meal; but remember that all is to be eaten *raw*! Tea I prohibit; spruce-beer will recommend itself from its briskness. My third thing necessary (*speed*) must be attended to in the business. My reader will doubtless anticipate me in recommending the legs of a fine old jack hare; indeed it will be necessary to have a copious supply of this valuable article, together with the loins and haunches of a full-grown greyhound, the one being nearly as good as the other; but not to forget to eat them both *raw*; and guard against swallowing them together, but take them on different nights; since, should they meet in the stomach, they might not agree, and therefore create an unpleasant pain and nausea. Should the person in training at last loath so much raw flesh, and languish for some unwholesome, pernicious dressed meat, he may once a week indulge in a dish of stewed squirrels, or a broiled magpie; although I cannot embrace so great an absurdity as to suppose that cooked victuals will be of service; but the magpie being a hopping, skipping bird, and the squirrel clever at a jump, this food is least likely to lessen the agility. On going to bed, a quantity of cut horse-hair, or cow-itch, strewed between the sheets, will keep the body in exercise during the night; and in the morning, as usual, he must return to the diet of *raw flesh*. At some future time I will treat of the *daily exercise* and other particulars; in the mean time I remain, Sirs, yours at command,

A. B.

INSTRUCTIONS

TO THE LOUNGERS OF BOND STREET, ST. JAMES'S STREET,
PALL MALL, &c. &c. &c.

[From the Oracle.]

AS the town is filling very fast, and as you follow in the train of your betters, like *young beagles* at a hunt, who depend not so much on the *keenness* of their noses as the *sharpness* of their sight, the few following hints may prove useful to you *by way of memento*; you may get the ORACLE of the day in which they appear, leave it on your table, and, before you sally forth in the morning, throw your eyes over it. You must, in the first place, observe the aspect of the weather, a thing very important, and this, too, in the morning, before you dress. If the day seems favourable, you may dress in your best, viz. *supposing your wardrobe contain a change*. As people of your description have generally nothing to do, half a dozen, or half a score of you, may get together in the morning to breakfast, *if convenient—the more the merrier*; be on the fashionable pavements above alluded to about two o'clock; for before there will be *no fun*, as ladies of fashion are rarely out sooner; *fashionable demireps* not till three o'clock, or after, being *engaged* late over-night, and unable to extricate themselves from the arms of *Morphous* and their *caro sposos*, to dress and breakfast before the hour alluded to: the streets before are only infested by milliners' apprentices with their handboxes, hunted up and down by *lascivious old Dukes*, and other *debauchees*, who, being old sportsmen, know at what hour to *hunt for their game*. You may start either in St. James's Street, Pall Mall, or Bond Street, whichever is most convenient to your lodgings; get *four of you abreast*, close locked arm in arm, three deep, to support each other in case any *sturdy porter* should be inclined to make his way through you; it will be the devil,

devil, if, ten to one, you are not able to *maul him*. As to female passengers, you have *nothing to dread*; keep firm, and be sure keep the wall; the lady will most likely have her drapery and stockings splashed; look her full in the face, which will naturally create confusion on her part, and join in a loud laugh, which will afford an infinite fund of merriment to the party, until a fresh adventure presents itself. Be sure keep the step *militaire*, which will give you the air of officers in coloured clothes, and at the end of your walk (I do not mean that you should on any account pass the end of Bond Street or the Haymarket), the whole of the party may wheel sharp round one of the party as the pivot. If there are any ladies of character near, let your conversation be as *loud and indecent* as possible, alluding, in the *broadest manner*, to the fictitious gallantries and debaucheries of the last night. Should you observe at a distance any gentleman that you take not to be *one of yourselves*, instantly commence a conversation about him, talk loud enough to be heard, and endeavour to laugh him too out of countenance. You may *peep* into every carriage as you pass, and *wink* at the ladies; but take care that there is no gentleman with them, else you run the risk of *getting your head broke*. You may take off your hat now and then to a carriage, and, should the lady not salute you, you may say she is *always shy* when she observes you in company: the frail sisterhood being your own *counterparts*, you may take every liberty with them, as they generally meet you *more than half way*. You may separate about five o'clock, and go to dinner, every man *where he is most welcome*; and if you should want an invitation, or your purse *fail you*, dine with *Duke Humphrey* in the Park.

Now that a part of the troops are arrived from Egypt, you may very fairly assume the air of the officers who have been on that expedition: for instance, you

you may leave your face unwashed, which will give you the air of the climate alluded to; a patch over one of your eyes will warrant the idea of your having the *Egyptian blindness*; but I would caution you to beware of the unhallowed touch of bailiffs, and the *rencontre* of your tradespeople, who may demand their debts rather *cavalierly*. Always wear spurs, which will make you appear like a field-officer; and if ever you chance to hire a hack, let it be a *grey one*; the hairs will stick in your skirts until your coat is thread-bare, and this, with a formidable pair of prickers, will give you *every appearance* of keeping a stud, and should they stick in the ladies drapery, it will give you a fair opportunity of apologizing; and it has often happened that as slight an introduction has procured a footing in the heart of the *wounded pair*. Should the female you come in contact with be one of the free and easy, she will, perhaps, imperiously demand reparation of the injury; and, in order to come off with a good grace on such occasions, have *an elegant purse full of counters*: offer to make her amends; she, of course, will decline it (expecting to make more of you), give you her address, and you will have a frolic for nothing; but on quitting her, assure her that you will send her a draft on your banker, who, perhaps, is as difficult to be found as the man in the moon. Mind these hints from your friend

Fop's Alley.

BEAU NASH.

THE LITTLE GREEN MAN.

A GERMAN STORY.

YE warriors so bold, and ye ladies so gay,
 At the Pump-room, at Ty——n's, at K——g's, or the
 play,
 Oh never, oh never be seen;
 For the *Little Green Man* will surely be there,
 The *Little Green Man*, who delighteth to stare
 So fierce, through his goggles of green.

The *Little Green Man*, in the dead of the night,
Fell in love with a maiden, all gaily bedight

In scarlet, in white, and in blue :

"Come, Lady, sweet Lady, with me come away ;
Fine clothes you shall have, 'we will play a fine play ;
Come home, I am dying for you !"

"Oh partner ! oh partner ! and dost thou not hear,
How the *Little Green Man* whispers low in mine ear
To follow him home from the ball ?"

"He is joking, he's joking—I tell you he is,
'Tis only design'd as an innocent quiz,
'Tis nothing, 'tis nothing at all."

"I love you, I doat on your face so divine,
I must and will have you, and force makes you mine ;
Here's a letter will tell you the rest."

"Oh partner ! oh partner ! and dost thou not see
How the *Little Green Man*, so audaciously free,
Crams a love-letter into my breast !"

"My partner ! my partner ! oh now hold me fast !
He pulls me, he hurts me, he'll have me at last—
Good God ! how he tumbles my gown !"

Then her partner arose, and in fury he ran
To the bench where was seated the *Little Green Man*,
And knock'd him immediately down.

And with Gw—— and with G—e,
And with ten or twelve more,
On the fiend he courageously fell ;
And thrice they kick him around and around,
While the *Little Green Man* gave a horrible sound,
'Twixt a groan, and a grunt, and a yell !

They hustled him on, with heroic delight,
Now backward, now forward, to left or to right,
While he strove and he struggled in vain ;
And his goggles, they say, were crack'd in the fray,
And his garments were rent in twain.

And the *Little Green Man* made a halt at the door,
And the *Little Green Man* most terribly swore
Revenge and destruction to all.

That he'd ravish the maiden, with main and with might,
And challenge the heroes who kick'd him, to fight
With sword, and with spear, and with ball.

Then, ye warriors so bold, and ye ladies so gay,
 At the Pump-room, at T——n's, at K——g's, or the play,
 Oh never, oh never be seen!
 For the *Little Green Man* will surely be there,
 The *Little Green Man* who delighteth to stare
 So fierce, through his goggles of green!
 MAT——W GR——Y L——rs.

SEA-COAL AND SENSIBILITY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE a circumstance to impart of great importance to the fair sex, and which I hope you will admit as soon as possible, as the approach of the winter theatrical season renders it particularly urgent. I presume I need not inform you how much we have of late years been indebted to the advice and suggestions of learned foreigners, who have either resided among us, or taken a hasty trip over any part of our island. In no instance have they contributed more to open our eyes than in what regards our politics and our *sea-coal fires*. Their services in the political arrangements I shall leave to others to expatiate upon. My present business is with our fuel, which, from the reasonings of a late traveller, has produced *physical and moral effects* of a very extraordinary nature. Had he, however, confined himself entirely to physical and moral effects, I should not have thought it necessary to make his remark the subject of newspaper communication. Had he been content to prove that Newcastle is the source of disease and of vice, and that people are healthy or diseased, good or bad, in proportion to the number of chaldrons consumed in their families, it would have been too serious a subject, and too mighty a concern, for my desultory pen. But when he carries

his theory so far as to connect *sensibility* with *sea-coal*, and estimate our *feelings* by *Pool measure*, it is time to look about us. But take the matter in his own words.

Being at the representation of *Romeo and Juliet*, when Mrs. Ellen played for the first time the part of Juliet, he says :

“ Though my attention was fully taken up with the play and the actresses, it was not so much so as to prevent me casting my eyes about me. What a disparity between the melancholy silence which reigned here, and the agitation of sympathetic feelings which appear in our theatres ! My surprise at discovering so few emotions of concern in the countenances of the spectators, was withheld by observing a young person of a very striking figure, who appeared to me to be the more amiable, as she paid great attention to what was passing on the stage. This lovely creature seemed as insensible as the rest, and I began to tax her in my mind with want of feeling, when all of a sudden she fell breathless into the arms of a young gentleman who sat next her. No doubt she had stifled the agitation of her breast till nature was overpowered with the efforts she made to refrain from tears. Be assured, my friend, that, *had this sweet girl never inspired the fumes of sea-coal, her tears would have flowed sooner than they did*, and the oppression of her breast would not have been so violent : her feelings might not have been *more real*, but they would have been *more tender and expressive*.”

Your opinion, Mr. Editor, of this discovery must, I am sure, coincide with my own, that it is of too great importance to be confined to a work which may perhaps fall into very few hands. This accounts for all that apparent indifference and insensibility which we observe among a people notoriously known to be humane. It is not the want of genius in a tragic

author, the want of pathos in an actor, which casts a fullen gloom over our tragedies. Let us not blame modern writers. Shakspere himself is no match for our coal fires, and probably owes that fame which he enjoys, to his having written in days when collieries were unknown. This will account for the decay or taste for tragedy, which even the superior talents of a Siddons have not been able to keep alive; and this will likewise account for that lady and other London performers being so successful in their country excursions, the warmth of the season diminishing the consumption of coal, and consequently what my author calls the *inspiration* of smoke.

Are there not also many other important inferences to be drawn from this fact? It is not at the theatre only, that it is necessary sensibility should be displayed and tears flow. May we not suspect that the age of gallantry has sunk before the glories of Newcastle, and that the affections are to be assailed by other means than the tearful eye? Into what a labyrinth of mistakes have we fallen by ignorance of this fact! The most artful intrigues of the bed-room have been undermined by the contents of the cellar, and the flames of love have been extinguished by the culinary fuel; wives have lamented the insensibility of husbands, and husbands of wives, without considering that they were breathing the poison of love, and without knowing how true it is, that "most love-matches end in *smoke*!"

This likewise may account for the gallantries of France, where coal-fires are unknown in private families. It may account for the decent morals of Birmingham, of Newcastle, and of Sunderland. It may also explain to us why most of those intrigues which are canvassed in our winter courts of justice are dated from watering-places in the summer months. We may also derive some insight into the various appearances and history of *grief* in the metropolis; why so many

many calamities are contemplated with a dry eye, and so many *sweet girls* (like her at the theatre) fall down *breathless into the arms of a young gentleman* for want of the proper vent, so imprudently stopped up by the operations of the poker and the bellows.

Notwithstanding the concern we must feel for the consequences of this discovery, our situation, fortunately, is not hopeless. It comes at a time when every scheme is on foot to diminish the consumption of coals, when one ingenious man has contrived a method of making steam-engines swallow their own smoke, and another has invented a kitchen which will dress a beef-steak with a sheet of brown paper. It is only now wanted that we should give more ample encouragement to such plans, and *Rumsfordize* our feelings in such a manner as to be able to vie with our *wooden-fuelled* neighbours in sensibility. If the fair sex are shy and cruel, let it not be attributed to hardness of heart: let them sit *less at home*, and oftener take the *fresh air*. I am aware that this doctrine will not be very acceptable to some great men in the north, and that much will be said of endangering the collieries as a nursery for seamen. This, however, may be obviated in other ways, and a certain noble Duke appears to me to have disposed of his concern in the very nick of time.

It is a great matter, Mr. Editor, to trace the philosophy of the head or heart; and volumes have been written to sap the foundations of immorality; but, when a theory so simple as the present is formed, who would not adopt it? Much has been said of physical and moral effects; but who can plead ignorance when he is told to refer all our national vices and failings to the kitchen grate? where our feelings may be calcined, and our sensibility reduced to a cinder!

September 4.

I am, Sir, yours,

PONTOP.

DUCKING CHAIRS.

[From the Oracle.]

MR. EDITOR,

IT was with some considerable degree of surprise that I read in your paper, a few days ago; of a lady having undergone the punishment of ducking for being a scold, and this at the right ancient and worshipful town of Kingston upon Thames: moreover, that the lady underwent this operation in a chair or machine, kept in the town for that purpose. Lastly, it was observed; that the moment she emerged from the silver stream (a little dim or so by the operation), she had almost incurred another penalty for repeating her offence. But this I do not wonder at; for if she had no cause for scolding before, she certainly now had sufficient; and happy would it be if no women scolded but just after being ducked in the Thames.

Information like this was very alarming, however, to me. Your not mentioning the lady's name was a capital error. Do you not see how uneasy it must have made the people in town, who have friends and acquaintances at Kingston? You might as well have told us that a dozen houses had been burnt and twenty lives lost, and omitted the persons' names, and the place where. It does not (you'll excuse my freedom) become the editor of a public paper to trifle thus with the feelings of the public. However, as it, perhaps, was not intentional, I shall proceed to inform you, that the moment I read the alarming news, I mounted my horse; and, notwithstanding the approach of night, I reached Kingston in an hour and a half, and immediately began my inquiries of the outler; he could give me no information, and when I called him block-head, asked me if I thought he could remember so *many names?*

I next

I next posted to the house of one acquaintance, and then of another; all *dry* and warm there, but all ignorant, or pretended to be so, of the culprit's name. Stepping into the drawing-room of a third friend, I found it in much disorder, various articles of female drefs lying on the floor; and, O! discovery of discoveries! a gown and petticoat *drying at the fire*! My suspicions were now confirmed; a thousand circumstances crowded on my memory; I always thought she talked a little too loud, and her husband has sometimes lugged me out of the room when she has been warm in an argument. But yet I was shocked, prodigiously shocked; such a respectable family, so fine a woman too, ducked, plunged into the river by bea- dles and constables; such degrading abominable *ana- baptism*!

I was here disturbed in my indignation by the entry of the lady herself. I could not help asking *how she did?* Beauty in distress is always attractive.

"I am very tired, Mr. Oldstyle."

"I don't doubt it, Ma'am."

"It is too violent exercise for me."

"Yes, Ma'am, it is pretty violent indeed!"

"I don't think I shall ever attempt it again."

"Nay, Ma'am, there was no great occasion for your attempting it now."

"What can we do? Servants are so careless."

"Yes, Ma'am, and that makes one raise one's voice a little in talking to them."

"Bless me! I don't think I have a dry thread about me."

"What! not *now*?"

"Not *now*! how could I?"

"What the deuce! you have not sat in your wet clothes all day?"

"Sat in my wet clothes! I don't understand you, Mr. Oldstyle."

"Nay,

"Nay, Ma'am, I don't mean to be particular; but I think you might have lifted when it was over."

"Over! I have been splashing in the water these fix hours."

"Lord! Ma'am, I never heard of such a punishment."

"It is a punishment, indeed; I had rather pay any money than go through such another day."

"I am say you would, Ma'am; but why did you not offer them money at once?"

"Offer them money! what do you mean by offering them money?"

"Nay, Ma'am, if you come to that, what do you mean by going through such another day?"

"Why, it was our GREAT WASH!!!"

Taking up my hat, I made my escape as quickly as I could, lest she should discover that I had mistaken a washing-day for a good ducking.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

OLIVER OLDSTYLE.

THE BEST OF WIVES: A TALE.

[From the Courier.]

A MAN had once a vicious wife;
 (A most *uncommon* thing in life :)
 His days and nights were spent in strife
 Unceasing.

Her tongue went glibly all day long,
 Sweet contradiction still her tongue,
 And all the poor man did was wrong,
 And ill done.

A truce without doors or within,
 From speeches long as tradesmen spin,
 Or rest from her eternal din,
 He found not.

He

He ev'ry soothing art display'd ;
 Tried of what stuff her skin was made :
 Failing in all, to Heav'n he pray'd
 To take her.

Once walking by a river's side,
 In mournful terms, "My dear," he cried,
 "No more let feuds our peace divide,
 I'll end them.

"Weary of life, and quite resign'd,
 To drown I have made up my mind,
 So tie my hands as fast behind

As can be :

"Or Nature may assert her reign,
 My arms assist, my will restrain,
 And swimming, I once more regain
 My troubles."

With eager haste the dame complies,
 While joy stands glist'ning in her eyes ;
 Already in her thoughts he dies

Before her.

"Yet, when I view the rolling tide,
 Nature revolts," he said ; "beside,
 I would not be a suicide,

And die thus.

"It would be better far, I think,
 While close I stand upon the brink
 You push me in—nay, never shrink,
 But do it."

To give the blow the more effect,
 Some twenty yards she ran direct,
 And did what she could least expect
 She should do.

He slips aside, himself to save,
 So loose she dashes in the wave,
 And gave what ne'er before she gave,
 Much pleasure.

"Dear husband, help ! I sink !" she cried ;
 "*Thou best of wives !*" the man replied,
 "I would—but *you* my hands have tied,
 God help ye !"

A FAREWELL

A FAREWELL TO MARGATE.

[From the Morning Post.]

FAREWELL! ye chalky cliffs, where lovers walk,
 In dread of tumbling over as they talk;
 Farewell! ye stately farms, and stony field;
 Ye russet lanes, so open to the sun,
 Where whiskies, buggies, fulkies, tandems, run,
 And all the dear delicious dust they yield!
 Farewell! ye flinty sands, so damp, so soft,
 On whose stupendous margin Echo cries,
 And multiplies the fib, while Strephon—lies,
 And gazers peep upon us from aloft!
 Where Eurus sends his fogs amid the air,
 And nymphs cut shoes at—half a pound per pair!
 Where slipp'ry sea weeds trip us as we stray,
 Where city mermaids scud about in clusters,
 To poke for crabs, while surly Ocean blusters,
 And pools insidious intercept the way.
 Farewell! blithe Dandelion and its sports,
 So matchless, so ecstatic, so divine!
 Where dapper cits like little gods appear,
 Wounding young Chloes with a civil leer;
 Where shepherds learn to eat, and dance, and court;
 Swilling hot coffee 'neath a servid beam;
 Devouring half-bak'd crumpets while they steam,
 So fraught with Cambridge butter, or with grease;
 Where gentry haste with half-a-crown apiece,
 And hungry beaux in the meridian dine!
 Farewell! ye raffling-shops, where Fortune fires
 Her vagrant crew to quit life's solid joys,
 For gilded gewgaws and illusion's toys,
 While knavery moves the puppets she inspires!
 The hoy's in motion—I must now depart,
 Like a young turkey-poult, with heavy heart,
 I must return to industry's brown tub,
 To get up small clothes, and to darn a stocking;
 Is not this irksome, horrible, and shocking?
 Will Cupid suffer it?—I fear he will.
 Why are our moments sprinkled o'er with ill?
 Pity your absent friend,

PRISCILLA GRUB.

THE

THE MARGATE HOY.

A POETIC EPISTLE.

[From the Morning Post.]

MY sister Priscilla, in no humble lay,
 Made her curt'sy to Margate, you saw, t' other day;
 Doom'd no longer to share the delights of the place,
 The dumps, through her line, in her visage you trace:—
 Poor soul! at her heart so benumb'd was all joy,
 She lay sulking a-bed all her time in the Hoy,
 And begg'd me to store up, with no common care,
 Each incident strange, odd, comical, rare.
 The task sure was hard, without pens, ink, and papers—
 For I was quite dull, overcome by the vapours:
 However, not long my choice spirits kept lagging—
 A spring they all gave, as I sprung from the cabin;
 Such a crowd of gay folks from the pier over-hung,
 Who in nods, winks, and smiles, their good wishes flung;
 I became quite myself—even Timothy Grub,
 And sent all my cares packing deep in the mud.

With a favouring breeze on the bosom of Ocean
 We smoothly now glided—how sweet was the motion!
 How pleasant to gaze on fields, houses, and steeple,
 Conversing the while with all sorts of people;
 With tradesmen, a parson, and one simple Quaker,
 And how could I rhyme without one undertaker?
 With those we call Gentlemen, special good lot,
 And with Ladies, thank Heaven! a sweet pretty knot;
 'T was a knot so engaging (the pun you may spare),
 The knots the ship made were no part of our care.
 From the deck then to cabin, how charming to change,
 And from one pretty woman to t' other to range;
 To ogle and prattle about this and that,
 For to keep them from pu——g we kept them in chat;
 Yet a billow ne'er chiding, that rudely might heave
 The vessel, and throw a fair hand on your sleeve—
 While some dizzy Chloe your fear straight alarms,
 And to bed you convey a fine arm-full of charms.

To eating dispos'd, soon the party began
 Of the food from their wallets to eagerly cram;

Yet

Yet no wallet had I, for to sponging I'm prone,
 And 'bove all things I love to pick other folk's bone:
 So while sister regal'd with a crust and polony,
 I decently mess'd with a chance-meeting crony:
 But what in my stomach I put, as it fed,
 The eyes of the women put out of my head, }
 So can't here relate any more than the dead.
 All that pass'd at the table in vain I should tell;
 I can only say this, that between beau and belle
 Mickle punning, bon mots, repartees went about,
 While alike beau and belle sipp'd (who'd think it?) brown
 stout!

When the stars twinkled bright, as they told us from deck,
 Quick away up the cabin stairs each cran'd his neck;
 With the captain, the cook sang a strain at the poop,
 And, darkling about 'em, we hover'd *en groupe*,
 Till the chill cold of night made us lubbers retreat,
 And the smiles of the fair in the cabin to greet.

THE RUSTICATED CANTAB.

[From the Morning Herald.]

DREAD worthies, I bow at your shrine,
 And, kneeling, submissive, petition
 You'll pardon this false step of mine,
 And pity my dismal condition.
 When ye met all together of late,
 In the room which we term *Combination*,
 To fix your Petitioner's fate,
 Alas! why did you choose *Rustication*?
 That my conduct was wrong, I must own,
 And your justice am forc'd to acknowledge;
 But can I in no wise atone
 For my fault without leaving the college?
 Consider how strange 't will appear,
 In the mind of each fine jolly fellow,
 That a Cantab was banish'd a year
 Just for *rowing* a little when mellow.

You

You have precedents, no more denied;
To prove it but just that I went hence;
But surely no harm could arise
If you were to relax in your sentence.
No; trust me, much good should proceed
From granting this very great favour;
For, imprest with a sense of the deed,
I'd carefully mend my behaviour.

You will then have on me a fast hold;
For gratitude's stronger than any tie;
Then pray do not think me too bold
In thus begging hard for some lenity!
But why should I humbly implore,
Since to you all my sorrow's a farce?
I'll supplicate *fellows* no more!
So, ye reverend dons, *caret pars*.

The lad who good drinking enjoys,
I'll cheerfully pledge in a full can;
Rustication's quite common, my boys—
Remember Apollo and Vulcan!
These two heroes were hur'd from the skies,
Neither force nor music could save them,
For, heartily d—ping their eyes,
Jove a *travelling fellowship* gave them.

Then no longer let mortals repine,
If to graft sent from Oxon or Grants,
But stick to the blessings divine
Which flow from a well-fill'd decanter.
When our goblets with nectar are crown'd,
And our spirits rise faster and faster,
While good-humour smiles gaily around,
A fig for the Fellows and Master!

ALWAYS AUDIBLE.

PASS under Jack's window at twelve at night,
You'll hear him still; he's snoring!
Pass under Jack's window at twelve at noon,
You'll hear him still—he's snoring!

**A DELICATE TURN TO A DELICATE
COMPLIMENT.**

QUOTH, &c., "Since I have thought at all,
I've form'd this steadfast rule,
Let what'er other ill befall,
Never to wed a fool."

Says Jack, "Then nothing can, I see,
From celibacy save you;
For, take my word for it, my dear,
None but a fool would have you."

**ON A LIBRARY, WHERE THE BOOKS WERE
IN CURIOUS BINDINGS.**

WITH eyes of wonder the gay natives behold!
Poets—all rags alive—now clad in gold;
In life and death one common fate they share,
And on their backs still all their riches wear.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

POLLIO, who values nothing that's within,
Rates books, like beavers—only for their skin!

LINES

TO THE RIGHT HON. HENRY DUNDAS, &c.

**GROUSE-SHOOTING IN THE HIGHLANDS, AFTER
RETIRING FROM OFFICE IN 1801.**

[From the Oracle.]

FROM public toils, and cares, and strife,
Welcome once more to private life,
In Scotia's rude domain;
Enjoy repose, content, and ease,
Inhale the health-inspiring breeze,
Nor think of France and Spain.

Let

Let those who hold the scales of fate,
 Confuse their sight in idle debate,
 Their days in factions pass;
 O'er ways and means no anxious care,
 To raise reluctant millions more,
 Scarce food for hostile war.

E'en peace on their devoted heads
 No balmy dew of comfort sheds,
 But Discord slaps her wings;
 For who shall fix each adverse claim,
 Untouch'd his wisdom and his fame
 By Censur's reproach'd stings?

Far from the senate and the throne,
 From budget, tax, levassant, loan,
 Impeachment, expiation;
 Peace shall your flatter pillow bind,
 And war no more distract your mind,
 Nor projects of ambition.

The easy, social, joyous hour,
 Unknown to pomp, remote from power,
 Awaits you in the wild;
 Friendship shall lead you by the hand,
 And Calceolar's arms expand
 To clasp her patriot child.

Should warfare still your thoughts engage,
 To Muirland fernes confine your rage,
 In mimic camp array'd;
 Unheard the sound of noisy drums,
 There no Mylocean tyrant comes
 Your quiet to invade.

The laurels won at Aboukir,
 Deep moisten'd with a nation's tear,
 Were death and glory's prize;
 But where you urge the gay campaign,
 No tears the cheek of friendship stain,
 No Abercromby dies!

AN IRREGULAR ODE ON SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

HENCE with the laurel's barren wreath!

Hence with the trophy pil'd on high!

Let nobler incense fill the sky!

Let bright, immortal flow'rs,

Pluck'd from Elysian bow'rs,

Through all the breezy air delicious breathe.

O! crown not Sidney with the laurel's bough;

For common deeds, let common prize be given—

Be his, dread Wisdom's olive rear'd in heaven,

And Mercy's palm of verdant hue,

The Graces' roses, fresh with dew,—

All, all, should mingle on his godlike brow!

And then, if man might know the scene,

Where grows some tree of giant size,

Ne'er look'd on yet by mortal eyes,

Beneath whose branchy maze

His country's Genius strays,

Oh! let its virgin leaves adorn the garland green.

For not to him belongs the vaunted name

Of valour only; in his glorious mind,

Judgment, and taste, and genius, are combin'd;

And through the vastness of his soul

The splendid spheres of virtue roll,

And lighten through his eyes, and wrap his form in flame.

O Sidney! like that Sidney form'd,

Who nobly fell on foreign land;

Like him in war a light'ning brand,

In peace a brilliant moon,

Beneath whose soften'd noon

The rapture-thrilling heart is elevate and warm'd.

Oh! long amid that isle, whose rights and laws

Thy dauntless breast has bulwark'd and upheld,

Long be thine eyes' bright energies beheld;

And round thy sacred person long

Crowd Britain's sons, a grateful throng,

When the still bosom's voice succeeds to loud applause!

ZARA.

MUSIC.

MUSIC.

[From the Morning Advertiser.]

AT a period when real melody is so much the subject of cultivation, it appears to me very singular, that no attempt has been made to reduce to some order

THE CRIES OF LONDON.

They still remain in a most unmusical confusion, for want of some person to superintend them, and to deliver out to the people their proper cries *in score*, that they may not injure our ears as they do at present, by their horrid screaming. This is much to the reproach of an age so musically inclined as the present, and I wish to rouse in the public an attention to a subject which they must daily hear on both sides of their head.

The great errors which have crept into our system of *Cries* are principally these: the same *music* is often applied to different words; and secondly, we have often a great many words set to music, so improper that the "sound is not an echo to the sense." Not to speak of a great deal of *music* by the first mistresses of the *Billing-gate* academy, to which there are no words at all, and *vice versa*, a great quantity of *words* without music, as any one may be convinced of.

I have said that the same music is often applied to different words. There is a man under my window at this moment, who cries *potatoes* to the self-same tune that I remember when *cherries* were in season; and it was but yesterday a woman invited the public to purchase *shrimps*, to a tune which has invariably been applied to *water-cod*: as to *spinage*, and *muffins*, I have heard them so often chaunted in *D*, that I defy any man to know which is which.

Matches too have been transposed to the key of *periwinkles*.

MUSIC.

eriwinkles, and the cadence which should fall upon *rare*, is now placed upon *smelts* and *mackarel*. One could scarcely suppose such absurdities in London, at a time when every barber's boy *whistles* Italian operas, and even the footmen belonging to the nobility give you *Water parted*—at the box-doors. There is another instance I recollect in *radishes*; every body knows that the bravura part is on the words, *twenty a penny*, but they swell these notes, and *shake* upon *radishes*. Ours life, Sir, we have no ears, else we could not hear such barbarous transpositions, which must be done by people totally unacquainted with the *gamut*. You may think lightly of this matter, Sir, but my family *shall* starve ere I will buy *potatoes* in the *treble cliff*, or allow them to eat a salad that has been cried in *flats*.

Soot *lo!* I will still allow to be in *alt*; the situation of our chimneys justifies this; but certainly *dust* ought to be an octave lower, although it is notorious, that the unnautical rascals frequently go as high as *G*, and that without any *shake*. Is it not clear that *dust* should be *shaked*?

Of *water-cresses*, I must own the cry has a most pleasing melancholy, which I would not part with for the flippant triple tune in which we are solicited to purchase *cabbage-plants*—In *salad*, the repetition has a good effect—*Fine salad*, and *fine young salad*, with a shake on the last syllable of *salad*, is according to the true principles of music, as it ends in an *apogiatura*.

Hot cross-buns, although they occur but once a year, are cried to a tune which has nothing of that melody which should accompany *sacred music*. There is a slur upon *hot* which destroys the effect; and indeed gives the whole a very irreverent sound. *New cheese*, I have to observe, has not been set to music, and is therefore usually sung as a second part to *radishes*, but the concords are not always perfect. Duets
are

are rarely well performed when there is no other accompaniment than the wheels of a barrow.

As I would not wish to insinuate that all our cries are objectionable, I must allow that *ground ivy* is one of the most excellent pieces of music we have; I question much if ever Handel composed, or Billington sung, any thing like it. What renders it more beautiful is, that it is a *rondeau*, a very pleasing and popular species of air. The repetition of the word *ground ivy*, both before and after the *Come buy my*—has a very fine effect; or, as the critics would say, it is *impressive and brilliant!*

But while I allow the merit of this very natural and popular composition, what shall I say to *cucumbers*? The original tune is entirely forgotten, and a sort of Irish lilt is substituted for it. But although I object to this tune by itself, I am persuaded that those who admire the sublime thunder of a *chorus*, will be highly gratified by a *chorus* of cucumber women in a narrow street. I have often listened to it, when it took my attention from every thing else.

Fresh salmon is objectionable both on account of the words and the music. The music was originally part of the celebrated *water-piece*, but they have mangled it so, that the composer himself could not recognise the original air. Besides, some use the word *duinty*, and some *delicate*, to the same notes, which occasions an unpleasant semiquaver. Indeed in general the word *delicate* might be as well left out.

Little or nothing of the *bravura* has been attempted in our cries, if we except the *poly-polys*; *green peas* is a very fine instance of this species of composition; I know of nothing in any of our operas which goes beyond it; it is to be regretted peas don't last all the year.

But to go over all the cries, Sir, in one letter is not possible, else I could easily prove that we are as much degenerated

degenerated in this kind of music, as we are improved in every other—the barrel-organ men have debauched our fish and garden-stuff women; for indeed how can a woman, be she ever so good a singer, listen to their play-house tunes, and whip her ass along at the same time? It cannot be done, Sir; people who have nice ears are easiest disturbed by sounds; and how can one give the elegant melody of *Windsor beams*, and listen at the same time to *God save the King*?

I hope, Sir, the few hints I have here offered will not be disagreeable. This is a musical age, and our great improvements have attracted the notice and the company of foreigners, and it much becomes us to reform the present barbarous system of cries. We can hear a concert, Sir, but now and then: the cries assail our ears at all hours of the day. I am, Sir, yours,

JOEL COLLIER, JUN.

P. S. If any scheme is set on foot for the valuable purposes I mention, I beg leave further to intimate, that I have lately composed a set of appropriate airs for each article, from *foot* at seven in the morning, to *hot gingerbread* at ten at night; also a set of tunes for the watchmen in much better time than they at present preserve. These I shall be happy to submit to any committee of *Musical Cognoscenti* that may be appointed. If not, I shall print them by subscription at *half-a-guinea* the sett. J. C. jun. to be heard of at the 'Change, Billingsgate, or the market, Covent Garden, any morning.

EXTRACT FROM A CANCELLED SHEET OF
BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON.

THURSDAY the 24th we passed the evening at Thrale's. Johnson was sullen and averse from speech: the mighty surface of his vast mind was stagnant,

nant. In a pause of conversation we heard a drayman in the yard curse and swear most bitterly. I seized the occasion, and *hazarded a collision in hopes of a spark.* (On reading my manuscript Mr. Malone was pleased to observe that this was a happy expression.) "Sir," said I, "listen to the oaths and imprecations of this man. Are they merely words of passion, or are they not rather indicative of malevolence? Shall we not detest this man? Seeing so much bad, shall we not infer worse? for, says the proverb, 'Nobody is wicked by halves.'" Johnson sternly replied, "Sir, his guilt is proportionate to his age."—"To his age, Sir?"—"Yes, Sir, to his age; but hear me out. Swearing is vice; but vice is perhaps necessary in this temporary system, so let us be thankful that it is progressive. To your colloquial adage I will oppose one more vigorous and terse, '*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.*' 'A man becomes a rascal gradually.' The youth of eighteen who curses you, will d—n you at five and twenty, and at thirty b—st your e—s." He was silent. We were all lost in admiration of his wonderful powers; and our lively hostess whispered to me, but loudly enough to be heard all over the room: "With what keenness of perception this great man distinguishes the gradations of vice!"

A BETH GELERT; OR, THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.

BY THE HON. W. R. SPENCER.

The Story of this Ballad is traditional in a village at the foot of Snowdon, where Llewellyn had a house; the Greyhound, named Gelert, was given him by his Father-in-law, King John, in the year 1205; and the place, to this day, is called Beth Gelert, or the Grave of Gelert.

THE spearman heard the bugle found,
And cheerily smil'd the morn,
And many a birch and many a hound
Attend Llewellyn's horn:

And

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer;

"Come, Gelert, why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear?

"O where does faithful Gelert roam?
The flow'r of all his race;
So true, so brave, a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase?"

'T was only at Llewellyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed;
He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his lord,
And sentinel'd his bed.

In foorth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John:
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little lov'd
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty prov'd,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleas'd Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smear'd with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gaz'd with wild surprise,
Unus'd such looks to meet;
His favourite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward

Onward in haste Llewellyn past,
And on went Gelert too;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view!

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,
The blood-stain'd covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child, no voice replied,
He search'd with terror wild;
Blood! blood he found on ev'ry side,
But no where found the child!

"Hell-hound! by thee my child's devour'd!"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plung'd in Gelert's side.

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Arous'd by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer waken'd nigh;
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had miss'd;
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kiss'd!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread;
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn, and dead,
Tremendous still in death!

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear,
The gallant bound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain,

ANTICIPATION OF A DEBATE.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe:
"Best of thy kind, adieu;
The frantic deed, which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deck'd;
And marbles storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmov'd;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow prov'd.

And here he hung his horn and spear;
And oft, as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds, would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell!

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of Gelert's Grave!

ANTICIPATION OF A DEBATE

EXPECTED TO TAKE PLACE AT THE MEETING OF A
GREAT ASSEMBLY IN THE MONTH OF OCTOBER
NEXT.

[From the Oracle.]

MR. Jones.—"I rise, Sir, in pursuance of a notice I had the honour to give on the first day of the session, in order to move, that there be laid before this House a copy of the instructions given to Admiral Nelson, in regard to his attack upon the French flotilla at Boulogne. The House will do me the justice to acknowledge, that I have not been backward in my endeavours to promote inquiry. Do Ministers not recollect the subject of *El-Arish*? (*A laugh.*) Ay, Gentle-
men

men may laugh; but had any proposals been attended to, the late Ministers would have had occasion to laugh at the wrong side of their faces. I wish not to speak with personal disrespect of any one, but must at the same time observe, that his Majesty's present Minister treads very closely in the steps of his predecessor—

'Quo non præstantior alter ære cieres viros, Martemque accendere cantu.'

I wish not to be understood as being an unqualified enemy to war. I know there may be occasions when a nation, attentive to its own interests and honour, cannot with safety or dignity decline it, and I shall not be found the man who would say--

'Oramus pacem et dextas tendamus inermes.'

Had I been bred to the military profession, I might myself have been a second Alexander, as I cannot see why the mountains of Wales may not produce warriors equal to those who have rendered Macedon illustrious; for, as has been well observed by a sage countryman of mine, Capt. Fluellen, and preserved in the sacred records of Shakspeare, 'There is mountains in Macedon, and there is mountains in Wales; there is rivers in Macedon, and there is rivers in Wales, and there is salmons in both.' But with all the martial ardour with which an ancient Briton can be inspired, who feels the warlike spirit of his ancestors while he inherits their estates, I could not read without horror the bloody gazettes published by the authority of his Majesty's present Ministers.

"Who, Sir, could contemplate without emotion the slaughtered carcases of Frenchmen, whose blood drenched the sands of the Desert between Aboukir and Alexandria? Who can survey with an unfeeling heart the mangled remains of so many Danes, which continue to this day to present a most awful spectacle to

the voyager of the Baltic? I must confess, however, that these last were not so much to be pitied as the poor French, and for this solid reason, which I defy any man to contradict, that the forefathers of those Danes committed great ravages in England about *ten thousand years ago*! I observe that Gentlemen smile, and perhaps I may not be altogether accurate in my chronology. However, let me now draw the attention of the House to the immediate object of my motion, in which I shall not only be seconded by my Hon. Friend on my right hand (*Mr. Robson nodded assent*), but supported also by those amazing powers of eloquence which he never fails to display when any blame is imputed to the members of Administration. I wish to be absolved from an attempt of conveying the slightest insinuation against the noble Admiral, whose fame resounds through every quarter of the world, loud as the cannon's voice, which, however, I must confess to be a voice that men who like to sleep in whole skins are not very fond of conversing with! He acted, Sir, no doubt, under the orders of Government, the members of which only I arraign; for, God forbid that an Englishman should accuse the masters of the ocean for being over-valiant and adventurous upon their proper element. But, good God! Sir, are there not ways enough to assault our enemies without attacking them in their *beds*, and in the *middle of the night*? Gentlemen seem disposed to make themselves merry at any inaccuracy of expression. Instead of *beds*, perhaps I should have said *hammocks*; but however Ministers may laugh in this House, let me tell them that it is a very awful thing for a man at sea to be obliged to spring out of his sleep at the roar of a merciless shell, or cannon, or bomb; I know not which, as I am, thank my Maker, but little conversant with these matters. But, by the death I owe to G—! while I stand here safely on my legs, I cannot but feel for those poor fellows, who,

even in the bosom of the waves, were roused from a sound nap only to have their throats cut, perhaps from ear to ear, by a ferocious enemy coming upon them at midnight, like the Russian who lately carried off six of my favourite goats out of a *Macedonian* meadow that I have been cultivating in Wales. The simile, I own, is defective as well as homely; for the fellow I allude to effected his object in stillness and in silence, whereas the sons of Neptune, directed by Lord Nelson, announced their approaches in a voice of thunder. I tremble, Sir, when I think of such desperate doings going forward; and had I been in the situation of the Frenchmen, I think I should not even have been able to pronounce the word *El-Arisb*. This, Sir, I maintain not to be a legitimate mode of warfare, but an act of *mon-jrosity*, for which his Majesty's Ministers deserve to be impeached; and should the House adopt the present motion, I promise to bring forward a serious and specific charge as soon as my Honourable Friend (Mr. Sheridan) shall *redeem the pledge* he made in the last session, of moving an impeachment against the Ex-minister. I hoped to see him bring it on before; but though I cannot engage to keep the words of other men, I can at least be faithful to my own. I know not what *credit* the House and the public will give to my Honourable Friend; but I trust they will do me the justice to think, that I am a man of a constant resolution, as they must have experienced in the perseverance I shewed in the last session upon the subject of the convention of *El-Arisb*. I shall now conclude, Sir, with putting into your hands the motion, which you will acknowledge me to have illustrated by every kind of argument."

Mr. Robson seconded the motion in a very impressive and eloquent speech.

Scot. 9.

MODERN ESQUIRES.

[From the Herald.]

MR. EDITOR,

MODERN modesty, like Death himself, is inclined to level all distinctions:—The rage of SQUIRE-hood is now so universal, that one of my humble race, a *simple GENT.* is hardly to be met with in his Majesty's dominions! I have no objection, Mr. Editor, to all the world becoming *great men*—but as *shopkeepers* and *farmers* now dub themselves *Esquires*, I would fain know by what titles they will in future address their respective landlords, as some mark of discrimination between them, which common decency may still demand?—The *Blacksmith* of our parish did me the honour of dubbing me an *Esquire*, at the top of my last week's bill; for which, I perceived that he charged me a set of shoes and a ploughshare more than I had actually received, by way, I suppose, of what he calls *gelling* me; however, as I declined the *honour* he would have conferred upon me, I not only made him give me back my old title of Mr. but deducted those *fers* of dignity, for which I had not *value received*.

I remain, Mr. Editor,

Yours, in plain terms,

Mr. George GENT.

MR. EDITOR,

The Esquires, whom Mr. George GENT. has put to shame, if not to flight, have most of them another mode of ostentation, almost as offensive as their assumption of that title: I mean the use of the plural denomination *we*, by which majestic relative every shopkeeper, in the metropolis at least, now refers to and describes himself. "*We* never charge less for that article," says the owner of every little *boutique*, as constantly as if he were a Bank Director, speaking of the concerns
of

of that institution. Now, Sir, I should not so much dis-
taste this kind of talk, if I did not always find, that
these *plural traders*, like the *Esquires*, make their
customers pay for the dignity of their characters. *We*,
Sir, dare do many things, which *I* dare not! *We* charge
twelve shillings for the very same shoes, which *I* sold for
nine shillings! *We* wear our hats in the shop—*We* get
bills discounted—and *we* make part of the *beau monde* at
Margate, which *I* never dare to do! In short, there is
no finding a shopkeeper who will now speak to you in
his own person. A stranger might suppose, from their
phrases, that every stall was the office of some com-
mercial institution. Though there be no other male
creature in their houses, or at least in their concerns,
but themselves, they are all a *legion*. I do not like this
infinite divisibility, or rather *multiplibility*.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

A. Single GENTLEMAN.

MR. EDITOR,

I find that the rage of *Squirehood* is irresistible. It
must be confessed, however, that this *equalizing system*
is dissimilar to that of the *Jacobin orders*, whose ambi-
tion is to *pull down* their betters. Now it is well known
that our *will-be Squires* only make a modest push to
get up to theirs! It is certainly a pleasant thing to walk
thus easily into *honours*, without even troubling the
Herald Office to hunt one out a qualification. Who,
Mr. Editor, can refuse *rank and title*, that is thus at-
tainable, by *his own courtesy*, as paramount to the now
obsolete *courtesy of England*? But, since this new order
of *Squirehood* have chosen for their motto "*Sic volo!*"
and have wisely determined to maintain their merito-
rious assumptions, *vi et armis* (which may be mis-
construed, by *sheer impudence*, and the *arms which Nature*
gave them), it will surely become you, Mr. Editor, as

the leading recorder of momentous concerns, to set apart some appropriate channel, for the distinct annunciation of their great acts, &c. The annals of these *illustrious personages*, Sir, must not be lost, or confounded amidst the ordinary occurrences of human life. A few of these important and recent events have just reached me; I have drawn them up in a manner as I conceive appropriate to the *dignity* of their subjects, and which I may expect, without vanity, will be adopted by you as a recording model for the annals of *modern Squirehood*: for example—

“**BIRTH.**—Yesterday the Lady of Stephen Spare-rib, *Esquire*, Saulage-monger, of Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, was safely delivered of a son and heir, at their country seat, near the Veterinary College at Pancras Wash: the lovely infant, and his amiable and accomplished mother, are both as well as can be expected!”

“**MARRIED.**—On Thursday last, and not before, at St. Giles’s in the Fields, Benjamin Treacle, jun. *Esquire*, wholesale gingerbread-baker, of Bunhill Row, to Miss Penelope Pimple, youngest daughter of Cornelius Pimple, *Esquire*, of the cold cream warehouse, Milk Street, Cheapside: after the ceremony was performed, the happy pair set off in one of the six-wheel stages, for their blissful retreat near Peckham Gap—where, it is said, they mean to pass their honey-moon!”

“**DIED.**—in the 34th year of his age, universally lamented by all who had the honour of his sociable acquaintance, Alexander Fustian, *Esquire*, master tailor, of Bandy-leg Walk: a perfectly upright man, whose thread of life was too untimely cut in twain!—His remains, after lying in state, will be conveyed on Sunday next to St. Katherine Cree’s, Aldgate, in order to be interred with due solemnity in the family vault of his ancestors!”

The above, I think, must be allowed, Mr. Editor, to be the true style in which such events ought to be registered:

registered : but you will hear from me on this national subject—*iterum—iterumque!* Yours, &c.

George GARR.

MR. EDITOR,

Your correspondents, who have laughed at the *trusting Esquires* and *plural Traders*, remind me of an odd mistake that lately befell me in the country.

Being at an inn, where I was to lodge for the night, I was shewn into a room, divided but by a slight partition from one in which there was a numerous company. Though no listener, it was impossible for me not to hear some words, whenever any one raised his voice to begin a sentence. Sir, I heard scarcely any thing from any voice but the words "*our house, our house;*" which were generally delivered with a truly *ore rotundo*. One gentleman spoke of the interest he had with the "*heads of the house,*" another of the "*junior branches,*" another of the "*loans*" they had formerly negotiated, and another, which struck me still more, of the "*bills they had passed!*" I was astonished at the importance of my neighbouring guests, and still more at the indiscretion of the *interlocutors*, in placing them where they were so likely to be overheard. By and by one of the company began a longer speech than the rest, of which I only heard these words:—"*Now, gentlemen, the first commission I received—*" Him I concluded to be an old officer relating his progress in life. He was followed by another, with the words, "*The house I represent—*"

Here I must confess, I determined to listen more than I ought to have done to their conversation; for, the inn being upon the Dover road, I had no doubt that my neighbours were plenipotentiaries, envoys, or at least secretaries, going to the Congress at Amiens, after some negotiation in London; and, as I am myself a very deep hand at a bargain in the stocks, I thought

this no bad opportunity for a great stroke in the *Omnium*. I expected to hear something of all the *houses* in Europe. Just as I was about to apply my unfair ear to the wainscot, the waiter came to inquire whether I would please to sup with the gentlemen in the adjoining room; and, while I had scarcely breath to express my hope of that honour, he told me that they were all *riders* from Manchester, going to France for orders!

I am, Sir, yours,

AUDITOR TANTUM!

A PLAN FOR PAYING OFF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

[From the Morning Chronicle]

SIR,

AMONG the many great objects of an internal nature, to which the return of peace will naturally call the attention of Government, none stands more prominent than the liquidation of the national debt. This can only be done by raising a large sum within the year; and for this purpose, I think, Sir, I have hit upon a tax, the most productive and the least burdensome possible, that is to say, a maximum in produce, and a minimum in burden. I mean a Tax on Living. I am warranted, by the late returns to Parliament, in fixing the subjects of the British empire, at 14,329,611; now, averaging them one with another, men, women, and children, at no more than two lies a-day each (an estimate certainly far under the mark), and rating each lie at only one farthing, the produce will be no less than 10,896,473*l.* 19*s.* 9*d.* per annum, a sum nearly double the amount of the Income Tax. This I prove by the following calculation: 14,329,611 persons, men, women, and children, at two lies per day each, for 365 days, produced 10,460,615,030 lies, which at one farthing per lie, amounts to the above sum of 10,896,473*l.* 19*s.* 9*d.*

Those

Those who are conversant in finance will immediately see that I know what I am about, and have carefully avoided making the tax amount to a prohibition; and sure I am that no individual liar will give up such a favourite luxury for the trifling sum of, one with another, about 15s. a year. It will doubtless strike many discerning persons, that there is a great variety in the nature and extent of lies; as white lies, black lies, lies direct and indirect, fibs, bouncers, &c. &c. and they will justly argue, on the basis of equality in taxation, that these several species of lies ought to be defined and rated accordingly: this has not escaped me, and when I am superintendant general of the tax on lying, I shall form tables of lies, properly divided and subdivided into *genera* and *species*, with the rates set against them. I also mean to take into consideration the propriety of making an allowance by way of drawback to particular persons, such as ministers of state, travellers, retail traders, and some others; or, to save the trouble of laborious calculations, such persons may compound by paying a certain annual sum. Thus, Sir, have I pointed out and absolutely calculated a tax every way suited to the exigencies of the nation; and, I hope, one per cent. on the produce will not be thought too much as a reward for my patriotism and ingenuity.

PETER PROJECT.

ANTICIPATION.

SPEECH AT THE SHAKSPEARE TAVERN, TO BE
DELIVERED THIS DAY.

[From the True Briton]

THE speech, my good friends, for this joyful occasion,
Which I had prepar'd, was a thundering oration;—
Of war it condemn'd the unjust prosecution,
And of treasure and blood the unbounded profusion;

It

It prov'd nought was meant by the negotiation,
 Except to throw dust in the eyes of the nation;—
 Spoke of ministers' crimes, and impeachments and axes,
 Of dearness of corn, and of jack-boots and taxes—
 But peace has swept all my best periods away,
 And plenty has left me but little to say:
 Still censure's my theme, condemnation's my game,
 Peace, war, right or wrong, I'm determined to blame;
 In short, not to tire you with preface too long,
 Until I am minister—all must be wrong.
 Oh! had I been ruler, you then would have seen
 What it actually is that the *Rights of Man* mean;
 The *Jacobin Code*, which so few understand,
 And equality's laws, had pervaded the land,
 But with some few exceptions—you know what I mean—
 You guests, who'd been K—g when my A—d was Queen:
 H—e T—e had been plac'd at the head of the church,
 Mr. A—r O—r been left in the lurch,
 At *Fort George* had new laws upon treason been made,
 By some friends who were lately brought up to the trade;
 To the Bench had bold traitors in triumph been led,
 And judges, in chains, had been tried in their stead:
 My plan was to raise a most terrible storm,
 And to dignify all by the *watch-word* Reform—
 All things into glorious confusion to throw,
 For order, you know, out of chaos may grow.
 But these pleasing thoughts I'll no further pursue;
 To-day all I wish is to give you your cue—
 The war you have oft styl'd a terrible curse,
 But the peace you must swear is a thousand times worse—
 You must call it disgrace, and dishonour, and shame,
 And of genuine peace not deserving the name;
 You must say it is hollow, unjust, insincere,
 And prove that it cannot continue a year;
 And if your exertion could undo the treaty,
 With what rapture, my friends, here again I would meet ye!
 For peace will destroy all my favourite plans,
 And will leave me, forgotten, to die at St. —'s.

October 10.

PATRIOTIC ORATION.

DELIVERED ON SATURDAY, OCT. 30, 1801.

[I'm the True Brion]

'T IS now, my good friends, twenty-one years ago,
Since for Westminster I became member, you know.

A long struggle I made, and at last I got in,
But *who* were my voters I can d *not* a pin.

To oppose, right or wrong, those in pow'r, was my plan ;

This for you was enough, as you can d *me* your man.

I was flattering to me to be ma'd by your choice,
But more flatt'ring effects were achiev'd by my voice ;

For, united with other great men, 't was my pride
From Britain her colonies soon to divide

In the late war with France I full took the same part,

For I own *opposition* is dear to my heart ;

Since for many long years I have found it in vain

To offer myself for employment again.

The result of th' American war is most clear—

It confirm'd a *gran' principle* we all revere—

It confirm'd a great truth, that, though countries will *probe*,

Revolution must triumph all over the globe.

You have seen many faults in my conduct, I fear,

But know in the case of *the mob* I'm sincere ;

Wherever *they rise*, *what'er mischief* they reach,

They shall have my assistance, at least in a *speech*.

And hence I pronounc'd it a very bad thing,

To say to all Frenchmen " You must choose a *King*."

But if said or not said, 't is no matter, d' ye see,

For the cry prov'd a very good *watch-word* for me.

We had no right to check the *republican* *are*,

Or, without their consent, the Americans *tax*.

Such a war to oppose will be always my plan—

I oppos'd it indeed long, *before it beg in*,

And you hence may infer, that I fully intend

To *oppose it again*, though 't is *now at an end*.

In this city I'm sanguine enough then to hope,

That none can be found who would doom me a *sepe*.

This war, we perceive, is at last then to cease,

And I look with the eyes of a friend upon peace ;

In hopes of new contests it bears not the germs,
I will not too rigidly canvass *the terms*.

There are two ways indeed that the point may be weigh'd,
The terms of the peace, and *the time* when 't was made.

The terms are of little importance, I think,

And, therefore, that part of the question I'll *blink*.

An island or two in the East or the West

In themselves are, perhaps, no great matter *in best*,

But are things of much value, indeed, I maintain,
Compar'd with a year's or a month's new campaign.

I wish, as to *time*, I as little could say,

But I *something* must blame, or I'm *out of my way*;

Yet do not suppose I think peace comes too soon;

No, come when it will, 't is a very great boon.

But though I rejoice that all warfare is o'er,

We could peace, I'm persuaded, have had *long before*;

And I ask, with some confidence, whether or no

We might not have had it full *two years ago*.

And if France was not then well inclin'd to concede

The very same terms on which now we've agreed?

You, my friends, then *foresee* with discernment most
shrewd,

The result of the measures which then were pursu'd;

You petition'd for peace, but your prayers were not heard;

For a change in the ministry—none of them stirr'd.—

At length, as we know, a few members went out;

But as to a *change*, I am still in a doubt.

Of those who succeeded I did not think high,

To you, my good friends, I need hardly say why,

Since I and my party once more were *thrust by*. }

Some complain that we gain not our object in war,

But that was an object my soul must abhor.

For what was that object, I beg leave to say,

But the hope of restoring *monarchical sway*?

By the terms of the peace, both in spirit and letter,

We give up this hope, and I *like it the better*.

We have lost much, my friends, but had reason to fear

The loss of much more, had peace stay'd till next year;

But abroad now our feelings no longer need roam,

And at least we may try to do something at home.

Then rejoice that war's gone, that great *cool* for the *whims*,

Give welcome to peace, and ne'er canvass the terms.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER PATRIOTIC ORATION.

DELIVERED OCTOBER 10, 1801.

[From the Heart of Oak.]

MR. Ego, as soon as the tables were clear,
 Thus spoke, with a *Barrister's diffident fears* :
 " I rise on a theme that might animate blocks,
 I rise in support of my Friend, Mr. Fox,
 I feel with surprise, and with pleasure I say,
 I observe a coincidence marks this proud day ;
 I observe that the ratification from France—
 I think 't is indeed a miraculous chance—
 I observe, that a ratification so great,
 My Friend comes to greet on his annual *Fête*.
 I believe—if that ratification gives peace—
 I need not declare how I wish'd war to cease.
 I believe if peace spread throughout these dominions,
 My party and I shall not have two opinions.
 I think that I now need not press a plain fact,
 My Friend is so open, you know ev'ry act—
 I need not, I say, to this company tell
 My Friend's hate of the war, for you all know it well.
 My Friend, who is really a wonderful man,
 My Friend the war censur'd before it began.
 My Friend, like a prophet, its woes did proclaim ;
 I saw them myself, I predicted the same.
 My Friend every effort to stop it did try ;
 My Friend call'd for peace, so did I, so did I.
 I always held peace at a value most high ;
 I rejoice at this peace, none rejoice more than I.
 My joy is so great at this happy event,
 I scarcely know how to express my content.
 I know the same sentiments dwell in my Friend ;
 I leave all to him, and I'll now make an end.
 I'll just add *the toast*, and I give it with glee—
 I give Mr. Fox, and I hope he'll give Me."

TRANQUILLITY, AN ODE.

Vix ea nostra voco.

[From the Morning Post.]

WHAT statesmen scheme, and soldiers work,
 Whether the Pontiff or the Turk
 Will e'er renew th' expiring lease
 Of Empire; whether war or peace
 Will best play off the Consul's game;
 What fancy-figures, and what name
 Half-thinking, sensual France, a natural slave,
 On those ne'er-broken chains, her self-forg'd chains, will
 grave;

Disturb not me! Some tears I shed,
 When bow'd the Swift his noble head;
 Since then, with quiet heart have view'd
 Both distant fights, and treaties crude,
 Whose heap'd-up terms, which fear compels,
 (Live Discord's green combustibles,
 And future fuel of the funeral pyre,)
 Now hide, and soon, alas! will feed the low-burnt fire.

Tranquillity! thou better name
 Than all the family of Fame,
 Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age
 To low intrigue and factious rage:
 For, O! dear child of thoughtful Truth!
 To thee I gave my early youth,
 And left the bark, and blest the steadfast shore,
 Ere yet the storm-wind rose, and fear'd me with its roar.

Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,
 On him but seldom, pow'r divine!
 Thy spirit rests. Satiety
 And sloth, poor counterfeits of thee!
 Mock the tir'd worldling: idle hope
 And dire remembrance interlope,
 And vex the feverish slumber of the mind;
 The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks behind.

But me, the power divine will lead,
 At morning, through th' accustom'd mead:
 And in the sultry summer heat
 Will build me up a mossy seat;

And

And when the gust of autumn crowds,
 And breaks the busy moonlight clouds,
 She best the thought will lift, the heart attune,
 Light as the busy clouds, calm as the gliding moon !
 The feeling heart, the searching soul,
 To her I dedicate the whole ;
 And while within myself I trace
 The greatness of a future race,
 Aloof, with hermit's eye, I scan
 The present works of present man.
 A wild and diabolical trade of blood and guile,
 Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile.

REMARKABLE DEATH.

[From the Courier.]

ON Thursday, the 1st instant, died, in Downing Street, after a lingering illness, that celebrated personage *Mr. War*. The following biographical sketch of such an important character may not prove uninteresting.—*Mr. War*, like Alexander the Great, and other heroes renowned for their battles, was of doubtful origin. *Mr. Fox* and other *literati*, who inquired minutely into his genealogy, maintained that he was a spurious issue. *Mr. Pitt*, and a large majority, pronounced him legitimate. They differed also in their accounts of his parents—the one insisted they were English, the other, that they were French. Some have even mentioned *Mr. Pitt* as the father, others *Citizen Sans Culotte*; and thus the child was bandied backwards and forwards between them, with as much heat and contention as if the parties were afraid of an order of bastardy, and the enormous expense of a parochial feast. Notwithstanding all the pains taken to ascertain his pedigree, the question remains still much involved in doubt. Had, however, his mother sworn him before a Justice to *Mr. Pitt*—had he, Minerva-like, been

the child of his brain, the Premier could not have shewn more fondness for the foundling. This partiality has been imputed by the friends of the Minister to the interest which he takes in the cause of humanity; but Gossip Fame, who seldom leans to the charitable side, has not failed to ascribe it to paternal feeling. Mr. Gay observes that

“ The child whom many fathers share
Has seldom known a father’s care.”

Not so with Mr. Wat. From the moment of his birth, all Europe became solicitous for his fate; but in no place did it excite so much anxiety as in the English cabinet. His future maintenance and support, his prospects, and the ways and means for his advancement, were the primary objects of national concern, and, as such, canvassed and discussed, night and day, by the British Ministers. The greatest difficulty which they experienced was in settling what should be his trade or destination in life. On this point they had all distinct notions, and if they should at any time chance to agree, it was ten to one, but that, from the fickleness and obstinacy of the urchin, they would be obliged, the next moment, to change their minds, and make some other choice. The Earl of Liverpool proposed he should enter into partnership with Mr. John Bull, a respectable merchant in the city, under the persuasion that the boy, who had a very taking way with him, would certainly secure the firm a monopoly of trade. Mr. Windham, seeing the little dog’s dexterity in bleeding, and amputating limbs, his skill in all cases of fracture, and the pleasure which he felt in churchyards, and among the “killed off,” was for binding him to a Surgeon. Mr. Dundas thought differently. From his knowledge of military manœuvres, the Right Honourable Secretary would have him appointed Drill Sergeant, to teach the English recruits their

their exercise on foreign expeditions. But, whatever might be their individual opinions, they were always ready to give way, with becoming modesty, to the better judgment of Mr. Pitt; consequently they were never long of the same way of thinking, for never was weathercock more variable than the Premier's mind. First he would have young War a Chemist, under an idea that the youth would be able to discover a mode of making a petrification of the Scheldt, and a *menstruum* that should dissolve the connexion between Belgium and France. Next he would have him a Carpenter, for the purpose of repairing the broken throne of the Bourbons. This determination was no sooner formed than changed; and he would insist that Mr. War must take holy orders, and become a new pillar of the church for the support of religion. Then he would have him a Broker, to ensure the State against losses. Now an Accoucheur, for the deliverance of Europe; then a mad Doctor, to tie up the French republic in a strait waistcoat. Sometimes he would have him a Casuist, to argue down Gallic principles; sometimes a Bombardier, to batter the constitution; and sometimes a Calculator, to build up a solid system of finance. Such were the trades and professions for which Mr. War was, at various times, designed, and to which he was expressly declared to be devoted by the British Ministers.—Nor were these plans always proposed in succession; from the variety of their own places and securities, they know perfectly well the advantage of having two strings to a bow; they accordingly inclined in general to educate him like a Welsh Parson, being convinced that Mr. War would be perfectly able to bleed, shave, grind, and also to exercise a variety of other trades and employments at the same time.

Preparatory, however, to the execution of any of those plans, it was deemed necessary that Mr. War should

make the tour of Europe. Accordingly an estimate was made of his expenses, all the rents were called in, and a Mr. Jacobin engaged in the quality of private tutor to accompany the young gentleman, with a numerous suite, upon his travels. In the choice of the person whose duty it is

"To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,"

parents and guardians can never be too circumspect and particular. To the imprudent selection of Citizen Jacobin for this important trust, may be ascribed much of the vice and wickedness of the pupil. Young War was naturally of a ferocious, turbulent, and ungovernable temper, which soon began to shew itself in many acts of violence and sanguinary encounters. Instead of restraining this wicked propensity, the tutor used all his address and cunning, which were infinite, to excite and encourage it. Did the pupil kick a Dutch Burgomaster, the tutor was prepared with an excuse—it was only "French freedom." Did the pupil squeeze a man to death, the tutor was ready to avow it was only a "fraternal embrace." If he forced a Prince or a peasant to fly his country, the tutor declared his pupil only came to give him "liberty." Did he murder the innocent, "Oh! he only meant to lighten the guilty." Did he rob a church, it was to feed the hungry. Did he make all Europe a chaos of horror and confusion, it was all "for religion and social order." Nor was Mr. War merely a bold, boisterous ruffian, enforcing his demand with the sword. He was the greatest pickpocket that ever existed; no species of petit larceny, no meanness, was too low for him. There is not that wretch so poor, or that roof so humble, in all Germany, Holland, England, Switzerland, Italy, or France, that has not suffered from his violence and incapacity.—Peace fled at his approach, and into whatsoever

whatsoever society he came, he was sure to introduce division and death. He drank the tears of the widow and the orphan, and he saturated the fields with the blood of the husband and the father. No limit could be put to his devastation; he was destined to be the destroyer of the human race. We must admit, indeed, a few exceptions. To monopolizers, jobbers, commissaries, and contractors, he was generous and kind; but it was the generosity of the Cyclop to Ulysses. This Paganus reserved them for the last whom he should devour. A character so detestable did not promise a length of days. Two attempts were made upon his life: one at Paris, the other at Lille; but, unfortunately for mankind, neither succeeded. There was a third attack upon him in London in 1800. This also failed, the aim of a "vigorous statesman" having dextrously warded off the blow. Happily, however, for the peace and tranquillity of the world, he was arrested in the height of his career on the 9th of February last, at Luneville, by a paralytic stroke, which left him only the use of one arm; and, as misfortune seldom comes alone, he was at the same time forbid to set his foot upon the continent. Since that period he has been lingering along in a state of increasing debility. His early friend and guardian, Mr. Pitt, advised the use of metallic tractors, from the application of which he had derived much benefit on all previous occasions of indisposition; but the remedy came too late; he was past cure. Doctor Hawkebury, the attending physician, not liking that a patient should die in his hands, would tamper with the usual recipe of the faculty in desperate cases, namely, that the patient should try his native air; but poor Mr. War was completely worn out. He possessed neither physical strength, nor resources for a march to Paris." In this extremity, and finding all chance of his recovery hopeless, the Doctor thought it would be inhuman to keep him any longer

in torture. Accordingly, upon consultation with his brother physicians, a bolus of sugars and spices was prepared, which being thrust down his throat, put an end to his existence, and terminated his sufferings at seven o'clock, on Thursday the 1st, at his apartments in Downing Street, without ever having realized a single hope entertained by his patrons and friends.

Mr. War, in his last moments, made a will, and the ingratitude therein displayed constitutes another black item in the catalogue of his vices. Whenever any good fortune or success attended him on his travels, he was sure to send home to his patron Mr. Pitt, a Cape fowl, a Dutch cheese, a box of fruit, a jar of West India pickles and preserves, or some little present of that kind. These attentions flattered his friend, who run himself over head and ears in debt to supply his constant demand for money. In his will, Mr. War revokes all these little compliments, and bequeaths them to the family of his tutor, the late Mr. Jacobin, who died at St. Cloud, on the 9th of November 1799, and who had never advanced one penny for his support and maintenance. His remains were interred on Saturday night by torch-light, amidst general illuminations, and, as we are told by the Ministerial papers, "a delirium of joy."

Oct. 16.

REVIEW OF THE PRELIMINARIES.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SIR,

Passing by the door of my friend, Mr. Thomas Becket, book-seller, in Pall Mall, a few days ago, I picked up a paper which some careless servant had dropt, and which, upon inspection, appeared to be a sheet, or part of a sheet, of one of the Reviews, and from its being near Mr. Becket's door, most probably of the Monthly Review, which that gentleman publishes. I know not that I am acting a far part in sending this choice *monnaie* to you, but as it is already printed, a id
must

must therefore appear in the next Monthly Review, I am perhaps only giving to the public a few days sooner what they must necessarily have at the beginning of next month. Besides, if I am not greatly mistaken, the publication of *intercepted papers* may be justified by very exalted precedent. Without farther preamble, therefore, I hasten to transmit a copy of this article for your paper, reserving to myself the original, lest I should be called upon to produce it.

The Preliminaries of Peace. Imperial folio, price 250 millions. Cadell, Rivingtons, &c. &c. 1801.

THIS work, so long expected by the public, has at length made its appearance. Of the author we are ignorant; he has chosen to keep his name a secret, and it is not the business of Reviewers to unfold the mysteries of authorship. Perhaps, like the author of the *Pursuits of Literature*, he may think that the merit of a work may be heightened by public curiosity. Report speaks loudly of this being the production, not of one person, but of a *junto*, who have long favoured the world with publications of a very different kind; and so much art has visibly been used in the composition of it, that perhaps no one person can either acknowledge or deny his being a principal sharer. Abundance of curious information has been sent to us in anonymous letters; and, although it is not our custom to pay attention to such, we may, as mere matter of curiosity, and perhaps as *data* for future investigators, inform our readers, that the work was printed from the manuscript of a young nobleman, who fills a high office in the State; that part of it was corrected in a *French hand*; and that there were some interlineations and erasures which it is difficult to assign to any particular person. One of our correspondents, indeed, who subscribes himself a *Printer's Devil*, says that part of the MS. was written on the back of a letter with the *Liverpool* post-mark, but this may not be conclusive. Mr. Pitt, we are told, read the proofs, and some think gave advice to the compositors as to the proper type; which, contrary

rary to the usual custom in works of this kind, was not to be the *old English*, but a *thin, meagre*, and almost *worn-out, Long Primer*.—Other eminent writers are said to have furnished their support; but as internal evidence from their *former* compositions is against this, we shall not hazard conjectures that have little foundation.

Of the work itself we know not how to speak in adequate terms. It certainly bids fair to be popular, but not, we humbly presume, because it is the best of its kind—since the establishment of our Review we have seen many better—but because there was an uncommon demand for something of the kind; and because, in the present state of literature, it is the best we are likely to have. The language has at least the merit of perspicuity; a very clear proof that Mr. Pitt had not a principal hand in it. It is indeed throughout easily intelligible, and seems to confirm the saying of Dr. Johnson, that no man will write well who does not write from *necessity*. The *res angusta domi* is frequently too apparent, and if it is not to that alone we owe this work, it certainly quickened the author's imagination, and made him dash away *currente calamo*.

That the work is not entirely original, may be asserted without impugning the author's genius. He who writes on a topic that has been handled before, cannot easily avoid beaten ground. Yet if our author has borrowed, he has at least borrowed from sources that are not generally known. He appears to have studied the doctrines of *peace* with great attention: he has cleared *ambition* from all its unreasonable propensities; and, if we are not greatly mistaken, has dipped once or twice in a work not generally known, entitled, "*Jeremy White's Restoration of all Things*." His sentiments accordingly are uncommonly liberal; he has no *reserve* in his manner, unless in one or two instances of little consequence, and where, convinced he is in the wrong,

wrong, he gives up the point with the air of a man who cannot, or knows not how to retain it. It was expected that he would have profited by the labours of a brother author, who published, a few years ago, some *Essays* at Paris and Lille; but those publications he has either not seen, or wholly disregarded. The present system is therefore justly entitled to be considered as novel in this country; and, we should suppose, will meet with few opponents. Where an author has done his best, it would be unjust to expect more from him. If there are others who think they can do better, the press is open, and truth will not suffer by discussion.

There is one circumstance, however, to which we must advert, although *prima facie* it may not seem to be within our province. Yet, as guardians of the book-buying world, we know not that we should be justified in yielding to mere civility any point in which they are concerned. We allude to the *price* of this work, which is certainly enormous, and out of all proportion. It may indeed be excused by the general rise in the materials; the author in a few lines of preface hints somewhat to this purpose. Allowing all this, we still may ask, what is there in it that might have prevented its being published two, three, four, or even five years ago, before that vast rise took place on every article? Did the author really think it necessary to take the poet's advice, and keep his work *nine years* in his closet? If authors, from pride, or caprice, or an affected modesty, or any other cause, will keep back their works, and publish at a dear time, it is not very reasonable in them to expect that the world will pay them for outstanding interest of money. Having offered these objections, in which we are convinced we only anticipate the public voice, we think it but fair to subjoin the following extract from the preface, leaving it to our readers to admit the apology, or not, as they please:

“ Pref. p. 84.—That this work should have appear-

ed earlier, cannot be denied. Yet the delay is not justly imputable to the author. The fact was, that the Printer had, some time ago, a set of men who *struck* for some trifling reason or other, and refused to compose a single line of the work. In this dilemma, he was under the necessity of employing his 'prentices on it, who, though they were most of them raw lads, just come from school, and had done little but carry proofs to authors, &c. got up the work with tolerable correctness, and indeed in a manner wholly unexpected."

Excuses like this, which arise from sheer necessity, nobody must admit; and it is but justice to add that the list of *errata* is not very copious, although some of the articles are of such importance, that we flatter ourselves we shall perform an acceptable service by pointing them out—P. 106, for *Grand Monarque* read *Chief Consul*—a little lower down, for *indemnity* read *cession*—p. 210, for *ancien regime* read *Ceylon*, and for *Bourbon* read *Trinidad*—errors of less import, as *all lies* for *allirs*, readily will occur to the reader, and need not be pointed out.

The paper and print of this work are much inferior to that of Mr. Small Pybus's beautiful Poem, *The Sovereign*. Indeed there is nothing in this which reminds us of the *Sovereign*. With these objections, however, which in critical propriety we could not have withheld, this work bids fair to be popular, particularly on the *Continent*.

GB. 27.

THE END.

